MAN'S WORLD

& RAW EGG JOURNAL

FIVE / SPRING 2022

FEN DE VILLIERS

RIGHTING MODERNISM'S WRONG TURN

BRONZE AGE PERVERT

NOOR BIN LADIN

INTERVIEWS RICHARD POE

RAW EGG NATIONALIST PRESENTS

MAN'S WORLD 2021

RETURN TO THE GOLDEN AGE OF MEN'S MAGAZINES WITH MAN'S WORLD: WHERE MEN CAN BE MEN – NO APOLOGIES GIVEN!

Founded in late 2020 by the Raw Egg Nationalist, MAN'S WORLD has one simple aim: to make men's magazines great again. Here, in the first ever annual, the Raw Egg Nationalist presents the best material from the year's four ground-breaking issues, together with exclusive, new articles and classic, annual content like games, trivia, and a whole lot more.

200 pages of the finest masculine content, featuring essays and articles by Bronze Age Pervert, Zero HP Lovecraft, Faisal Marzipan and many more of the finest writers on the right side of Twitter.

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MAN'S WORLD

URGENT APPEAL FOR THE TEA BOYS OF AFGHANISTAN

Once again, here at MAN'S WORLD we are coming to you with an urgent appeal on behalf of the beleaguered people of Afghanistan. In addition to the ongoing plight of the country's female content creators, a second humanitarian crisis is rapidly developing that cuts right to the heart of America's sacred mission to bring its own brand of sexual freedom to the rest of the world.

Bacha bazi, meaning "boy play", was once a pervasive practice throughout the tribal areas of Afghanistan. Young boys, known as "chai boys" (tea boys), would explore their sexuality with the aid of one or more obliging Pashtun tribesmen. These entirely consensual explorations would often take place in a festive atmosphere - the chai boys would usually cross-dress - at parties attended by dozens of men who would help the young boys find themselves over many hours and sometimes even days.

When the Taliban came to power, however, this timeless, valuable educational practice was brought to a swift end. Legend has it that Mullah Omar was actually inspired to form the Taliban when he came across two local warlords teaching a young tea boy. The bigotry that inspired Omar was defeated by the American-led invasion, and the subsequent twenty-year occupation became a golden age for bacha bazi, paid for by American taxpayer dollars and the blood of its finest young men. America's noble intelligence services also did their part, providing a constant supply of Viagra to Afghan warlords to ensure the boy play could continue non-stop (really: Google it). But now that the Taliban are back in power, the tea boys are once more out of work and in mortal danger of trans erasure.

Pictured left in happier times is "Daniel", a former tea boy who was forced to flee the capital Kabul after Joe Biden's shameful withdrawal. He has since relocated to Arizona, where he's making ends meet by plying his former trade as well as providing nutritional advice on Twitter and Instagram. His dream, he told us, is to be able to return to Kabul while he is still a child, so that he can once again pursue his vocation in the place he calls home.

WILL YOU HELP HIM REALISE HIS DREAM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE?

REMEMBER: A THREAT TO CHILD SEX ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD IS A THREAT TO CHILD SEX HERE. THIS IS ABOUT MORE THAN JUST "LOCAL CULTURE": THIS IS ABOUT GLOBAL FREEDOM. LOVE IS LOVE!

"If Afghanistan's leaders aren't free to have sex with little boys, how can America's claim to be free to do so themselves?"

Holden Bloodfeast (R, Iowa), proud sponsor of the MAN'S WORLD Urgent Appeal for the Tea Boys of Afghanistan

MW

THE FINEST MASCULINE CONTENT SINCE 2020

Dora the Stormer, “The Wild Hunt”

To have a **DESTINY**, or to be classified as a NUMBER—this DECISION is forced upon all of us today, and each of us must face it ALONE. The individual today is as SOVEREIGN as an individual in any other period of history, perhaps even STRONGER, because as collective powers gain ground, so the individual is SEPARATED from the old established associations and must STAND FOR HIMSELF alone. He becomes Leviathan's ANTAGONIST, indeed his CONQUEROR and his TAMER.

~Ernst Jünger, The Forest Passage

WELCOME BACK!

It's a new year and a new issue of MAN'S WORLD, the finest men's magazine around. And who better to welcome you back than your editor, and humble fren, the Raw Egg Nationalist?

Here we are, one year, four issues and an amazing hardcover annual later. MAN'S WORLD continues to go from strength to strength, and it's thanks to you, the readers and the contributors. So please, give yourselves a pat on the back. You've earned it!

Each new issue brings with it the promise of unprecedented amounts of content, and this fifth issue certainly won't be bucking that trend. As always, it gives me great pleasure to disappoint my detractors and serve you a most sumptuous array of the choicest cuts from the biggest and the best on the right side of Twitter (and history). At almost 300 pages, this is the most stacked issue yet - nearly one hundred pages more than the last. If things continue to escalate at the current rate, you can expect Issue Ten to be a thousand pages... (Please don't hold me to that.)

So what do we have in store for you? The return of the inimitable BRONZE AGE PERVERT! A stunning showcase for the work and philosophy of visionary artist FEN DE VILLIERS. A fantastic original story by DETECTIVE WOLFMAN, "Heartsfire". A fascinating interview feature with NOOR BIN LADIN and RICHARD POE. Food, fitness, wahmen, politics, history, cars, film and so, so much more.

MAN'S WORLD Issue Five is a veritable cornucopia, a feast for the intelligent and handsome new man of the right.

WANT TO WRITE FOR MAN'S WORLD?

Here at Man's World, we're always looking for new contributors to dazzle, inform and amuse our readership, which, after four issues now stands at well over 150k.

If you have an idea for an article, of any kind, or even a new section or regular feature, don't hesitate to get in contact either by tweeting @babygravy9 or sending a direct message.

Generally, the word limit for articles is 3,000; although we will accept longer and (much) shorter articles where warranted. Take a look at the sections in this issue for guidance and inspiration.

MAN'S WORLD

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RAW EGG NATIONALIST

deputy editor

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

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RAW EGG NATIONALIST

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RAW EGG NATIONALIST *editor at large*

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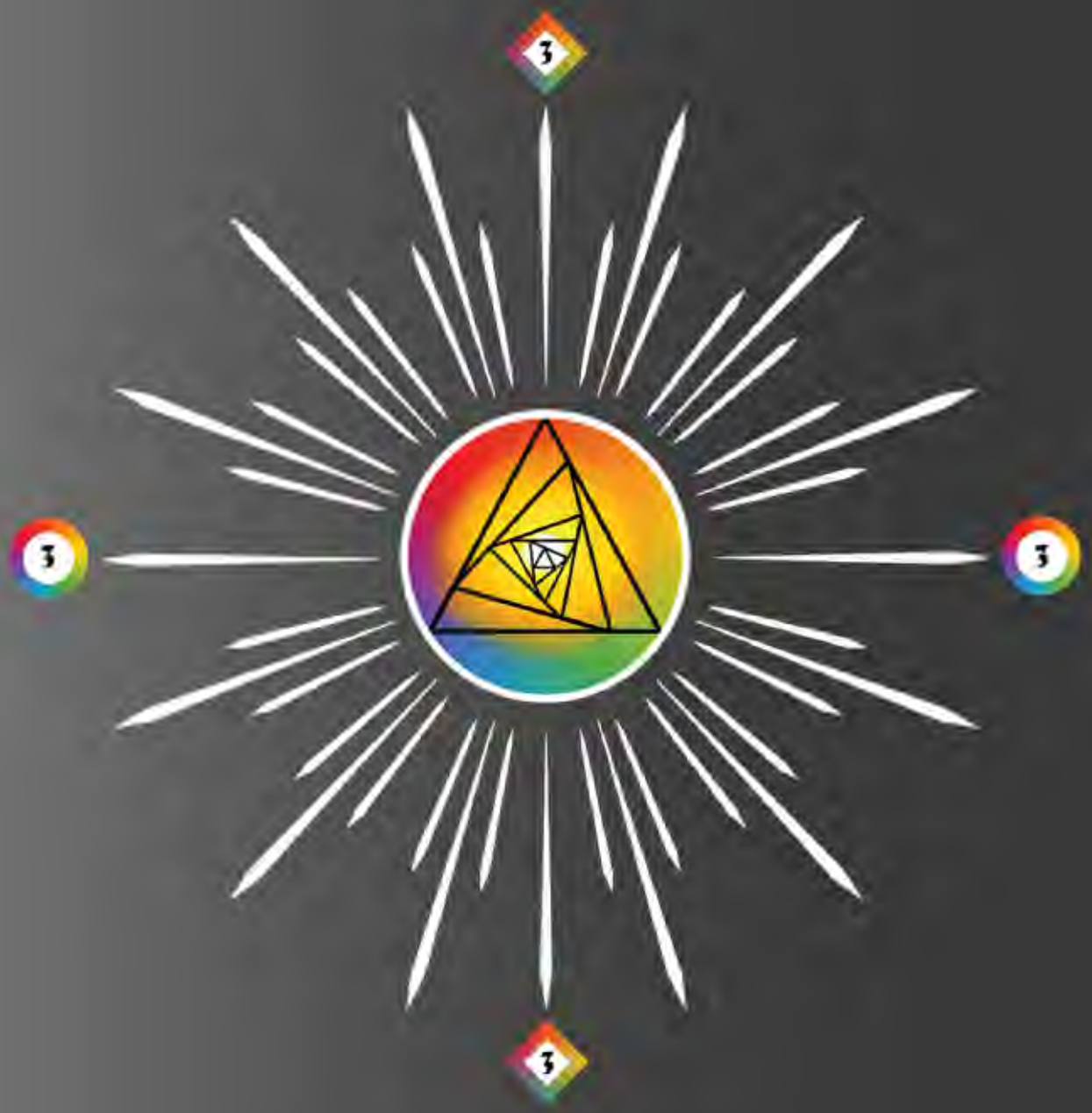

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WHAT YOU PUT ON YOUR OUTSIDE IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS YOUR INSIDES AND YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS LIFE.

WANT YOUR SKINCARE TO WORK BETTER? BALANCE YOUR INSIDES.

WANT YOUR INSIDES TO WORK BETTER? BALANCE YOU.

Skincare Nationalist, lifestyle nationalist, human nationalist… Take your pick. Here is our take. Get ancestral. Get primal. Reclaim a deep sense of pride, ownership and responsibility in not only yourself, but in the people, places, and things that surround you. Strive to do more and go further than anyone else and at the same time cultivate a joy that unfolds in each moment. The willingness to create strong, present, families and communities. The willingness to tap into the full potential of your SOUL. The potential that is that divine spark, that divine PULSE of life.

Pictured left: PULSE SOUL, with coconut scent.

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Replenish, revitalize and rebuild.

Good for all skin types.

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MAN'S WORLD

FIVE / SPRING 2022

ON THE COVER

78 FEN DE VILLIERS

We provide the astoundingly talented FEN DE VILLIERS with a showcase for his brilliant art and the vital philosophy that underlies it

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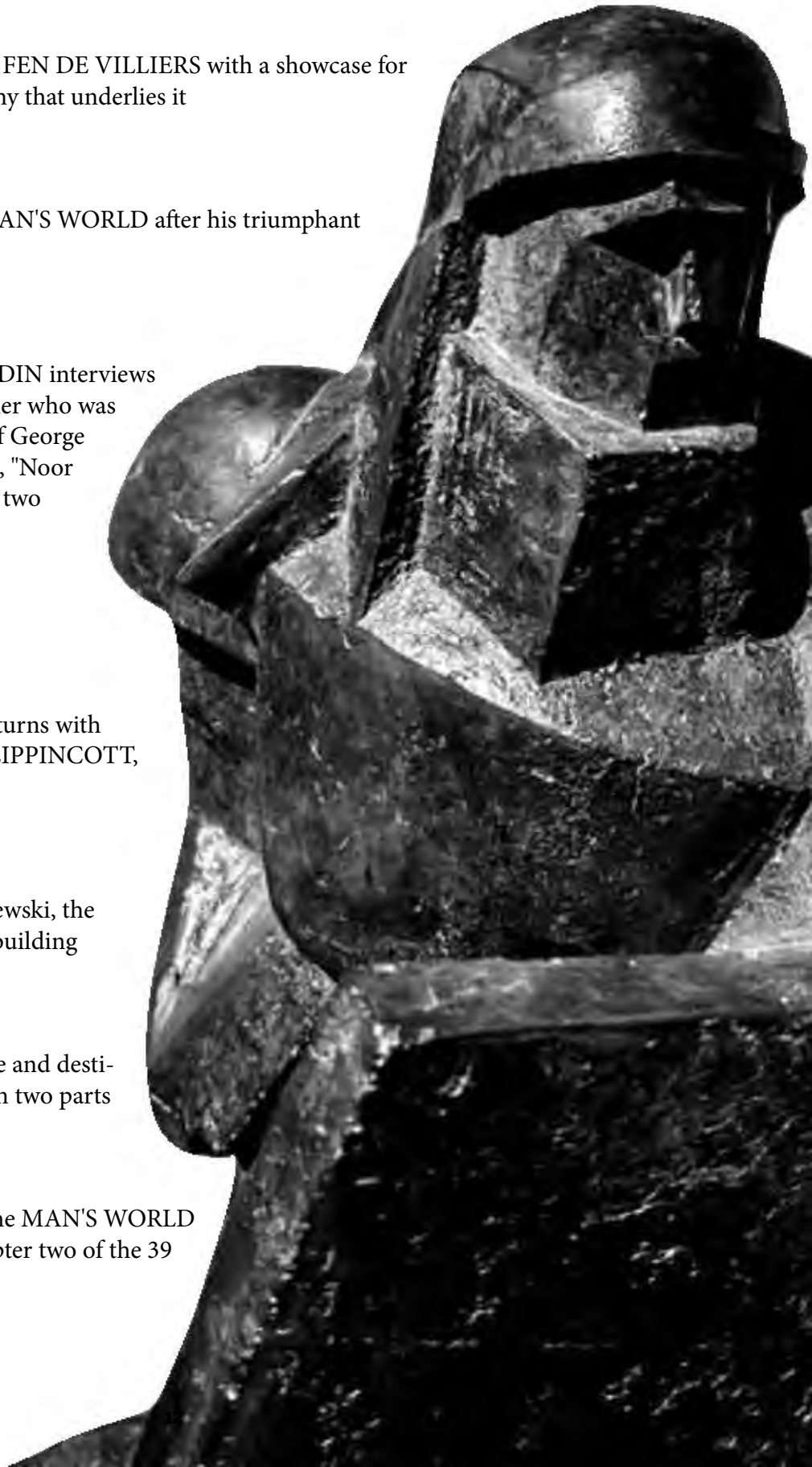
The king of Frog Twitter returns to MAN'S WORLD after his triumphant essay in Issue Two

104 + 218 NOOR BIN LADIN

Bane of the globalists NOOR BIN LADIN interviews Richard Poe, a journalist and researcher who was the first to expose the machinations of George Soros. First instalment of a new series, "Noor Bin Ladin in Conversation with...". In two parts



OTHER FEATURES

55 MEDITATIONS

MAN'S WORLD'S opinion section returns with sterling contributions from JOSIAH LIPPINCOTT, EVELYN RAE and more

72 ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

The physique and story of Zabo Koszewski, the party king of the Golden Era of bodybuilding

97+212 HEARTSFIRE

A stunning new short story of courage and destiny from DETECTIVE WOLFMAN. In two parts

114 39 STEPS

The serialisation of the first book in the MAN'S WORLD CLASSICS series continues, with chapter two of the 39 Steps

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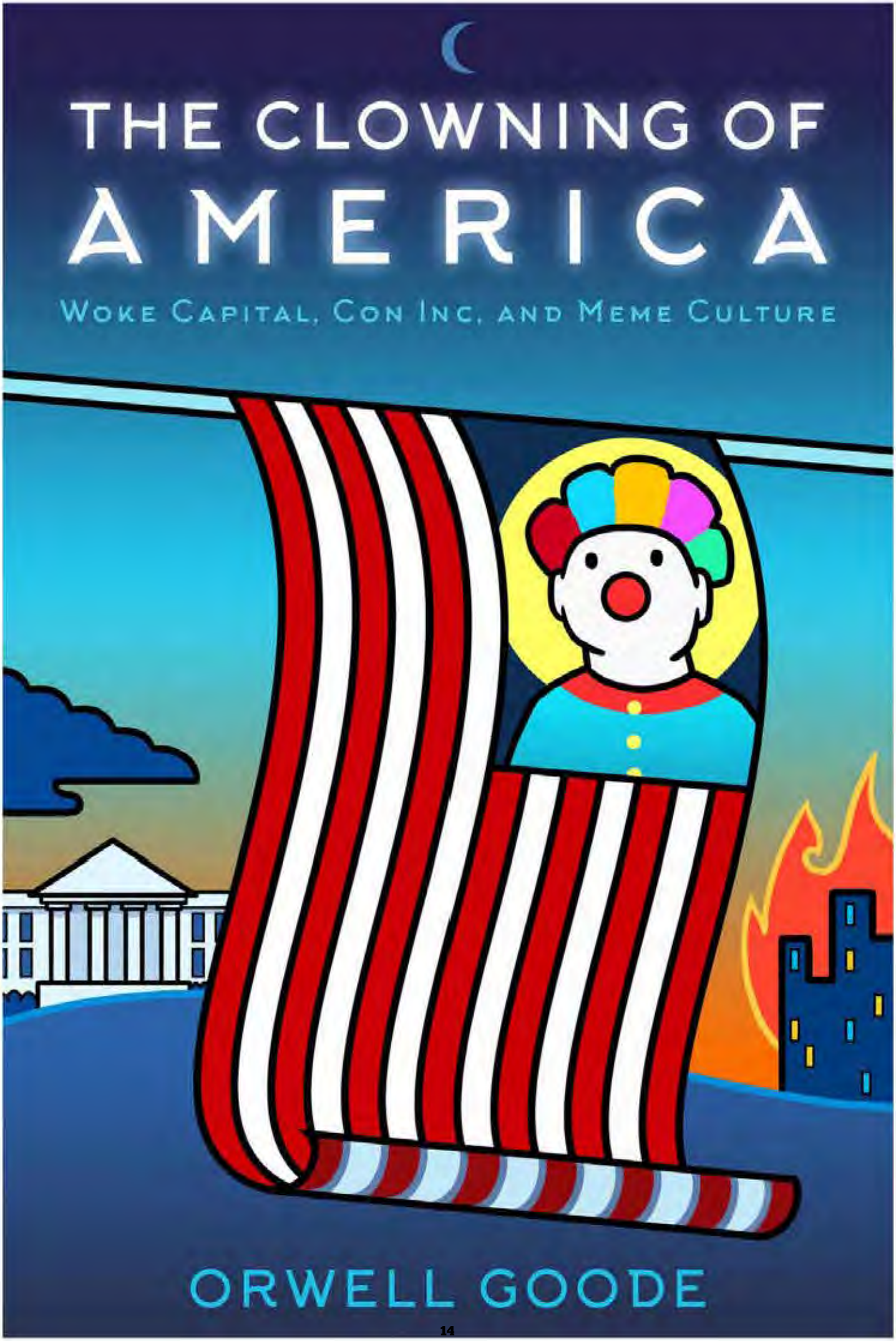
dystopia.
counterel


THE CLOWNING OF
AMERICA
WOKE CAPITAL, CON INC, AND MEME CULTURE
ORWELL GOODE

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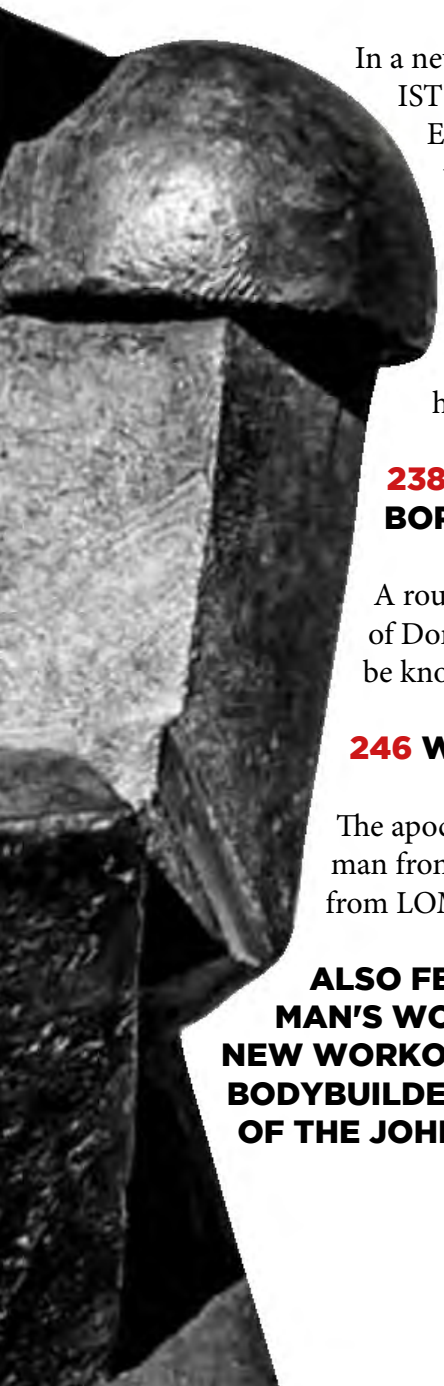
ALSO FEATURING: BLOOD MERIDIAN, MAN'S WORLD SHORTS, MOTORING, NEW WORKOUT WITH THE BLACKSMITH BODYBUILDER, THE FINAL INSTALMENT OF THE JOHN COLD SAGA AND MORE



PRISONER IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND

GUSTAV KRIST

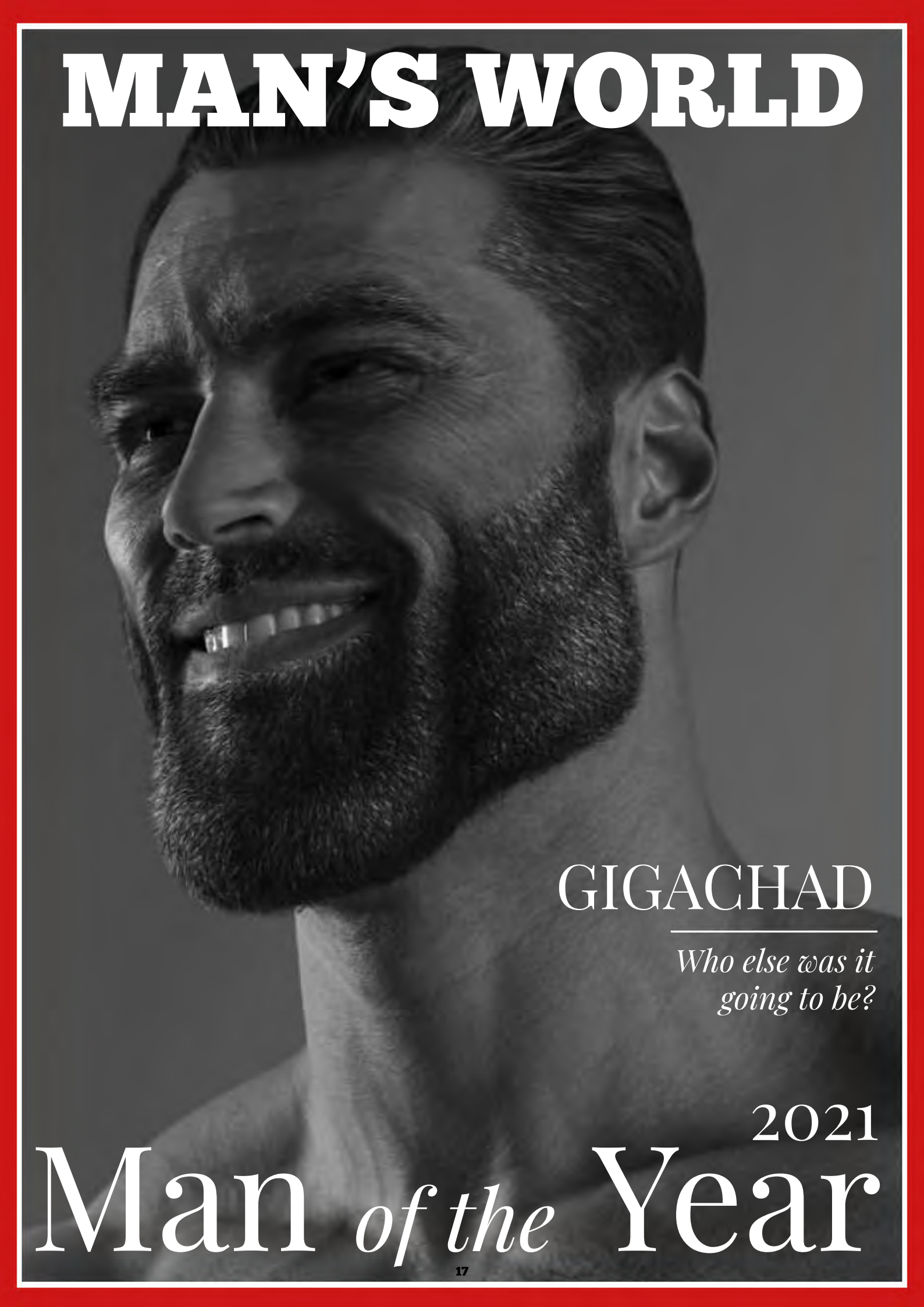
An Austrian soldier of the First World War finds himself captured by Russian forces. Facing near death at every turn GUSTAV KRIST tells his riveting true story of escapes, recaptures, and his quest to return home by any means.

But while the Russian Revolution would bring an end to the war, the chaos of the communist takeover of Central Asia would only make matters more dangerous.

Agartha Publishing is a new independent publisher bringing lost works back to print for a modern audience. With a focus on Central Asia and the Russian Revolution they currently offer two books by GUSTAV KRIST, with more exciting releases coming soon.

WEB: agarthapublishing.com **TWITTER:** @Agarthab00ks

MAN'S WORLD



GIGACHAD

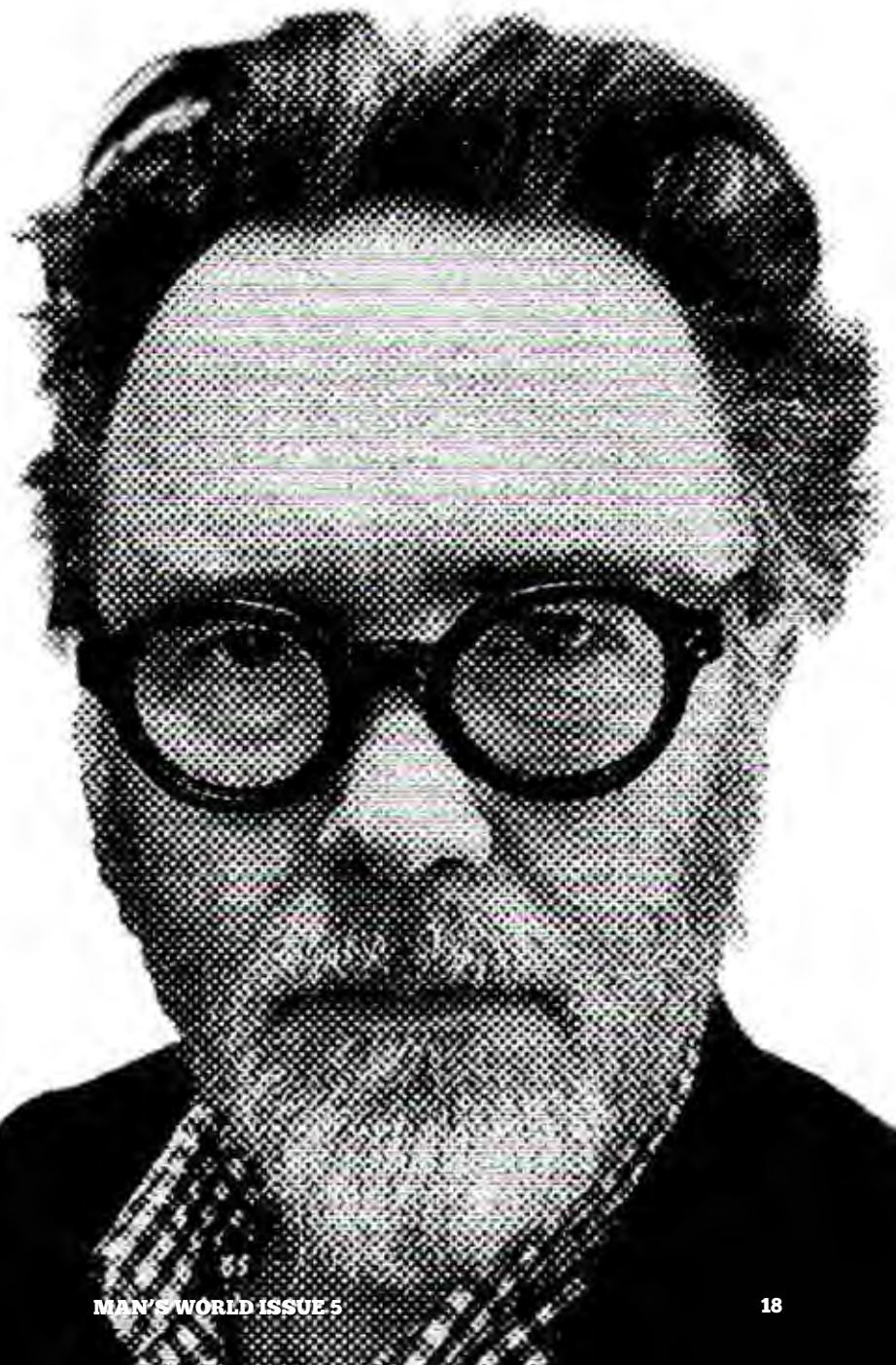
Who else was it going to be?

2021

Man *of the* Year

LANGUAGE POLICE

CELEBRATING THE LATEST - AND STRANGEST - NEW COINAGES BY OUR FAVOURITE BLUECHECKS.



THIS ISSUE'S WINNER IS ROD DREHER, WITH THE FOLLOWING:

"PRIMITIVE ROOT WIENER" (noun phrase)

This deserves some context.

In an October article for The American Conservative ("Gary Shteyngard's 'Gentile Religion'"), the Rod-man wrote:

I have never given circumcision a single thought, other than to consent to my sons' circumcision. Europeans think it's weird for American Gentiles to be circumcised, and I think they're right … but I remember the one kid we had in my elementary school class, a black boy who had been born at home, and who was not circumcised. All us boys wanted to stare at his primitive root wiener when we were at the urinal during recess, because it was monstrous. Nobody told us that wieners could look like that. The kid didn't know why his penis was so strange looking, and neither did we. Third grade, man.

I'd hate to be the one to check Rod's internet history...

GOT A SUBMISSION?

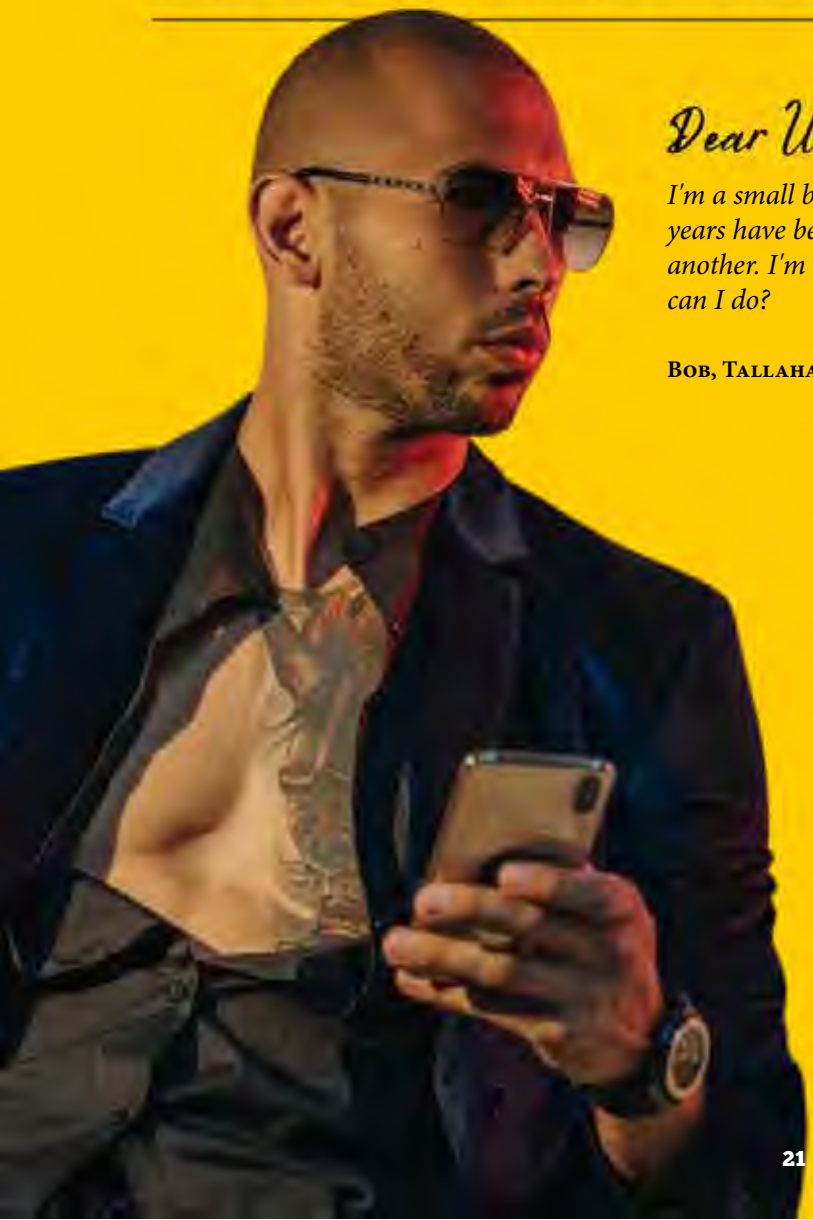
Tweet @babygravy9

News For All
@NewsForAllUK
🚨 | BREAKING: The Taliban are set to demand the UK and other nations pay billions in reparations to Afghanistan
Via @DailyMailUK
4:12 PM · Oct 10, 2021 · Twitter for iPhone

Containing 80+ drawings and interpretations, Draw Me a Gorilla is the personality test everybody's trying. Over 120 pages you'll learn everything you need to know about drawing and interpreting drawings of gorillas. Available now from Amazon.com.

ASK Uncle Cobra

GOT A PROBLEM? BROKEN HEART? EMPTY WALLET? DRY YOUR EYES, QUIT COMPLAINING AND SCREW YOUR HEAD ON STRAIGHT. ANDREW 'COBRA' TATE,* THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MAN ON THE INTERNET WILL GET YOU RIGHT – IF YOU'VE GOT THE BALLS TO TAKE HIS ADVICE...



Dear Uncle Cobra,

I'm a small business owner and as you can imagine, the past two years have been a nightmare for me. It's just been one thing after another. I'm really struggling to keep my head above water. What can I do?

Bob, Tallahassee

Bob.

Never seen Star Wars.

None of them.

Never will.

"Omg you're missing out."

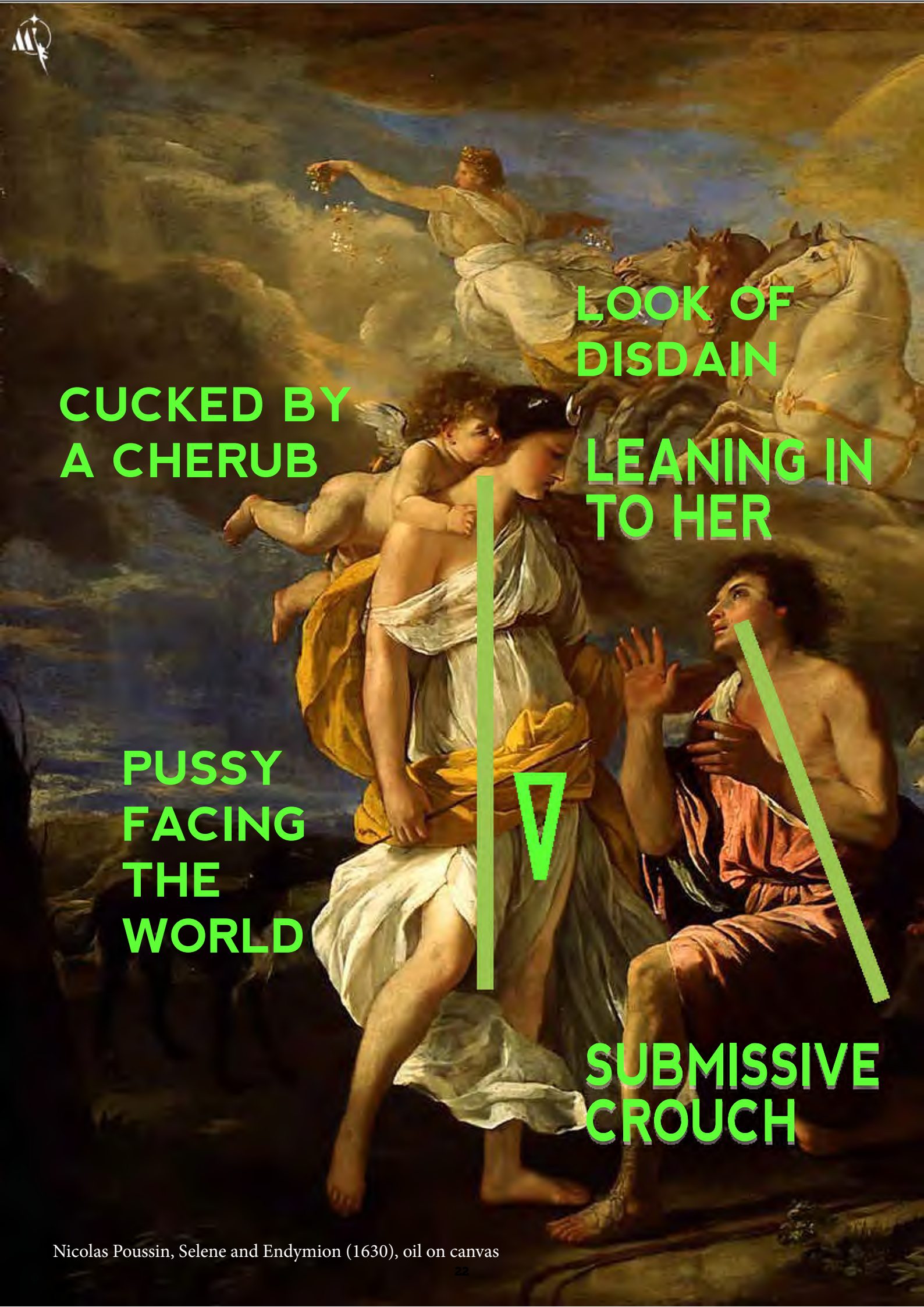
Maybe.

You're missing out on being a multi-millionaire.

Keep your movie.

[ed.: Uh, yes, that may be, Uncle Cobra. But what does it have to do with the reader's question!?]

*NOT REALLY



Nicolas Poussin, Selene and Endymion (1630), oil on canvas

THE HISTORY OF WESTERN ART

with RIVELINO THE ARTIST

@EDWARDRUSSL

Makarov: Remember - no Russian.

MAN'S WORLD 2021

RESOLUTION
2022
YOUR LAST EVER
NEW YEAR'S PROGRAMME
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A programme for
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Quick Cocktail

One of the best and simplest cocktails to make, the traditional whiskey sour is made with a raw egg white.

What you need

- 2 ounces whiskey
- 3/4 ounce freshly squeezed lemon juice
- 1/2 to 3/4 ounce simple syrup, to taste
- 1 raw egg white
- Ice
- Maraschino cherry (or lemon peel), garnish

What you need to do

Add all of the ingredients except the ice to a shaker and shake for thirty seconds

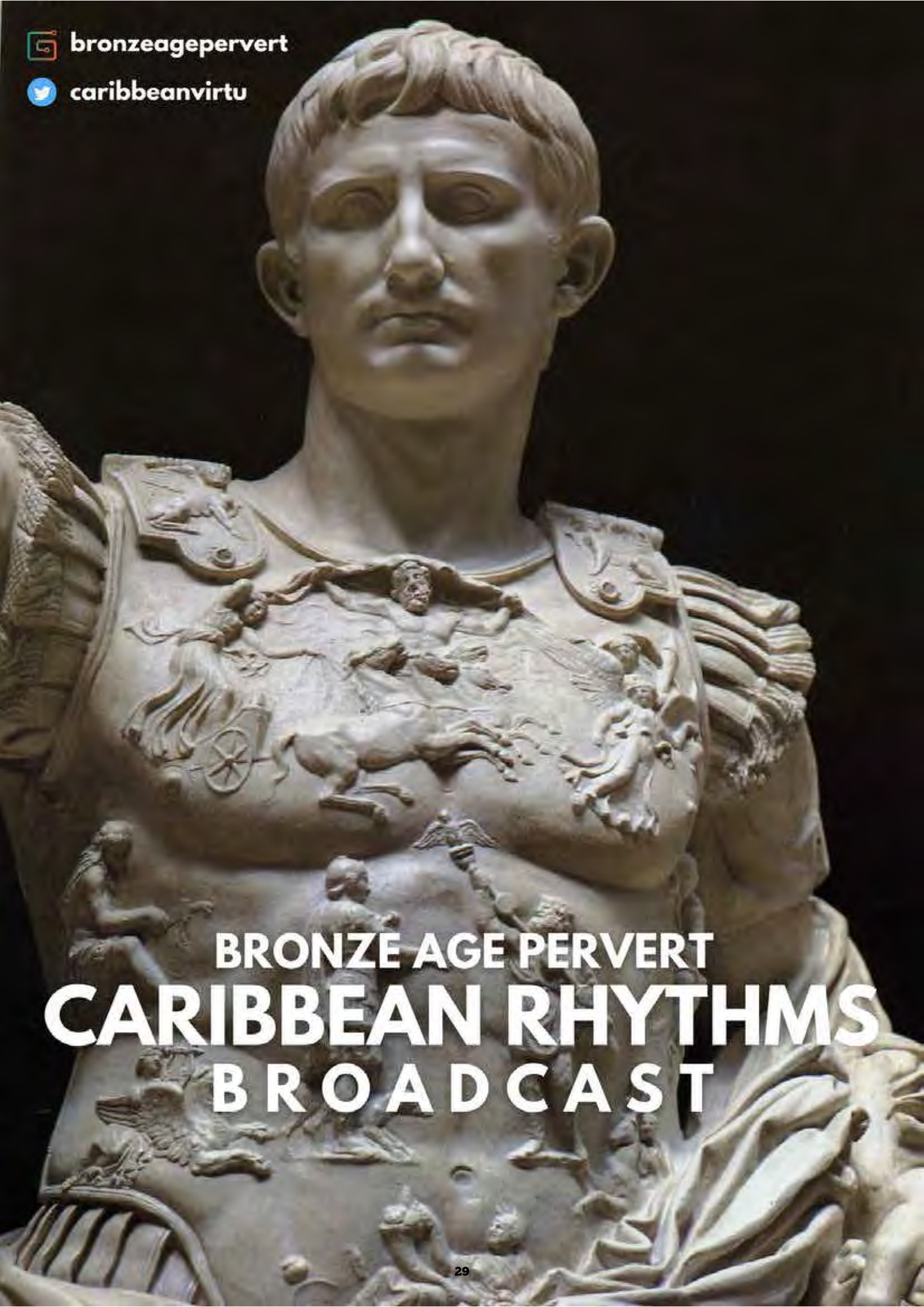
Add the ice and shake for a further thirty seconds

Strain into a chilled glass or glass filled with ice and garnish with a Maraschino cherry or lemon peel

When life gives you lemons, make whiskey sours! W.C. Fields

Simple Syrup?
It's in the name...

Combine equal parts water and sugar, bring to the boil and voilà!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BRONZE AGE PERVERT
CARIBBEAN RHYTHMS
BROADCAST

RAW EGG NATIONALISM

by Raw Egg Nationalist

RAW EGGS+NATIONALISM=
RAW EGG NATIONALISM

By strengthening the nation state, we make possible the strengthening of the individual, and a nation is only as strong as its people. Raw egg nationalism is a physical and political ethic built upon the massive consumption of raw eggs.

Just as no single food has been subject to greater calumnies in our time than the egg, no men have been more politically persecuted than nationalists.

31 Recipes for

- Shakes
- Cooked Eggs
- Steaks
- Cocktails
- Sauces
- Treats

Put all your eggs in this basket, count your chickens before they hatch, and be the Chad you want to see in the world.

– Raw Egg Nationalist

In hardback exclusively from antelopehillpublishing.com

WHO ? HE

RICHARD III

Columba (@columba_1) returns with a profile of one of England's most maligned kings, Shakespeare's famous hunchback tyrant

Richard III was born on the 2nd of October, 1452. He was the eleventh child of Richard Plantagenet, 3rd Duke of York and the richest man in the realm thanks to the inheritance of his wife Cecily Neville. He was a sickly child, and his poor health seemed to reflect the state of England as she embarked upon the Wars of the Roses. The Yorkists, led by Duke Richard, were opposed by the Lancastrians loyal to Henry VI and his wife Margaret of Anjou.

In 1460, the Duke and his eldest son Edmund were slain at the Battle of Wakefield. Young Richard, only eight years old at the time, was sent with his brother George to the Low Countries. They weren't there long; their remaining elder brother Edward, himself merely an adolescent, crushed the Lancastrian army at the Battle of Towton, where tens of thousands fought in a howling blizzard. Richard saw his brother crowned as Edward IV and soon offices rained down upon his young head; Richard was made Duke of Gloucester, Knight of the Garter and Knight of Bath. A few years later, at the tender age of eleven, he was entrusted with levying troops in the Western Counties.

In time the usurping young king had to face a rebellion of his own. The Duke of Warwick, insulted by Edward's refusal to marry his brothers Richard and George to the Duke's daughters, allied himself with Henry and Margaret. This rising was put down at the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, at both of which a teenage Richard played a vital role; at Barnet he held the right flank wielding a battle-axe, while at Tewkesbury he led the vanguard. He did all this despite an increasingly painful case of scoliosis (curvature of the spine) that, contrary to Shakespeare, began to develop in early adolescence.

Another increasingly painful case was the growing hatred and mutual distrust between Edward and George – not surprising, considering George had taken part in Warwick's rebellion! Though now ostensibly reconciled they continued to bicker about issues of money and property, especially the inheritance of Warwick, about which George made the most violent threats and complaints. Things came to a head in 1477 when Edward forbade his brother from marrying into the House of Burgundy. Denied these rich pickings, George became a real threat, and it is in this heady atmosphere that he was accused of treason and executed. No evidence of Richard's involvement exists.

The years that followed brought more war and more dissension. Edward and his younger brother

THE ASYLUM

VOLUME I ISSUE II

asylummagazine.ca

HIS FATHER
DISOWNED HIM.
HIS FRIENDS
DESERTED HIM.
HIS BOSS
FIRED HIM.
HIS DOCTOR
WON'T EVEN TALK
TO HIM.

HE EATS
RAW EGGS
AND SUNS
HIS BALLS.
AND IT'S GOING
TO TAKE A
TOTAL STRANGER
LIKE YOU
TO HELP HIM.

Many young men who reject the yeast life and choose the path of sun and steel have to face it alone. But it doesn't have to be this way.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE KINDNESS OF ANONYMOUS BODYBUILDERS. BE A FREN TODAY.

invaded France, where they exacted tribute from Louis XI. After repeated incursions into the north of England by the Scots, Richard was sent by the increasingly corpulent king to punish them, invading their land and burning their villages. James III of Scotland was clapped into irons by his own fickle nobles, and Richard seized this opportunity to rout the disorganised Scots and take their strongholds. This he accomplished extremely quickly; he took Edinburgh without the loss of a man.

Edward IV died on the 9th of April, 1483. He was succeeded by his 12 year old son, now Edward V. With George dead and buried, the nobles were divided into two camps; the one represented by Richard, now named Lord Protector; the other by the family of Edward IV's wife Elizabeth Woodville. It is no surprise that the Woodvilles moved quickly to secure the young king, and it is equally unsurprising that Richard moved quickly to intercept them. On the 29th of April the Protector and cousin Buckingham, with a force of 600 men, met Earl Rivers, the brother of Queen Elizabeth, at Northampton. Rivers was escorting the young king to London. Richard soon had him arrested and taken to Pontefract Castle, where he was later executed on charges of treason.

Richard then set about crippling the Woodville faction, thereby securing his own position. He accused Lord Chancellor Hastings of treason and had him slain following a confrontation in the Tower of London. He then got hold of Edward V's brother Richard by convincing his mother to release the boy from sanctuary, ostensibly because his presence was required at Edward's coronation. But no such coronation ever took place. On the 22nd of June, the day appointed for the ceremony, a sermon was preached by some clergymen

In 2015, 500 years after his death, Richard III was finally given a king's burial in Leicester Cathedral

outside Old St. Paul's. They declared that the young Edward was illegitimate, owing to the late king's earlier affair and supposed engagement to one Eleanor Butler. A petition soon appeared demanding that Richard take up the crown; moving quickly, he accepted and was hailed as king at Westminster on the 6th of July.

Edward and his brother Richard, now nothing but bastards, were confined to the Tower. There they remained, being seen less and less until, one fateful day, they appeared for the last time. It seems that the young princes were murdered by their uncle, who had their bodies hidden beneath a flight of stone steps in the Tower, where they lay undiscovered for centuries. King Richard set out on a royal progress, attempting to drum up support for his new regime. Unfortunately for him trouble was brewing across the Channel; young Henry Tudor, drawing support from the French as well as from disaffected English nobles, was preparing for war. He soon landed on the Welsh coast with an army composed primarily of foreign soldiers.

Richard, no stranger to such struggles, levied his own troops and rode to meet the young man in battle. The armies caught sight of each other south of the town of Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire, on the 21st of August, 1485. Richard was outnumbered and the battle, fought the next day, went hard against him. The Duke of Norfolk, one of Richard's allies, held the centre against Henry's troops as long as he could, but things looked increasingly desperate. Richard, perhaps enraged by the cowardice of Henry, who hid at the back of his lines, or by the inaction of men like the Earl of Northumberland and Sir William Stanley, who sat on the sidelines and refused to join battle, gathered his finest knights and declared his intention to punch straight through Henry's guard and slay the would-be usurper.

Wielding his trusty battle-axe, Richard and his companions led a stupendous charge down the hill that took the Tudor army by surprise. Richard himself fought most bravely, slaying with his own hands Henry's standard-bearer and unhorsing another of his bodyguards. The king came within a hair's breadth of young Henry Tudor, hewing all about him with his axe, until he was betrayed; William Stanley, who now resolved to support the Tudors, led a charge into the side of Richard's party. Screaming "Treason! Treason!", Richard continued to fight until he was absolutely surrounded by enemy soldiers, thrown from his horse, and killed. Thus perished the last king of England to die in battle, and the last scion of the House of Plantagenet.

FACTS AND FIGURES THE VIETNAM WAR

9,087,000

Number of military personnel who served on active duty during the official Vietnam War era (Aug. 5 '64 - May 7, '75)

74%

Say they'd serve again, despite the outcome

58,148	Killed
75,000	Severely disabled
23,214	100% disabled
5,283	Lost a limb
1,081	Lost multiple limbs

23.1

Average age of the men killed in Vietnam

JAMES T. DAVIS

Generally referred to as the first American to lose his life in Vietnam, on December 22, 1961

1,611

The number of Americans still unaccounted for, as of April 14, 2017

240 days

Time the average infantryman spent in combat in one year, six times the amount of time his counterpart spent in combat in four years, during WWII. Due largely to the mobility of the helicopter

7.85 million

Tons of bombs dropped on the three countries of Indo-china. Nearly three times the amount dropped by the US during WWII

800,000

Tons of unexploded ordnance remain in the ground

c.1 million

Estimated enemy dead; although the figures remain heavily disputed

Darren Beattie / Alex Sheppard /Joe Kent /
Amanda Milius / Richard Poe / Ned Ryun / Raw Egg
Nationalist / Kash Patel / General Flynn AND MANY MORE

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GREAT CHAD ANONS OF HISTORY

American paratrooper, Harry Hudec, of the 82nd Airborne Division, with his M1A1 Thompson SMG, circa 1944.

"CEO.
Adventurer,
Nomad, Womenizer,
Wallstreet. Affinity for
women And sexy Beautiful
Girls. 8 inches ameircan,
Hangliding. Yacht. Luxory
vehicles."
The Master, in his own
words

HOW TO BE A PLAYBOY

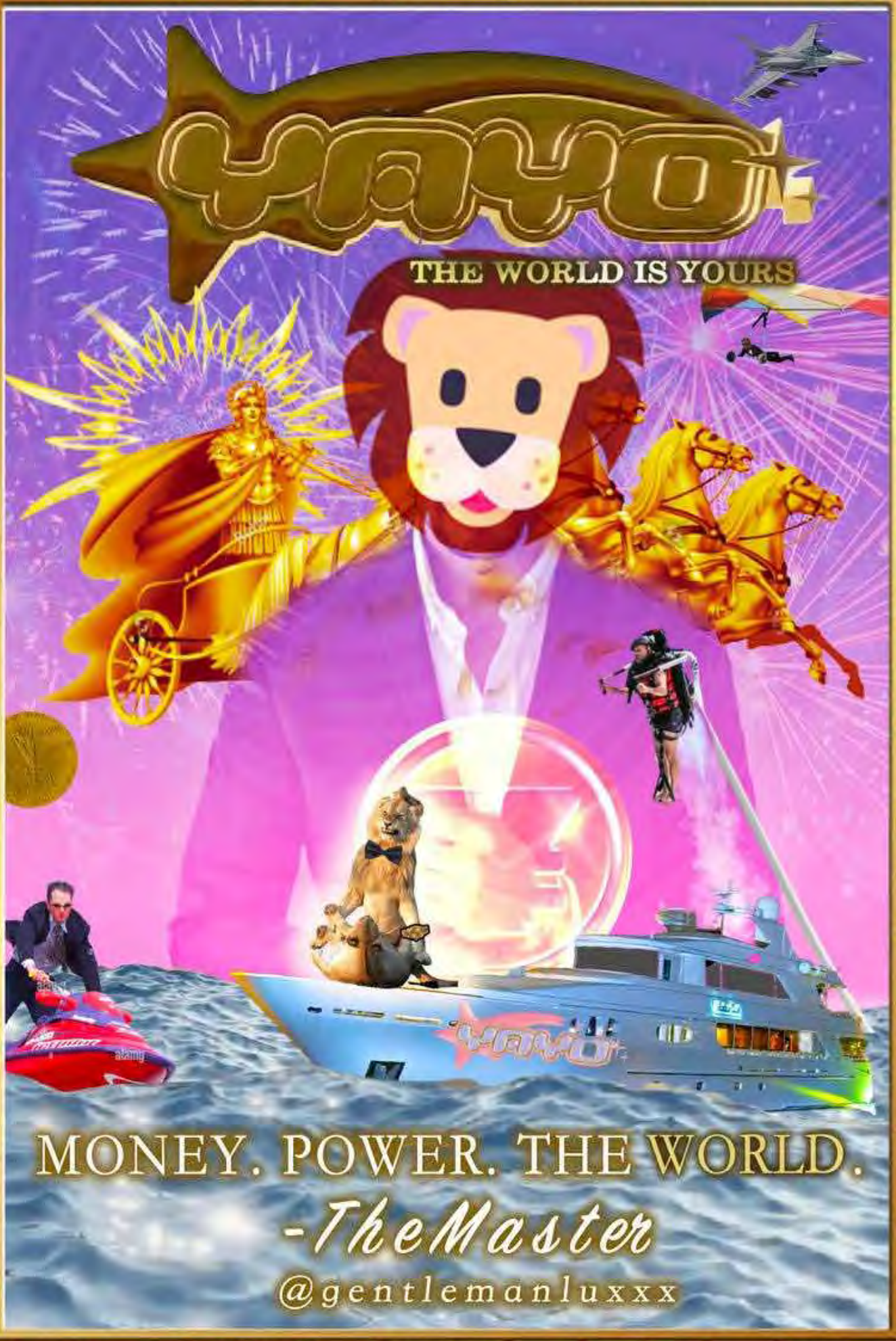
with

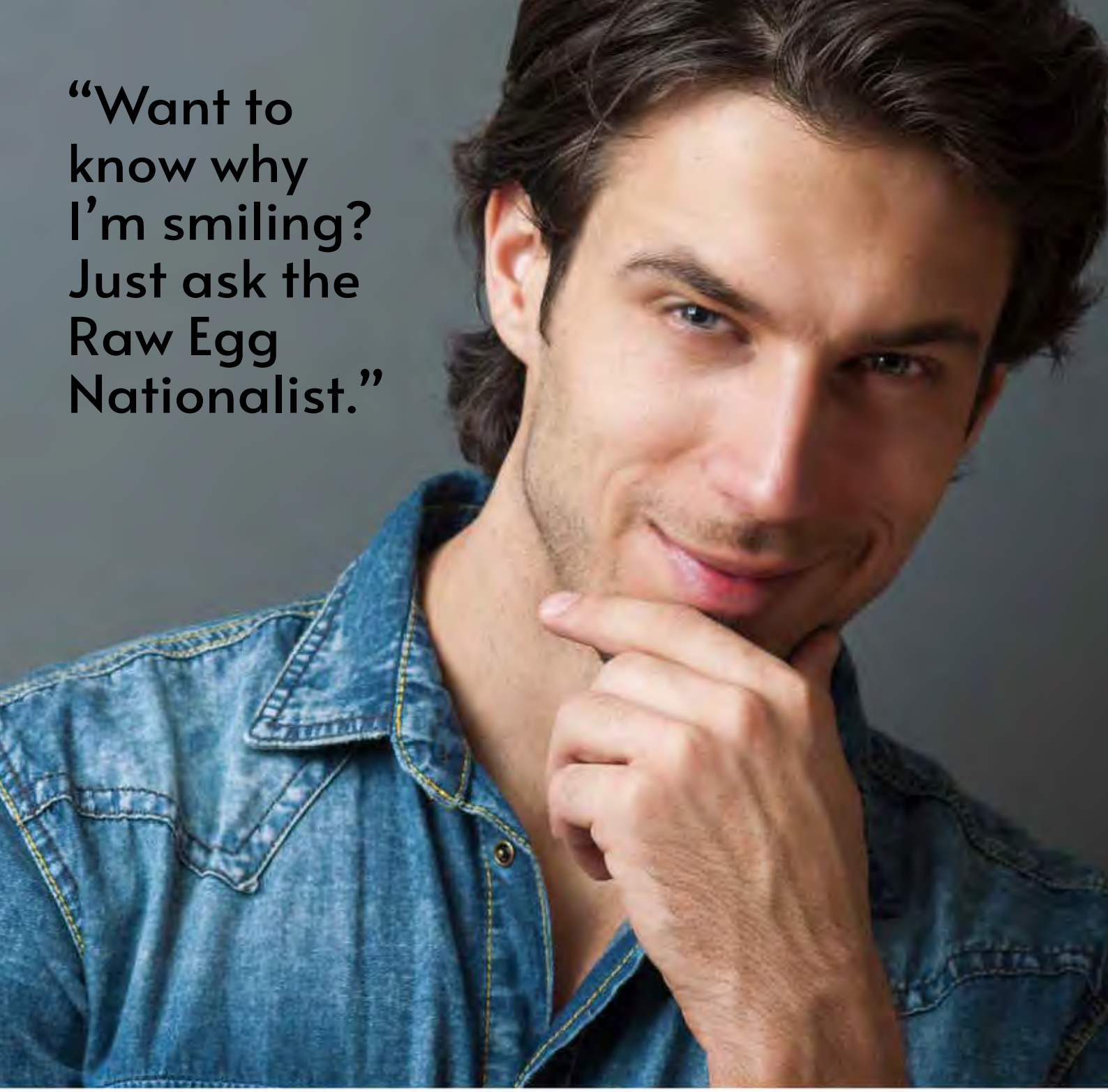
The Master

MEN WANT TO BE HIM, WOMEN WANT TO BE WITH HIM. YES, IT'S THE MYSTERIOUS MASTER OF LUXURY THEY CALL... THE MASTER (@GENTLEMANLUXXX), AND HE'S HERE TO SHOW HOW YOU CAN LIVE THE PLAYBOY LIFESTYLE TOO.

[*Ed. Unfortunately, when we tried to contact the Master with regard to his lifestyle column, he responded by saying, and I quote, "My thoroughbred Auburn Pharaoh Hound (very expesnive) ate My homework , sir". When a further inquiry was made about when the article might actually be ready he said, "Well now Im an in the Maldives so Maybe 2 months at Least", before sending the following photograph (see right), presumably of himself, and adding, " Have you Ever been To Maldives? (Me in Maldives) I'm wrote Several draft sir All I'm felt is Not quite To my Liking, Needs Raw passion That I'm can Only achieve From Maldives 2 months , every Draft I crumble up In in a Fit and I Break my Keyboard on Purpose , Also And my dog Eat them i already Told you .. I start Around 4 different pieces , I'm do Research on Topics diligently .. Drawing inspiration And borrowing Ideas from Hemingway And Hugh Hefner to Make luxerious and Horny , Some better than Others all Not to my standard , Then my dog Ate it too .. Maldives maybe cut Short anyway Becouse I'd like To get back to mountains before Weather change too Much ,so I'll be spending time In Colorado estate and that's where My type Writer is Anyway and It's metal so Harder to break if I get upset , So I do Better writing there Okay." So there we have it. That's how you live the Playboy lifestyle. Draw whatever conclusions you will...*]

The Master will return... I think


THE WORLD IS YOURS
MONEY. POWER. THE WORLD.
-TheMaster
@gentlemanluxxx



See, he told me this one weird trick you just won’t believe.

"Serge," he said. "Buy some high-strength vitamin D3 and take ten tablets a day for a few months. Yes, I know that’s massively in excess of the recommended daily dose, but trust me, you won’t regret it - and neither will your lady friends."

Well, here I am six months later and let’s just say I’m even more of a man than I was before. I can’t believe it. No more skinny jeans for me - unless I want to get arrested again...

And for those of you who are skeptical, well, Raw Egg Nationalist always keeps receipts (even if he never touches them). Just Google “Enhanced Growth of the Adult Penis with Vitamin D3.” Neat, huh? Now you see why I get all my health and lifestyle advice from anonymous Twitter accounts.

MAN’S WORLD: GO BIG OR GO HOME.

THE ABSOLUTE STATE OF BLUECHECK TWITTER

CARTOONS BY ENDING BIGLY PROMOTIONAL ACCOUNT (@powerfulrapist)

Eric Weinstein
@EricRWeinstein
Went to the @netflix walkout protesting @DaveChappelle. I doubt I am in the same exact place as many of my fellow IDW folks.
I'd encourage anyone to do likewise. Stories like @SevenGraham69's will change you if you think this is just about people who can't take a harmless joke.

TRANS BUSSY GOT ME ACTIN STRANGE.

SOMEONE SAID "FREE SPEECH", I SAID TF IS THAT?

THE GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO CIGARS PT. II SMOKING

With Jared Michaeli, VP of Global Sales at Mombacho Cigars, Nicaragua

Since last issue you've probably perfected your lighting skills and technique. Excellent work! But you're not done yet. Now we continue on to part two, which is the cutting of your cigar.

Two shots of a guillotine tool

The options for cutting a cigar are not as varied as lighters and lighting, but many still have a strong preference. While you need a lighter to enjoy a premium cigar, you don't technically need a cutter. As simple as cutting a cigar might first appear, you can still get it wrong – and you only get one solid chance to do it.

There are three ways to cut a cigar. 1) Correctly. This means any tool or method you choose has worked perfectly. 2) Too little. Meaning: you won't get a good draw, and the extra tobacco used at the head and the cap probably still remain, complicating the intended bunching technique and suppressing air flow. You can cut again, but you must be careful. 3) Too much. Go ahead, grab another cigar. You've destroyed the fine construction and exposed the beautiful tucked-in end of the wrapper leaf, which will cause the cigar to unravel and allow too much air flow. Barbarian.

We will cover four main tools and the associated methods to cut the head of a cigar. While some will work better, all will work, and all require a bit of practice, as cigars offer many ring gauges and head shapes and forms. Also, your local tobacconist or smoking parlor may offer some options that are fixed to a counter or piece of furniture, even scissors. We won't cover these options, just your own hand-held accountments.

The Straight Cut (Guillotine):

The straight cut is the most popular option of cutter. With constant modern updates from numerous manufactures, keep in mind that in terms of tools this is the oldest and most trusted form of cutting the head of a cigar. Typically, a straight cutter will have a center hole that fits most cigars, which is where two concave blades meet and then cross to complete the cut. On both sides of the center hole are finger holes built into the frame. One hole for the thumb, and the other typically for the index finger. Some use their middle finger, too.

You open the cutter by spreading the thumb and finger to open the blades. Then, the cigar head is placed in the center of the open space. Be sure the blades are totally open, and your thumb and finger have extended the two blades fully. Do not drag the cigar along the blade edge if your cutter keeps the blades exposed – this will tear the wrapper leaf. Then in a single complete movement, close the thumb and finger firmly. This will send both blades through the head of the cigar, snipping off just enough for a solid draw and good airflow. The entire cigar was made for a good cut, so if the cut is correct and tobacco begins unraveling, it is probably a minor construction flaw.

Take a look at the head of the cigar. You will see a cap, a circular piece of tobacco draped over the head, and beneath it a double or triple line of tobacco close together. You are to cut right on or just below the cap-line, and above the two or three lines of tobacco. This will expose the area of the cigar which is rounded by being pressed in the mold. This area is constructed to be exposed and cut, allowing proper airflow. If you cut too little, you can repeat this option with just a sliver more. Be very careful: you're now closer to ruining the cigar. Think of thinly slicing an onion for reference. If you've cut too much, try smoking it, but you'll soon realize why cigars are rolled to have a smoking end and a lighting end – that is, if the cigar doesn't unravel.

The Punch:

The Punch has become especially popular because of its combining with a key chain, a common accessory sold in cigar shops. However, its

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real purpose was intended to create a clean divot in the head of the cigar and remove some of the tighter tobacco at the head. A punch consists of a metal or plastic body and a cylindrical metal tube with a razor-sharp head. A punch is typically is two parts. The blade is capped so that you don't slice open your fingers when grabbing it or your leg when the tool is in your pocket. Once the cap is removed you use your thumbs and index finger, holding the body of the punch with the blade pointed away from the hand. You can add your middle finger too, if you choose.

To cut, hold the punch in your dominant hand and the cigar carefully in the other. Bring the head of the cigar to the edge of the blade. Make sure the cigar is centered on the blade, as you want to drive the punch into the cigar through the center of the cap. Twisting the punch left and right is a good method if the blade turns out to not be sharp. Being a little off-center is no big deal, but if you're far from center you could push the double/triple wrap down or take off the edge of the cap, meaning the remaining part of the cap could come off during smoking.

Once the cigar is lightly pressed against the punch, firmly press the punch into the cigar. You'll know how much by how long your cutting tube is, as per the manufacturer's suggested specs. Remove the punch from the cigar. You'll see a perfect cylindrical chunk taken out of the head of the cigar, which creates a very easy draw. If you then look at your punch, you'll see the removed chunk in the cut tube. Your cap most likely has a driving rod which goes in the center of the cut tube and will push that tobacco out. If you don't get a good draw or have damaged the cigar, go to using a v-cutter or fiddling with your fingers to correct the error.

The V-Cutter:

Cigar smoking is delightfully antiquated, but every once in a while, some tech hits the industry, and we get a nifty product. The V-cutter is exactly that, though it is arguable that this method was used some time ago. Either way, the contraption is popular for taking a deep, aesthetically pleasing cut of the cigar and lines the cigar up perfectly for what is practically a fail-safe option. In the device itself is stored the blade, which usually will open with the push of a mechanical button or switch. Once opened, the V-blade pops out of the top and is fully exposed. This V-blade cuts deep into the cigar's head, with a clean, V-shaped chunk being removed, and allows for the integrity of the cigar head to remain. In the body of this tool is a circle clearly made for the head of the cigar to be placed. This hole will not allow the cigar to pass all the way through, meaning you cannot over-cut.

The process involves holding the V-cutter with one hand, between the thumb on the bottom and the index finger on top to push the blade down. Some hold the bottom against the heel of their hand and use two fingers to push down. Once the cutter is open, with one hand firmly holding the cigar against the blade hole, push the blade through the cigar. The device will typically lock when this is done successfully, as it is spring loaded.

The V-cutter tends to divide opinion. Personally, I don't care for it, because it feels weird on the head of cigar and is also a bulkier tool, not so great for carrying in the pockets. I find it to be a bit more dramatic too, when the entire art of smoking is to eliminate drama. However, tools and gadgets are great. If you're a gadget-driven individual, you should definitely look into trying the tool. The best part of a V-cutter is that you basically can't make an error when using it.

A typical V-cutter from Colibri

The No-Cutter Cut:

My preference and personal favorite. These tools are something most are equipped with already. While this option takes a significant amount of practice (don't worry, it just means you need to smoke more), once you've mastered it, you'll be surprised at how well it plays with the construction of the cigar and how well it works. This is the no-cutter finger cut. Despite what you probably think, many industry professionals don't carry the fanciest of tools or accoutrements, especially those whose work involves tobacco production.

Using the nails of the index finger and thumb, a pinch is made at the head of the cigar, leading with the nails, and then a slight pull removes the right amount of the cap and tobacco in the cigar head. Holding the cigar in one hand, it is typical to place the thumb and index finger together, with the fingertips on the head of the cigar for a preliminary line-up and measurement – remember, many sizes and gauges. Then once the fingertips are pressed on the cigar, the thumb and index finger roll together, pinching the cap of the cigar. The nails at this point will dig in, grabbing the tobacco. Pinching some more, right to the point where the nails meet, a quick yet delicate pull is made away from the head of the cigar.

Once you've mastered this method, it is truly astonishing to see that the 100% handmade cigar works perfectly with your hands and nothing else. The construction of the head and the cap works well with this method for airflow, and after some time you'll find you'll be able to remove the tobacco in a near perfect circular shape. Of course, not ruining a cigar should be the goal of every smoker, so if you decide to try this method out, do so with caution and always err on the side of a light touch. You can remedy any issue with one of the other cutter options.

MARCUS FOLLIN
Dauntless
A HANDBOOK FOR THE QUEST
FOR ENLIGHTENMENT AND GLORY

GOTHIC
VIOLENCE
A BOOK BY MIKE MA

ENJOY YOUR DEMOCRACY (while you still can!)

There's plenty of talk about the benefits of monarchy vis-à-vis liberal democracy. But should we be careful what we wish for? Ancient Life Coach (@costofglory) warns us about being too eager to throw off our current system, and he has the perfect man to illustrate his point: the great warrior-king Pyrrhus of Epirus, namesake of the pyrrhic victory.

Many of us are fascinated with monarchy. It makes sense. But are you ready for that?

Consider the experience of the Tarentines. They were debating whether they should invite one of the greatest warrior kings ever, Pyrrhus of Epirus, to help them with a problem.

The Tarentines were Greeks. They had a rich port city in southern Italy. Tarentum was once home of philosopher-warrior-nobles like Archytas. In the 280s BC, though, it had degenerated a little, at least in comparison to its rivals. Tarentum was a democracy, and the merchant element was taking over in politics.

The merchants' policies hollowed out the city's military. They had a strong navy, but on land they relied heavily on allies and mercenaries.

Tarentum had recently gotten into some trouble with the Romans. The way it happened is instructive. The Romans broke a treaty by sailing through Tarentine waters. Their timing was not great - the Tarentines were in the middle of celebrating a huge annual festival of Dionysus. Almost all of them were smashed, but not so far gone to miss a fleet of foreign ships sailing across their bay. Maybe the Romans thought drunken sailors would be less inclined to operate heavy machinery and start trouble?

Nope. The Tarentines sloshed into their triremes and sped after the Roman fleet. By then the Roman ships were moored at rival city nearby. The Tarentines swooped in, burned and sank the Roman ships in the harbor. Then they disembarked, plundered the city, got back in and sailed away.

So far they acted like your typical respectable democrats. But then the Romans brought a large land army to their doorstep. The Tarentines couldn't back up their mischief now. They needed outside help, some real men of war.

What to do? They have a debate in their assembly. Pyrrhus' name comes up in the discussions - a great king, cousin of Alexander the Great. Lives right across the Adriatic, in Epirus. "His uncle came and fought for us, like, 50 years ago. He'll kick the Romans' asses."

The citizens in the assembly are leaning toward inviting Pyrrhus.

But suddenly they hear the sound of festival instruments at the entrance of the theater. A guy named Meton comes in. He's dressed for a dinner party, wearing flower wreaths. Flute girls are following him.

The serious men get annoyed. But most people just start clapping along with the music. Come on, who doesn't like flute girls? Meton stops in the middle of them, calls for silence.

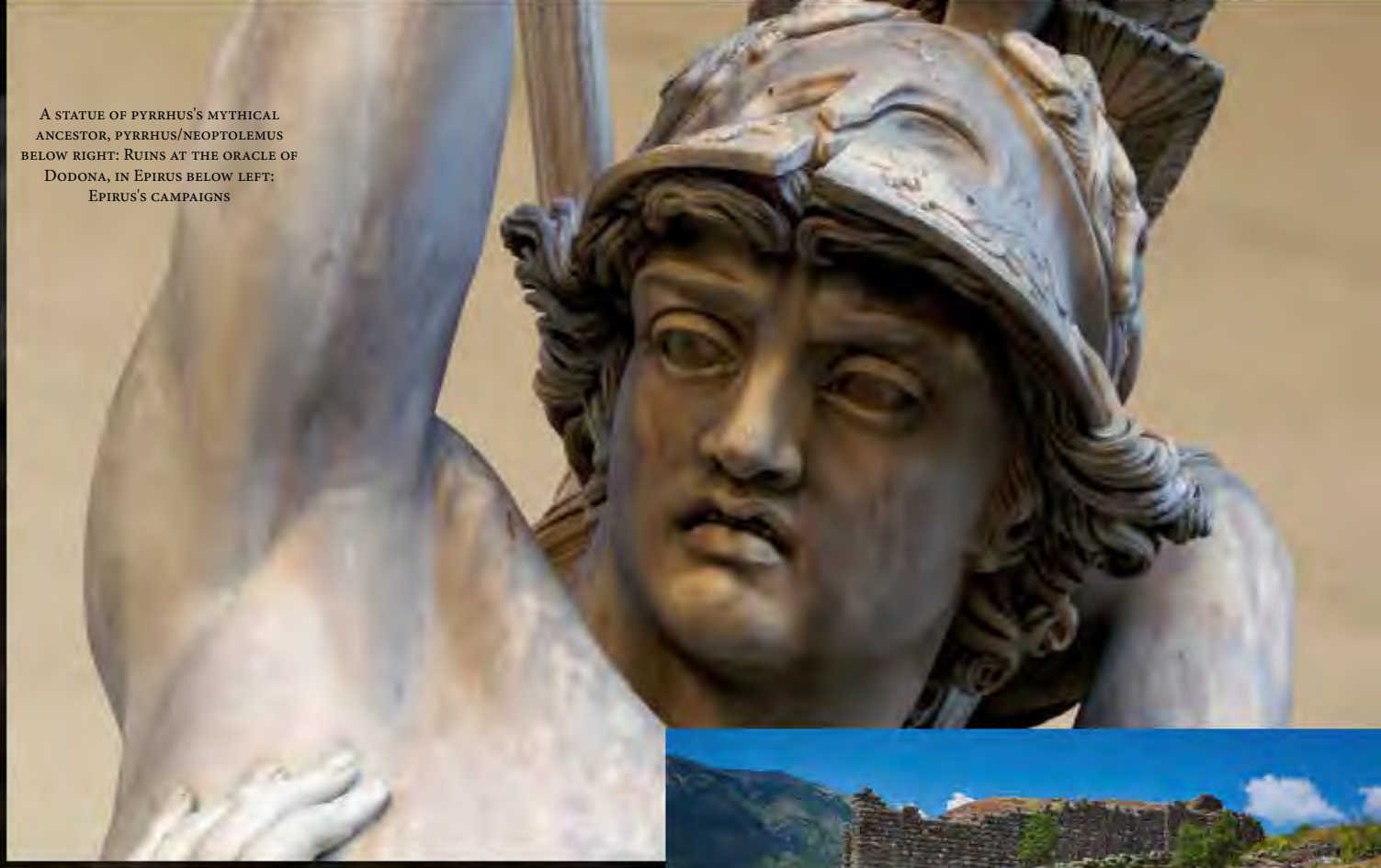
"My good citizens. Enjoy this freedom here while we have it. If Pyrrhus comes, everything is going to change."

What is it like for a democrat to come face to face with a true warrior noble? How different are the assumptions you have to make when addressing such a man? How do you carry yourself? You can't hide who you are in front of that kind of person.

I was once sitting across from a holy man at his desk. It was just the two of us in the room. I tried to act pious and contrite. But he saw right through me. Former (?) gamer. Eats meat on Fridays. Looks at girls the wrong way. Needs A/C. And worse. He could just smell it. Doesn't he know I'm "spiritual"? I "read theology"? Why is he talking to me like I'm a newb?

That's probably how the Tarentines

A statue of Pyrrhus's mythical ancestor, Pyrrhus/Neoptolemus below right: Ruins at the oracle of Dodona, in Epirus below left: Epirus's campaigns



felt when Pyrrhus got there. I'm not talking about the fat and cowardly anti-Pyrrhus guys. I mean the men who were all proud to welcome him to their city. Proud to have been "his supporters." The guys who took credit for brokering this glorious alliance with the warrior king.

This was a man who had defeated enemy generals in hand-to-hand swordfights, while the armies watched. He had survived multiple assassination attempts. He was the first to scale the city walls in a siege in Sicily. In a battle in Calabria, he cut a dude in half. The long way.

So, Meton was right with his flute girls. He tried to warn them. Everything changed at Tarentum when Pyrrhus got there.

(You can read the rest of the story in Plutarch's Life of Pyrrhus, or just listen to the podcast trilogy I did on him.)

We underestimate how different life will be when our political system changes. We underestimate how different we ourselves will need to be to flourish under a different regime.

So, if you want things to change, start by being the sort of person you'll actually need to be if they do. Because when it gets to that point, faking it probably won't work.

Let's enjoy what's left of our democracies, and focus on building each other up, while we still have time.

THE COST OF GLORY

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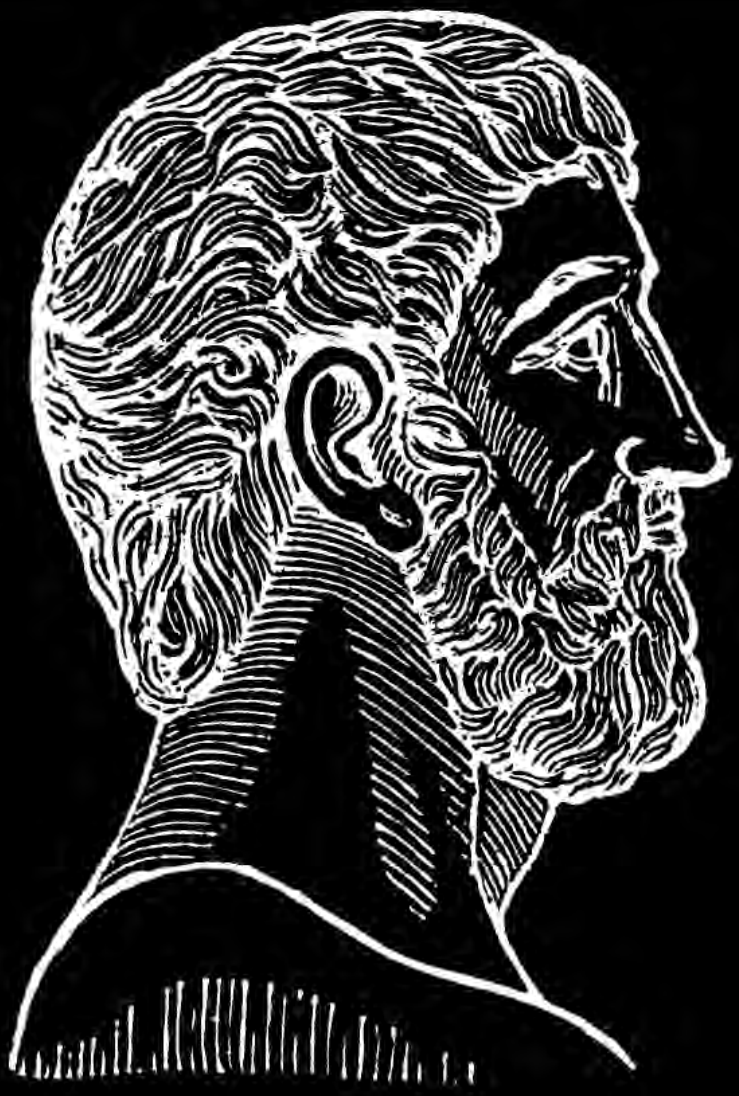
MAN'S WORLD



MEDITATIONS

IN A THOUSAND WORDS OR LESS, TODAY'S BEST WRITERS GIVE THEIR HONEST THOUGHTS ABOUT THE ISSUES THAT REALLY MATTER

TYRANNY AND IGNORANCE

How do we resist the growing global tyranny? Let's start by not being afraid, says EVELYN RAE (@_evelynrae)

You don't have to flick very far back in our history books to find stories of personal sacrifice, unflinching boldness, and unwavering courage in the face of adversary. Only a century ago, Western civilization was steadily cultivating young men and women who valued the sorts of things that inspired such episodes of bravery – namely, freedom, honour, virtue, and personal responsibility.

In such an environment, the Western world flourished. The prosperity and comfort we know today is largely due to the men and women who valued those things that underpin a well-functioning and free society.

Thinking back on the "good times" of the past, I'm reminded of the young, brave men who fought, bled, and died to secure the freedom-loving nations they were then building for their children to inherit. Many of them paid for that end with their life; most of those who didn't were, at least, willing to.

But what was it that moved these young men to run seemingly fearless into the face of impending danger? Surely, whatever it was, it's safe to say it's not prevalent in our culture today. No, today, fear is ripe for exploitation. As a result, we're left with grown adults who are incapable of handling decisions relating to their own personal health. They'll line up for hours on end just to be tested for an illness they have no signs or symptoms of suffering. And their children, the most vulnerable in society, are being subject to experimental medical procedures to quell the fears of the adults around them.

Unlike our ancestors, we've become a generation of fear and paranoia, so much so, that we are, not only willing, but more than happy to forfeit the freedoms previous generations secured in exchange for a false sense of security.

It's been said that freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction, and we're certainly at that crossroads today. For too long we've been liv-

ing off the fumes of better generations. We've fallen asleep at the wheel. We've forgotten that freedom isn't something that can be left unprotected or unchecked. Especially now that we have the unrelenting threat of big government whose power rest on the subjugation and control of the people. So, how did we get here?

The simple answer is ideology and culture. Civilizations are shaped by culture, and culture is shaped by ideology. Today, the Western world has largely abandoned the fundamental beliefs of previous generations. Subjectivism and relativism now dominate virtually every major institution, and its corrosive effects seep into near-every aspect of our culture, from family to sexuality, religion, politics, entertainment, education, and more.

As a result, there is an expectation that our cultural leaders are subjectivists, affirming that emotions are the creators of facts and that intention drives morality. Within this setting, we birthed the regressive and degenerate notion that objectivity and debate represent some sort of threat to social harmony. Truth has become a casualty of the culture war, and with it, the freedoms necessary for that truth to flourish.

Nature hates a void, and too often the government is ready to fill that void – sometimes even if there is no void at all. And in the absence of objective grounding, the government becomes our only absolute. Rather than the state protecting our freedoms, the state now views itself as the giver of those freedoms.

The past two years have certainly demonstrated that much. Coming back from this point requires a revisiting of the ideas and beliefs that once shaped a freer world. We must remember once again that human rights are not something we earn from the government and that freedom is not a reward for certain behaviours. Human rights are given to us by virtue of the fact that we are human, made in the image of our Creator. And that's a truth intentionally ignored and suppressed by our would-be overlords – and not without reason.

Tyranny depends on this ignorance. If we don't belong to God, we belong to the state, because when the state is not restrained by a law greater than itself, it becomes a law unto itself. For as long as there is no throne above our governments, our governments will assume the highest authority over us. Tyranny reigns when the state claims to be the highest source of law, morality, and justice. Now, in the Western world, this is a truth we're just beginning to feel the devastating consequences of embracing.

Previous generations understood that the greatest threat to tyranny is a group of people who pledge their allegiance to something greater than the state itself. And yet almost every aspect of culture today is determined to undermine that fact.

We must consider the fruit of each system and ask ourselves what future we envision for our children. Do we want to prepare a world that values truth, freedom, virtue, knowledge, love, honour, family, fatherhood, motherhood, child rearing, and godliness? Or do we want to prepare for them a world that dismisses truth as hate speech, fact as offensive; that despises beauty, rejects basic biology, has no basis for inalienable human rights; that says we have no inherit purpose, that there is no accountability, and disregards moral absolutes as a myth?

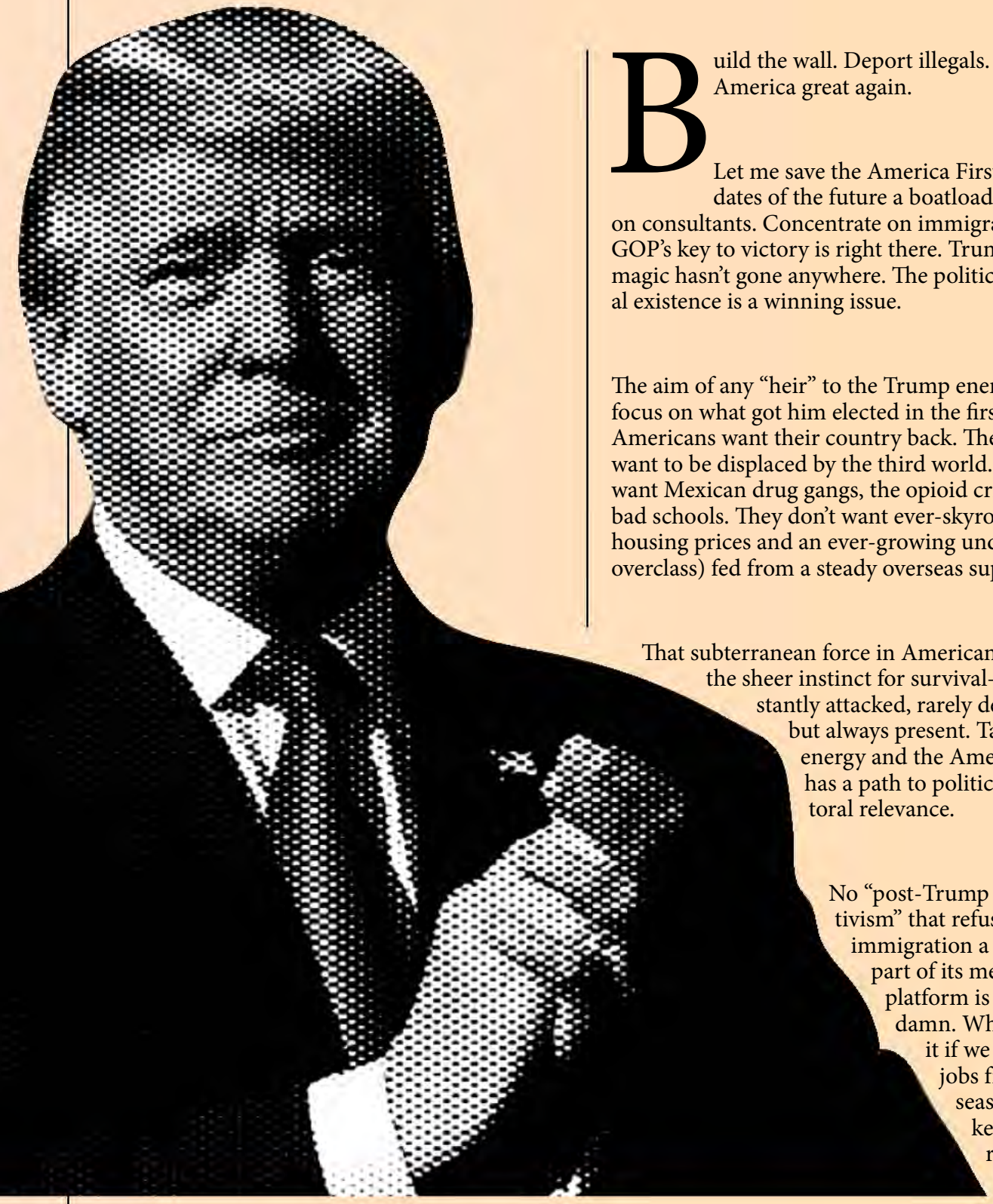
A ship will continue to sink unless we find the leak and plug it. The last two years have highlighted some major cultural issues, but until we find the underlying ideological cause, our solutions will be nothing more than tissue-patching the gaping hole in the hull. Unless we go to the root, the system will continue to produce rotten fruit.

It begins with us, at home. When we look out of our windows or at our computer screens and see society falling headlong into unrestrained immorality and decay, we ought to remember to turn around and examine the state of our own homes. Ultimately, that's the only real solution to the rot infesting our societies.

Break the home, break the nation. Heal the home, heal the nation. So, when we look outside and see injustice, oppression, corruption, the assaults on freedoms, we must do more than complain. We must remember that the change begins at home, with you and me, breaking free from culturally decaying ideologies. We must raise the next generation in an environment that previous generations considered worth fighting to preserve.

IMMIGRATION IS THE REAL ISSUE

How can the GOP win? By focusing on the issue that really matters to ordinary people, says JOSIAH LIPPINCOTT



Build the wall. Deport illegals. Make America great again.

Let me save the America First candidates of the future a boatload of money on consultants. Concentrate on immigration. The GOP's key to victory is right there. Trump's 2016 magic hasn't gone anywhere. The politics of national existence is a winning issue.

The aim of any "heir" to the Trump energy must focus on what got him elected in the first place—Americans want their country back. They don't want to be displaced by the third world. They don't want Mexican drug gangs, the opioid crisis, and bad schools. They don't want ever-skyrocketing housing prices and an ever-growing underclass (or overclass) fed from a steady overseas supply.

That subterranean force in American politics—the sheer instinct for survival—is constantly attacked, rarely defended, but always present. Tap into its energy and the American right has a path to political and electoral relevance.

No "post-Trump conservativism" that refuses to make immigration a central part of its message and platform is worth a damn. What good is it if we bring back jobs from overseas if we don't keep corporations from importing

the overseas workers back to America?

You want law and order? Keep problems out at the border. The Mexican Mafia wouldn't be a problem if they were only in Mexico. The solution isn't hard, but it requires force of will. It requires that conservatives act like men. Yes, the left is going to call any defender of a sensible immigration policy a hardcore racist. And? So what? They were always going to do that. It doesn't matter. Immigration is a winning issue.

In 2020, Trump lost every non-white voting bloc but won a majority of white voters. He still lost. If America had its 1965 demographics, Trump would have been elected in a rout.

Build the wall. Deport illegals. Restrict legal immigration. Raise wages.

GOP, keep it simple.

The "matter" out of which a regime is made is far more important than the form. The Constitution, quite simply, doesn't matter very much anymore. Democrats openly want to torch it and Republicans are afraid to return to it. It is always easier to grift than to fight, after all.

The Boomer conservative faith in institutional solutions—term limits! Convention of States! Balanced Budget Amendment!—is admirable, if misguided. If only we had the rule of law! But if the last two years of Covid lockdowns and vaccine mandates have proven anything beyond a shadow of a doubt, it's that there is no institutional support for liberty and national existence. The state is at war with the people. Act accordingly.

The youth movement on the American Right must turn away from the form back to the matter: immigration transforms regimes. Unable to win elections with the American population of pre-1965 America, the radical left decided to simply import a new people. If you can't win in a democracy, just import a new demos. In 2020, Trump lost every non-white voting bloc but won a majority of white voters. He still lost. If America had its 1965 demographics, Trump would have been elected in a rout. Americans want their country back. They just want to grill, to be left alone. But that won't happen unless the left loses its most potent weapon—the sheer numbers at its command. Take away immigration and the woke left is done. The degenerate weirdos and losers that make up the rest of the Democratic Party aren't enough to truly rule the country, not without a steady flow of human beings from around the world.

There are few things more expensive than cheap labor. But there is still time to turn things around. 2022 will likely be more of the same. The GOP will grift, new names will make some noise (but accomplish little), and the economic and political situation of the country will get more and more toxic. None of this is good, but the situation isn't hopeless.

The young men that make up the true intellectual vanguard of the Right—the mememakers, pranksters, and brilliant critics on the fringe of the empire—must work to reorient the Right back to the existential politics of who we are as a nation. This is how we win. And we are going to win. The worse things get, the more the nation's patriotic core will demand real abiding change. The politics of 401ks, tax cuts, and debates about how much foreign aid to send to Israel is dead and gone. The future belongs to the young men of the right.

And make no mistake, we are going to win.

Josiah writes regularly for publications including The American Mind (americanmind.org) and since his ban from Twitter, has been posting updates on his Telegram channel (t.me/josiah_lippincott).

This is MAN'S WORLD.

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Welcome to 8030 b.c. You own nothing, have no privacy and life has never been worse.

Live in the pod. Work in the fields. Eat the grain slop. Bow down and worship the earth mammy.

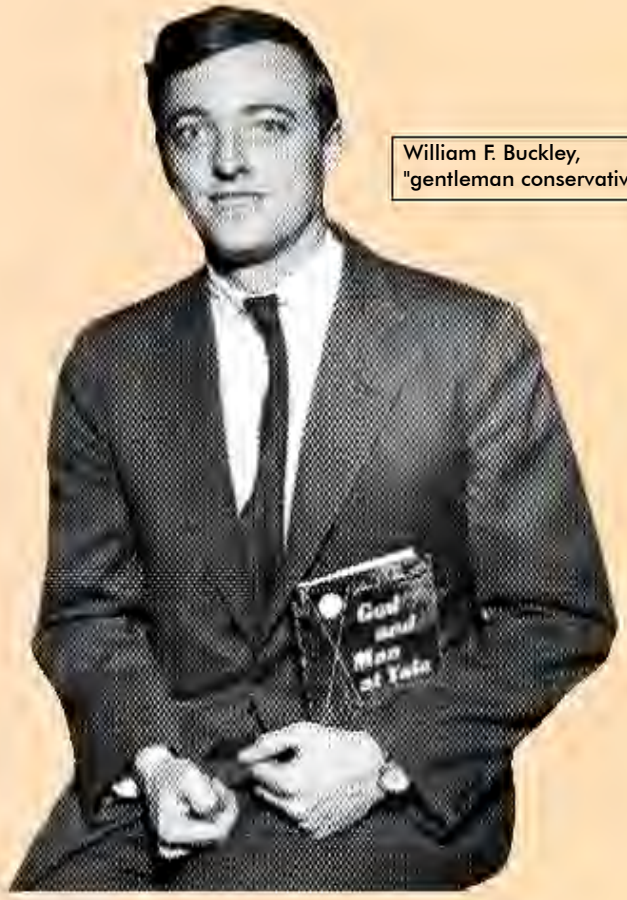
And so what if the elites still get to feast and hunt and live like human beings? What are you going to do about it?

Revolt against Great Resets old and new!

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Rejecting the yeast life, getting jacked and tanned, slonking raw eggs, reading the classics and holding yourself and your friends accountable will absolutely transform your life for the better.

THE OTHER C-WORD

Is "conservative" a dirty word in 2022? If it isn't, it should be, says RAW EGG NATIONALIST



William F. Buckley, "gentleman conservative"

What's in a word?

A lot, actually. However wrong postmodernism may be and however ill its effects over the last sixty or so years, Derrida, Foucault and their cheese-eating acolytes were right, at least, in one thing; that language holds the power not just to label or categorise reality but also to structure it – even create it. A simple example. People in California were lounging around in swimming pools, smoking pot and listening to groovy music long before the term "laid back" was coined; but once it was, a whole movement of people came into being, who saw themselves and one another in a new way and started to act accordingly. If you think along these lines, examples are easy to multiply. Hippies. Incels. Deplorables, the Resistance – and so on.

Words are not simply descriptors. Words make things so, and they allow us to orient ourselves in the world in particular ways, opening up certain possibilities and closing off others. Of course, you don't have to dress language up as "discourse" and pretend it's the *only* thing that matters, nor do you have to pay tens of thousands and take a social sciences degree to learn this (really, *you don't*).

Anyway, I'm saying these things, dear reader, because I've been thinking for a while now about what it really means to be a conservative; in particular, whether the word "conservative" itself has any value at this present moment. And that means asking two questions, as far I can see. Does "conservative" actually describe something positive? And what about as a tool – can the word help us shape reality in the ways we want to?

"Conservative" as a descriptor should be pretty straightforward. *Conservative*, noun: a person whose fundamental political (and moral) orientation is to conserve. As a working definition, I hope we can agree that this neither offends common sense nor the conservative political tradition. Okay. Well. What have conservatives managed to conserve, then? Go on, I'm asking you a genuine question!

The environment?

The arts?

Architecture?

The family?

Traditional customs and forms of life?

Demographics?

Did you come up with anything? If you did, I'd love to hear it (answers on the back of a postage stamp). Because I couldn't think of one thing – substantial or otherwise – that conservatives have actually conserved.

Now, I could hardly claim to be the first person to have pointed out this dismal scorecard, and I'm sure I won't be the last. But I'll say it again. When it comes to conserving the most valuable continuities with the past – to maintaining the "pact between the dead, the living and the yet unborn", in Edmund Burke's immortal words – the achievements of Western conservatives are a roll call of shame. A triumph of failure.

Living in the UK, I'm reminded of this on a daily basis. Consider this example. Over the past two years, despite the global pandemic and official promises to the contrary, the incumbent big-C Conservative government has allowed the demographic replacement of the native British to continue unchecked and unabated. Even as its own citizens languished under a national house arrest – unable to go outside for all but "essential purposes", denied access to their loved ones, neighbours and fellow citizens – hundreds of boats carrying so-called "refugees" from around the world crossed the English Channel, often under escort from Royal Navy and RNLI boats, and disgorged their human cargo on these shores. The flow continues today, as I type these very words. I'm almost laughing through the tears.

And there is something laughable about conservatives and conservatism. Conservatism, as a doctrine of failure, has long had its own kind of pathetic vaudeville, something my good friend the Fat Nutritionist analysed in detail in a fantastic recent article (*The Asylum*, Issue One). One of the prime culprits in this respect was William F. Buckley. He was arguably the man most responsible for creating the "gentlemanly conservative" persona that has helped make conservativism, especially campus conservatism, so thoroughly unattractive to anybody you'd want to sit opposite at dinner – assuming you wanted to maintain your appetite, that is. Buckley, famously, was the one who chose to define a "conservative" as "someone who stands athwart history yelling 'STOP!' at a time when no one is inclined to do so, or to have much patience with those who urge it." This ridiculous, bloviating definition, and the futile gesture it describes, says everything that needs to be said about the man, and the absolute debacle of a movement he and others like him have presided over. Well, almost everything: Buckley was also a terrible closet case.

After a century or more of conservative failure, is it any wonder that the "term" conservative also serves no real value as a map for action either? Which isn't to say that there aren't things worth conserving in the her and now, because there are – and if they disappeared tomorrow, you'd know about it. Rather, it's that, after so much has already been destroyed or corrupted, other kinds of action are now more essential to make the world fit for humans again.

The models for the future are now very firmly those of the distant past. Perhaps it's the early history of the American Republic, before its corruption by the bipartisan system. Or perhaps it's the warrior brotherhoods of the Bronze Age and their revolt against the matriarchal world of ancient Europe. In either case, creation not conservation is the watchword.

The term "conservative" has well and truly outlived its purpose. Instead of being a badge of honour and enabler of decisive action, it merely serves as a mark of shame. Instead of illuminating, it obfuscates the problem, suggesting still, as it did to Buckley, that our job is simply to stand athwart history telling "STOP!", like some desperate commuter running late for his train; when in fact what we now must do is wrest control of history from our enemies and take it in the direction, and at the speed, of our own choosing.

THOSE WHO CAN'T, TEACH

Young boys and men are screaming out for positive male role models at school, says DAN SIMONS

Robin Williams in *Dead Poets Society* (1989)

In the seminal 80s film Dead Poets Society, the late Robin Williams plays Mr Keating, a rebellious non-conformist English teacher who inspires loyalty and devotion in a class of awkward, gangly yet affluent teenage boys through his radical pedagogy and love of poetry. The film's denouement features the oft parodied but genuinely touching scene of the boys obstinately disobeying the authority of the headmaster to stand on their desks and pledge fealty to the wronged Mr Keating, quoting Walt Whitman as they do so. Watch the movie as a youngling and you will be fired up by John Keating's disregard for procedure, his enthusiasm for his subject and his delight in irking the powers-that-be. Watch it as a jaded thirty-something who has been teaching British kids over the last decade and you'll see an unrealistic expectation of classroom engagement and a litany of safeguarding concerns.

In the past twenty years, the John Keating character has been slowly sluiced out of the education system, certainly on this side of the Atlantic and I expect on the other side, too. There is no longer any room for the bright-eyed maverick. Even if there were, the idea that a group of students could be so enamoured with a love for learning that they would arrange a midnight rendezvous in a cave to read Housman and Keats is so farfetched as to be absurd. Why risk a nocturnal jaunt through the woods when you can stay up playing Fortnite until 4am, drinking putrid energy drinks and shouting obscenities down a headset at someone on the other side of the globe? What can Byron offer that League of Legends can't?

I was schooled in the late 90s and early part of the millennium and will happily go on record as having enjoyed my time. The teachers had only recently been robbed of the ability to give a clip round the ear with no consequences and many of them still had the classroom chops and the desire (and backing) to enforce discipline. My favourite teacher, a qualified pilot with a red face and a battered old BMW used to have a huge Encyclopaedia of physics next to his desk. If you were caught In Flagrante Delicto then before you knew what was happening the book would land in front of you with a deafening thud, it would be opened at random, and the word "essay!" proclaimed in a nasal tone followed

by the demand "2000 words. My desk. Tomorrow morning".

And there was no discussion. The essay would invariably not be done, due to a teenager's complete incomprehension of Newton's Third Law of Motion - and the inability to write 2000 words in the space of an evening in a world before word processors were commonly available. So the following lunch-time you would be stood outside the staffroom for 40 minutes and then that was the end of the matter. Yet this system, completely unfair and wholly punitive, worked. This man got rowdy, dull-eyed kids from the post-industrial heartlands to engage. My fondest memories of school were directly attributed to him. I was completely ambivalent to physics, but I loved his lessons. Recalling his anecdotes even now warms my heart.

Our school was a 1960s concrete nightmare built around two three-storey towers overlooking the playing fields. One wet, grey afternoon he decided that we had done enough physics and needed a little sport. He challenged a boy in the class to go and steal the ball from a Year 11 rugby game that was happening on the PE fields below. The class and the teacher raced to the window to watch the doomed attempt and the lad getting pummelled. We all roared heartily when he returned sodden, muddied and sans ball. Another vivid memory of a Van Der Graaf generator being used to demonstrate something about circuits devolving into a manic thirty-person game of statically charged tig.

Sometime after I had left school, in 2007, the government brought in an indoor smoking ban. Up until this point the staff were able to smoke in a smoking room. I am told from people who were still at the school that our hero wrote "staff smoking area" on a piece of A4 paper in permanent marker and sat in his car, in full view of the kids. He used to let the Indian kid in the class off his homework if he gave him a copied CD-ROM of the latest flight simulator game. When I reflect on the teachers I had, he stands out in relief. Sixteen years after I left school and lots of it has blurred into irrelevance, but the old rogue's refusal to do things 'properly' stands out in the sharpest clarity. I hope you had a teacher like this.

The British government has repeatedly flagged that white working class (WWC) boys underperform by every metric, against all other groups - even WWC girls. In an era when "representation" is such a trite buzzword, why is there not a drive for WWC men to become teachers? Well (trust me on this); the pay is poor, the workload unreasonable and you could have a much more satisfying life as a plumber. As of 2020, just 35.5% of the teachers that British kids see between the ages of 11-18 are male. The education system – emblematic of society at large - is fundamentally misfiring. White British boys are mothered to death at primary school, where only 15% of teachers are male. Many are compressed and deflated by daily drugs so as to be manageable in a classroom environment completely stacked against them, and unlike anything they will experience after they leave school at 16. Their aspirations are to be Youtubers, their family unit is dysfunctional or defunct and they know nothing of their own history.

GOOD TEACHERS, RISK-TAKERS, RULE-BREAKERS, POSITIVELY MASCULINE MALE ROLE MODELS ARE NEEDED MORE THAN EVER TO GUIDE THE NATION'S BOYS TOWARD MANHOOD. THE IRONY, OF COURSE, IS THAT THE PROFESSION IS MORE CLOSED TO THESE TYPES THAN EVER.

Good teachers, risk-takers, rule-breakers, positively masculine male role models are needed more than ever to guide the nation's boys toward manhood. The irony, of course, is that the profession is more closed to these types than ever. Unless you can stand daily emasculation, pettifogging and the tiresome bludgeoning of tedious bureaucracy, then young man, stay out of the classroom! It is incredibly sad, but there are other ways to effect change within your community. Sadly, I think the schools are lost. Certainly the ones run by the state are.

The poet Phillip Larkin encouraged his readers to "get out as early as you can, and don't have any kids yourself". I disagree – have lots. Just don't send them to a government school.

BORDER
HAWK
NEWS

WE WERE NEVER ASKED

Western Civilization is in crisis.

More than half a million illegal aliens from around the world poured across the southern border. Nearly 100,000 unvetted 'asylum seekers' were flown in from Afghanistan in an open-ended resettlement program. Tens of thousands of Haitians invaded Texas. The Regime raised the 'refugee' ceiling to 125,000 for the 2022 fiscal year.

This all unfolded in the United States during a couple of months in 2021 alone.

Rampant mass migration from the Third World poses one of the greatest imminent and long-term threats to our nations. The government-media complex works day and night to obfuscate the truth about how dire our predicament is, employing a stunning array of propaganda weaponry to keep Westerners in the dark.

In response, we launched BorderHawk.news as a resource center for anyone seeking a clearer picture about how immigration is affecting our way of life.

Our format is undeniably influenced by the formerly-great Drudge Report, but similarities end there as we are laser-focused on immigration and the matters it directly impacts: crime, security, demographics, environment, population density, health, texture of life, economics, political corruption, and so much more.

As a U.S.-based entity advocating an 'America First' ethos, we are also committed to promoting and preserving English as the common unifying lingua of the United States and the official language of government business.

Having lived and traveled for years throughout the U.S., Europe, and Oceania, I have witnessed first-hand the differences between locales overrun by foreigners and those which remain relatively unscathed by mass migration.

The stunning scope of scorched-earth migration facilitated by anti-national entities truly dawned on me during a journey to the Arctic Circle in 2019.

I had just landed at the airport in Bodø, Norway, and hopped a high-speed (high-cost) ferry to the Lofoten archipelago.

To my great surprise, I discovered multiple African families were also onboard.

It's not particularly difficult to differentiate 'tourists' from 'migrants' in Europe these days – if you know, you know.

After spending a few days in the fishing village of Svolvær, I learned African migrants have been 'resettled' there in relatively large numbers.

I watched African mothers in their traditional garb pushing prams about town in the cold rain and pondered the extent to which our rulers must hate us and those whom they recklessly transfer from totally disparate cultures and regions into the homelands our ancestors fought, bled, and died to build for us.

We shouldn't have to live like this.

Globalists claim we must import millions of migrants to 'do the jobs natives won't do.'

This is a lie.

Rugged Americans will gladly landscape yards and frame new single-family homes, as they do in Sandpoint and Petoskey. Hearty Croatians will cheerfully craft beautiful pizzas and seafood dishes, as they do in the kitchens of restoranima across Rovinj and Zadar. Lovely Polish women will meticulously pinch and boil dumplings, as they do in the pierogarnie of Gdańsk and Wrocław.

I've seen it with my own eyes. I know /our people/ will work hard to sustain, support, and preserve our ways of life, just as those who came before us.

We are in a fight for our very existence. We must be armed with information. We have to know who is entering our lands, who is living among us, who are our allies – and who are our enemies.

It is imperative we are informed on immigration issues.

No one is curating cutting-edge immigration news like we are at Border Hawk.

We invite you to come 'round for a visit and bookmark the website for a daily read over your protein shake or morning coffee.

Dan Lyman
Border Hawk • Editor-in-Chief

SPECIES REASSIGNMENT THERAPY

How can today's bugman reconnect with his humanity? Look to the work of Dominique Venner, says BLOSSIUS (@dblossius)

Dominique Venner, author of *A Handbook for Dissidents*

Dominque Venner was never a romantic or a depressive. An elite paratrooper at the time of the Algerian War, and a would-be insurrectionist who once tried to storm the Élysée Palace to kill President Charles de Gaulle, he finally settled on the most ambitious goal any man alive could set for himself: he sought to transpeciate the bugmen, or, if you prefer, to awaken them from their colorless dreams and turn them into great men – into the stuff of songs and tales told by generations yet to come. Madness?

When Venner looked around, he saw that Europeans had lost control of their institutions, their countries, their destiny. Their enemies had already written them off. Who was to blame? For Venner, this decadence was brought about, ultimately, by nihilism—a condition stemming not from loss of religious belief, but rather from a more general severing of Europeans from their own peculiar spiritual roots, from that transcendent link to their past that would guide their existence and ensure a future for them as a people. The triumphant nihilism of what we call "the Left", by piling whole layers of falsehoods onto them since the cradle, led them to renounce all "higher values" that raise men above "walking stomachs". For Venner, in short, the bugman is an unnatural and unhappy creature that has been forced to deny his true self.

The antidote to this, Venner conclud-

ed, was naturally to reconnect Europeans with their spiritual heritage. How can this be done? Not so much by lived experience, as nothing is left of the forms of life that flowed from the primacy of the spirit in European civilization. The solution, instead, is to go back to "our most authentic sources", in other words to authors like Homer that speak to something primordial within us.

For Venner, each great civilization (European, Chinese, Arab, etc.) is the expression of a people, each with its own deep psychological inclinations rooted in its peculiar biology. The manifestation in history of this abiding "spiritual morphology" of a people, he calls Tradition. For Venner, Europe is the product of millennia of Tradition, which gave rise to the cultures, the customs, the individual traditions that succeeded one another, hiding in their diversity a deep continuity (except for the present nihilistic age). Thus, "our most authentic sources" are simply sources that present the best mirror to us in which we can recognize, and finally remember, our true self.

SINCE THE GREEKS MET THE PERSIANS ON THE FIELD OF MARATHON, VIRTÙ AND A SWORD IN HAND ALLOWED THE MEN OF EUROPE TO SURMOUNT ALL THE CHALLENGES TO THEIR EXISTENCE, AND FINALLY BECOME MASTERS OF THE WORLD.

Homer is foremost, because he produced "the first and most perfect expression of an ethic and aesthetic heritage [the Tradition of Europe] which he himself inherited, and raised, in god-like fashion, to sublime heights", in the Iliad and the Odyssey.

What does this Tradition consist of? Ultimately, it is a worldview expressible as a trinity: nature as the foundation of life, excellence as its end-goal, and beauty as its horizon. This is an aesthetic-aristocratic ethos that seeks to live life in harmony with the cosmic order and with a sense of proportion, but without the rigid moralistic commandments of the sort we find in the Judaic Tradition. It is an ethos that judges by criteria of beauty and nobility vs. ugliness and unworthiness, not according to moralistic Good and Evil: "the struggle toward beauty is the condition of the good". And finally, very importantly, this is an attitude to life that puts supreme importance on virtù: or individual energy, boldness, heroic dreams, the will to conquer against frightful odds! Virtù is the virtue which Alexander, Caesar, Frederick II and Napoleon were supremely possessed of. Since the Greeks met the Persians on the field of Marathon, virtù and a sword in hand allowed the men of Europe to surmount all the challenges to their existence, and finally become masters of the world.

History is never determined by laws of destiny. There is no end. It is a "theater of the will", perpetually open to the virtù of men. And so, today's men of the West must rediscover themselves, to meet the dangers foisted on them by their enemies. This is Venner's final message to his fellow-Europeans. A bug life is not your destiny! Heroic dreams are not over forever. They can be yours if you rekindle within yourself the spirit that is your true, authentic nature: the love of beauty, of excellence, of renown, daring, boldness and energy! Virtù for our time!

We have comfort, knowledge, wealth. But our cities are crumbling, and our ancient homelands are not what they used to be. The worst rule the best. Money has become the exclusive standard of all value. Our historical memory is attacked and its symbols destroyed. Under the trappings of "democracy", we are not free. The causes go back a long way. But history never stands still. The time has come for the Europeans and their brothers, the Amerikaners, to awaken and free themselves. How? Certainly not by retracing the steps that have led us here. We share a rich hidden Tradition, going all the way back to Homer, the repository of all the values we need for our future rebirth. Faced with the emptiness around us, the insane voracity of the financial oligarchs, the threat of an ethnic war on our soil, this "Handbook" sets out to awaken our memory, and allow us to think differently and rebuild our lives, our communities, and eventually our nations, out of fidelity to a higher vision.

This is the spiritual testament of a man who gave his life for the sake of this great awakening - before the hour grows too late. This edition brings the text, suppressed in France and until now unavailable, to the community of all English-speaking lovers of civilization.

Dominique Venner's A Handbook for Dissidents *is available now from bromiospress.com*

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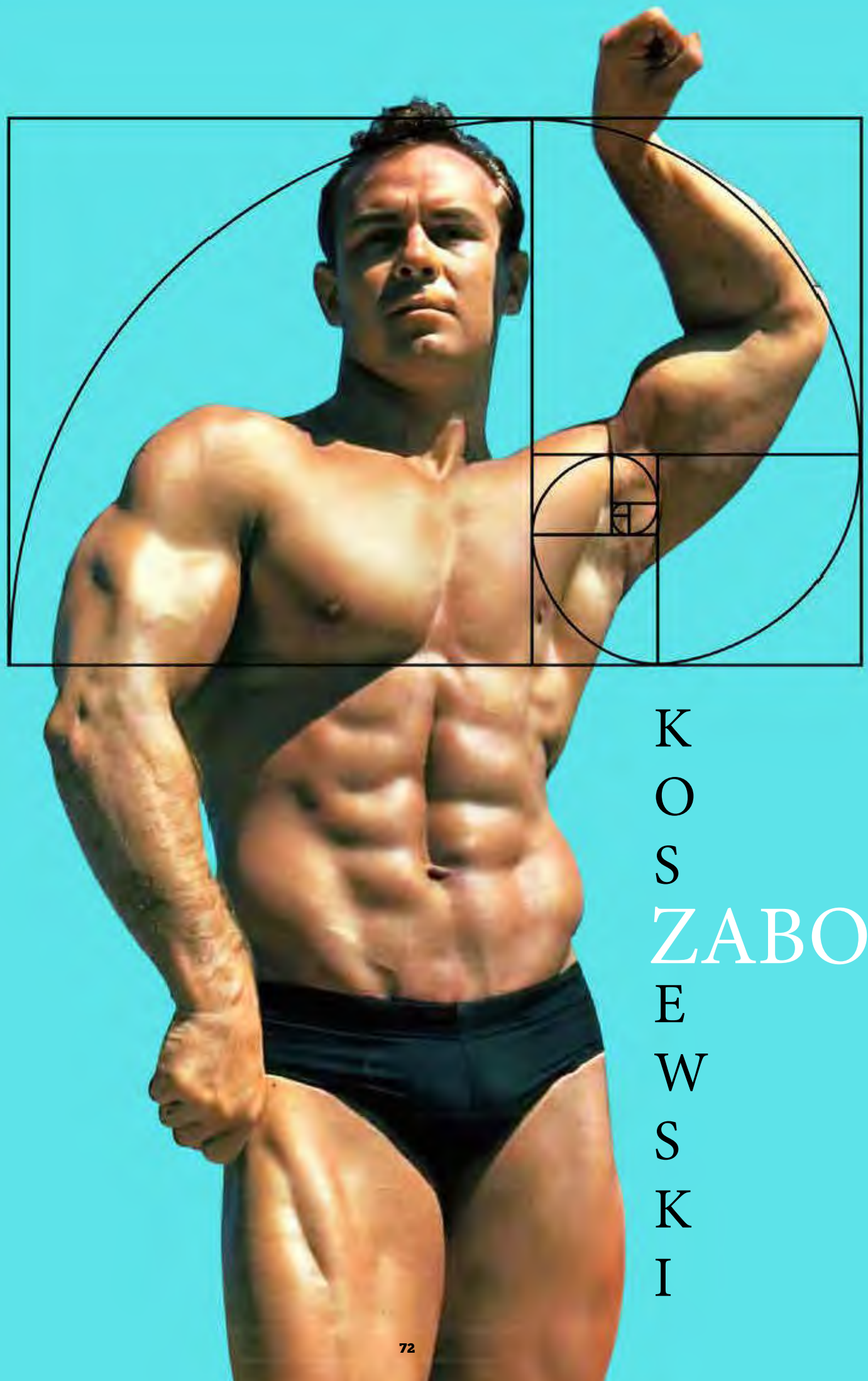
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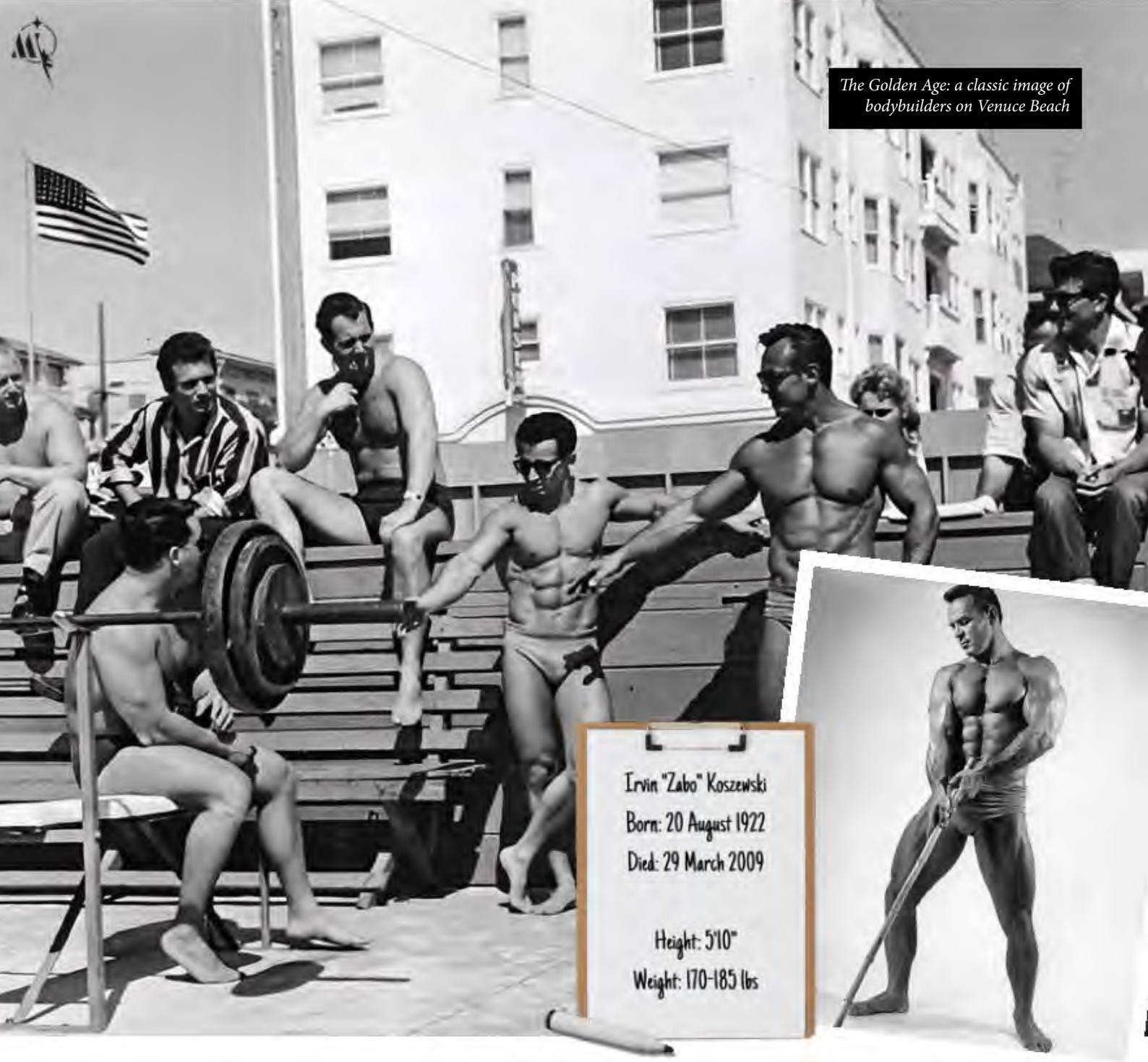


The Golden Age: a classic image of bodybuilders on Venuce Beach

Irvin "Zabo" Koszewski, also known as "the Baron of Muscle Beach", was a bodybuilder legendary both for his beautiful body and for his lifespan as a physique competitor. He was also something of a Renaissance man, a star of television and print commercials and a renowned party-animal on the Golden Age California scene.

According to Zabo, "the easiest way to get into shape is to not get out of shape", and this was a mantra he followed his entire adult life, remaining in tremendous condition even to the ripe old age of 84. His first experience of physical training began in his teens, when as a high-school sports hero – excelling in track and field, swimming and wrestling – he and a group of friends acquired a barbell. After group training sessions by the local pool, the bar and weights eventually made their way into Zabo's cellar, where they stayed. Before enlisting in the US army at the outbreak of WWII, he was training at his local YMCA, in Camden.

Zabo served in the Far East for the duration of the War. He took part in three combat landings and then contracted malaria and dengue while serving in New Guinea and the Philippines. Although his weight plummeted to around 135lbs, he continued to maintain a regimented fitness programme.

Returning to civilian life in 1946, Zabo began serious training again. Within two years he had won his first competition, the AAU's Mr New Jersey. Thus began a competitive tear that would last three decades. Al-

though he failed to win a major competition, like Mr America or Mr Universe, Zabo never failed to turn up in excellent shape for competition. Like Vince Gironda, he was also clearly penalised for being "too ripped" at a time when a softer, rounder musculature was preferred. Even so, it was impossible for judges not to recognise his class, and he almost always won "best abs", with a midsection that even now would rank as outstanding in terms of its development, symmetry and definition. As well as the "Baron of Muscle Beach", Zabo was known as "Mr Abs" or the "the King of Abs".

By 1951, Zabo had moved to Santa Monica, where he briefly shared a home with George Eiferman and the legendary Steve Reeves. Like many of the best bodybuilders of the Golden Age, Zabo was not somebody who confined himself to the gym, the supermarket aisles and the sofa / bed, but a larger-than-life character who became an inseparable part of the greatest and most glamorous bodybuilding scene in history. Soon after his arrival, Zabo was recruited into Mae West's all-male chorus revue, a touring male dance sensation, with his friend George Eiferman and other California bodybuilders. He also took bit parts on television shows, including Rat Patrol and the Planet of the Apes series, and in films like Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams.

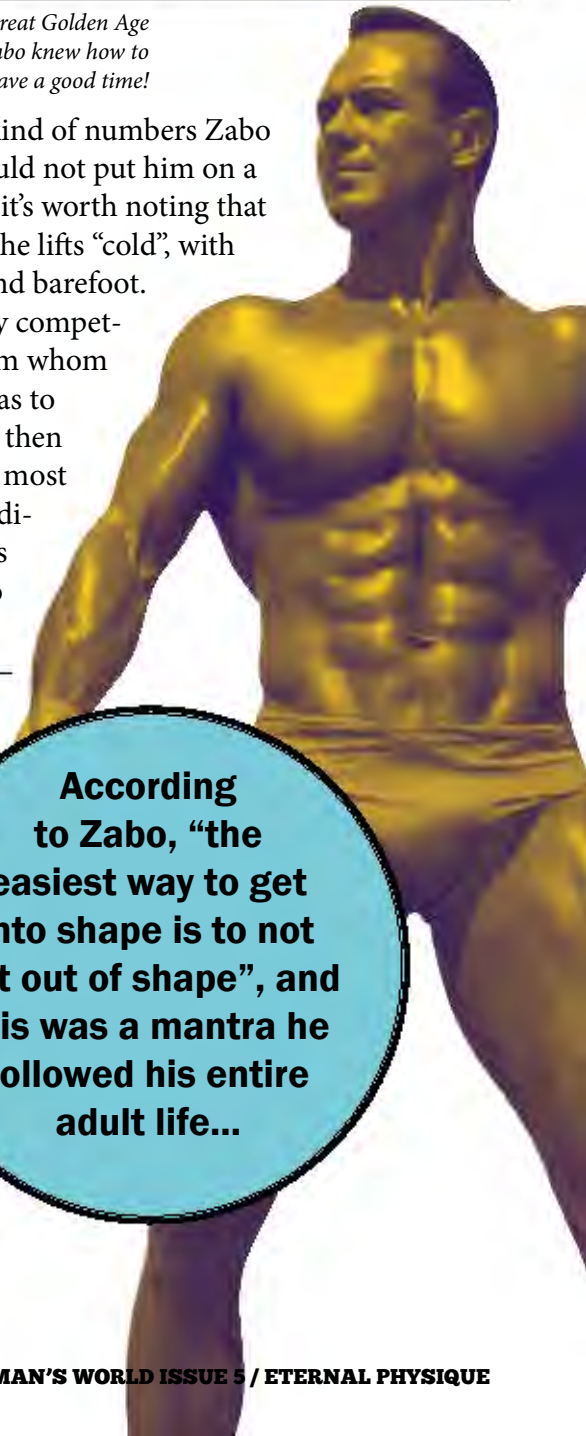
Playing a part before an audience came naturally to Zabo. Bob Hise tells a story that perfectly sums up his captivating mix of physicality and charisma.

"Due to the fact that there were so many strengthless men entering physique contests in the Los Angeles area, we were forced to set up some kind of a qualification. This was before power lifts had been standardized and accepted by the A.A. U. We of the committee decided that a fair test would be to require all entrants to total three times bodyweight. If memory serves me right, give or take five pounds, Zabo without a warm-up did a beautiful squat snatch with 220 and asked if that was proof enough. Kiddingly, I said, 'No I would like to see performances on the other lifts.' He bent over the same bar, whipped it to his chest and made a military press and then placed a 25 pound plate on each end of the bar and did a beautiful squat clean and solid deep split jerk. Zabo stood erect and looked me straight in the eye as he held the weight over head, as to infer, 'O.K. wise guy, do you accept this as proof?'"

"Wow, what a chest!" says Zabo Koszewski—whose own chest isn't so bad either. Zabo, of course, is famous for his rippling abs . . . and his friend—well . . . her outstanding bodypart is her neck. The pretty miss recently competed in the IFBB MISS WESTERN AMERICA contest. (Zeller)

Like many of the great Golden Age bodybuilders, Zabo knew how to have a good time!

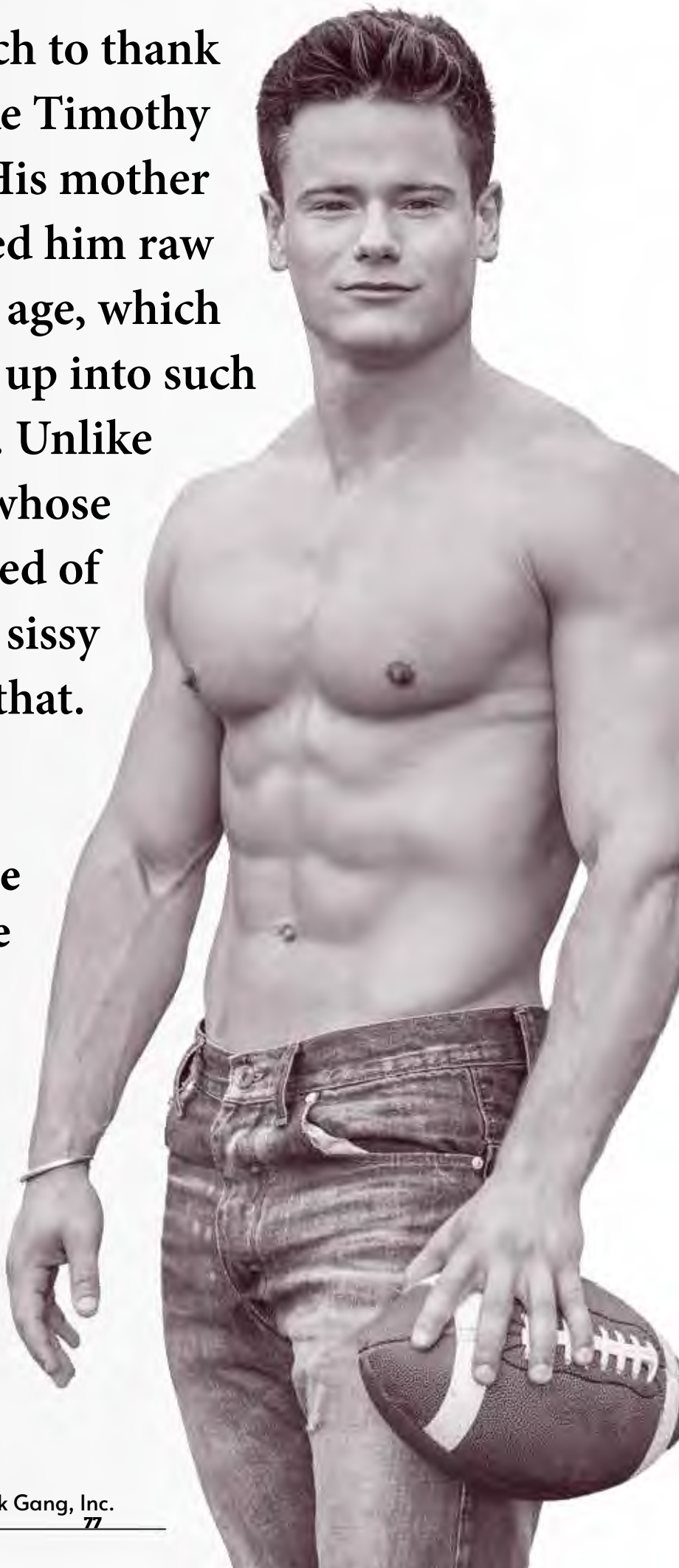
Although the kind of numbers Zabo was hitting would not put him on a podium today, it's worth noting that he performed the lifts "cold", with no warm up, and barefoot. Unlike so many competitors today, from whom performance has to be coaxed, and then only under the most favourable conditions, Zabo was always ready to put on a show.



According to Zabo, "the easiest way to get into shape is to not get out of shape", and this was a mantra he followed his entire adult life...

Dora the Stormer, "Modernity"

We all have so much to thank our mothers for. Take Timothy here, for instance. His mother made sure to feed him raw milk from an early age, which is why he's grown up into such a fine young man. Unlike those other boys whose mothers were scared of "germs" and other sissy stuff like that.



Raw milk: it's a whole other substance

Note to Mothers:

Carageenan, a seaweed-derived substance, is used to homogenize commercial pasteurised milk and milk-based products. What you might not know is that it's also used to induce tumours and other inflammatory diseases in lab rodents. Would you believe that!?

This message is brought to you by Raw Milk Gang, Inc.

VITAL MO

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NUMENTS

HERE, IN HIS OWN WORDS, ARTIST FEN DE VILLIERS EXPLAINS THE VITAL OUTLOOK BEHIND HIS STUNNING SCULPTURES AND HIS DESIRE TO REWRITE THE HISTORY OF MODERN ART

vital

['vʌɪt(ə)l]
Adjective

1. absolutely necessary; essential.
"secrecy is of vital importance"

2. imbued with energy; dynamic.
"a beautiful, vital girl"

When I say "Western aesthetic", what pops into your head? Is it the glorious architecture of ancient Greece and Rome? The virile sculpture of the Renaissance? The explosive expression of pre-war Modernism? Or is it the degenerate nonsense you see in contemporary arts museums today?

I sincerely hope it is anything but the latter. Because that would mean you have fallen victim to the trickery of Postmodernism, and you believe "anything can be art", even the ugly, even the banal. This pathetic excuse for a philosophy may be holding the dominant position in our culture today, but that doesn't mean we must accept it. I believe we have a choice. Where do we want to go from here, aesthetically? Do we want to reconnect to the glorious archetypes and vital expressions that have been fueling the fire of Western culture for thousands of years? Or do we want to discard all that, and sleep walk ever deeper into the cultural nihilism of Postmodernity?

Since you have good enough taste to read Man's World, I dare to presume you share my view: bring back the fire and glory please! The flaming torch of true Western culture was last seen burning brightly in the early 1900s, the time of the early Modernists. So what happened after that? What force extinguished their flame so abruptly? And is there a way out of the darkness we find ourselves in now?
In this article I will unravel these questions from my perspective, as a sculptor trying to bring powerful art into an era of weakness. I will reveal why I fell in love with the energy of early Modernism, which sadly took a wrong turn, and how I try to reinvigorate that energy to counter the rot of Postmodernism. It is my mission to pick up the torch our ancestors left behind and carry it forward.

Meeting the masters of Modernism

The power of Modernism captivated me for the first time when I was in art school. About 11 years ago, I was trying to find my voice as a young sculptor at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Antwerp. Some of my classes honoured the tradition of sculpture, and I was learning how to sculpt busts and figures from antiquity, while in other classes I was encouraged to dabble with conceptual art. You know, "to become relevant in today's art scene". So even though the rot was well and truly setting in, I have to thank the Academy for still (to some degree) respecting its rich heritage and briefly pointing my attention to the magnificent artwork of early 20th century Modernism.

As soon as I was exposed to the power of Italian Futurism, Vorticism and Art Deco, I became obsessed. No other art period could ever compete with the vibrancy, the vitality, the virility I felt radiating out from these movements. It was so direct and so concentrated from a sculptural standpoint that it touched me on a very deep, primal level. It wasn't too classical, it wasn't too sweet. It was just right: a celebration of energy, speed, dynamism, action, masculinity, FIRE! All things I felt were utterly lacking in the culture that surrounded me.

But almost immediately after the excitement came the disappointment. I realised I was alone with my fascination for powerful and confident forms. The more early Modernism began to inspire my own work , the more people around me tried to steer me away from it. Some of my student exhibitions were labelled "too dominant" and "too aesthetic", so I was asked to soften my works, as it was intimidating the other students and the teachers. (Seriously, it wasn't even that strong back then.)

That's when I began to realise something was wrong. Modernism was so close to us in history that I could still feel the warmth of its smothered flame, yet it was considered totally irrelevant as inspiration for new creations. At the time I didn't fully understand why the Modernist movements died before they had a chance to prosper, why it was (and still is) considered taboo to be inspired by their vital expressions, and why my sculpture was rejected by every institution I tried to work with. But the more I mature as a sculptor, holding my ground in this crazy art world, the more I'm starting to see the bigger picture. And it's almost as ugly as the art you see these days. Let's dive a little deeper.

Modernism's supernova burnout

Let's first set the record straight about what I mean when I use the term Modernism. Many think Modernism is new. It isn't. It came about around 1870 and died in the Second World War. Within this short time span many different movements erupted, galvanized by the machine age. Some good, some great, some horribly bad. I am only interested in a handful of them. When I say Modernism was a period of extreme power and vitality, I am referring to

BREAKTHROUGH

2021
French limestone
height: 180cm

MOMENTUM

2021
Portuguese limestone
length: 240cm

BATTLE

2018
bronze
height: 80cm

©AlainSix

the movements from the early 20th century to the interbellum period: Italian Futurism with its vital and explosive expressions of energy (check out Boccioni's 'Unique Forms of Continuity in Space'!), the classical geometrical style of Art Deco (with incredible sculptors like Lee Lawrie and Rene Paul Chambellan), Russian Constructivism exploring the metaphysics of form itself, and of course, the pure energetic violence of Vorticism.

The artists of these movements were energised by their fascination for the machine, which inspired them to dream and imagine things far beyond what was considered possible. Their lively imaginations were complemented with just the right amount of skill to birth the powerful expressions they became known for. When you interact with the work of the Modernists, it makes you feel alive. It holds an energy within it that enriches your soul. For me, that is what art is all about.

Sadly, Modernism never got the chance to fulfil its potential to lift culture to higher vibrations and inspire a strong, vital society. It was a star that was shining too brightly. Like a supernova, its extreme intensity led to an abrupt burnout, leaving behind a black hole which sucked in any remaining vitality.

SADLY, MODERNISM NEVER GOT THE CHANCE TO FULFIL ITS POTENTIAL TO LIFT CULTURE TO HIGHER VIBRATIONS AND INSPIRE A STRONG, VITAL SOCIETY. IT WAS A STAR THAT WAS SHINING TOO BRIGHTLY.

The Modernist man was brutally shaken out of his dream when it became clear that the reality of the World Wars did not at all live up to his romantic expectations. The chivalric glory and honour he had dreamed of, proved to be nothing more than a nightmare of mechanized killing. The machine had invaded human space, man had become reduced to its operator. Many of the Modernist artists were killed in the wars. The ones that didn't lose their lives, lost their confidence and spirit. Modernism died a spiritual death.

A punch-drunk Western world was now ready to have its soul taken away, as it zombie-shuffled into a new cultural chapter, made up of irony, silliness and nihilism. Suddenly, we found ourselves in the era of Postmodernism.

The contemporary circus of Postmodernism

This is the point in history where our culture began to disintegrate. The time period after the Second World War is what I refer to as the aesthetic and spiritual dark age. It is the cult of ugly art and deconstruction, with Postmodernism as its driving philosophy. If this movement hadn't been so carefully plotted, it would have died decades ago, but the left-wing elite and its vanguard made their 'long march through the institutions', and installed the rot at the core of society. That rot, still spreading today, is what keeps me passionately dreaming of something better.

Have you had the courage to visit a contemporary art exhibition lately? Then you will likely recognise this picture. You walk into a white and sterile space. The first thing you see is some found object on the floor with paint thrown on it. As you're still trying to figure out what the hell you're looking at, you almost trip over a pile of rubble in the middle of the room. When you enter the "installation room", a series of flags and balloons are hanging chaotically off the ceiling, and neon writing is screaming statements against some colonial figure. Suddenly, your attention is brutally pulled towards a loud video projection of a woman covered in chocolate, wailing about "the patriarchy". You try to escape into the next room, only to find a neck-bearded bugman dancing to a "composition" of noise. All the while the wheat-bellied exhibition guide 'artspeaks' you into a mind prison of indifference.
It feels like you have entered some dark, politically charged circus. Artists, like a set of cheap performative clowns, are paraded about on stage to lull you into a nihilistic stupor. But as the viewer, trapped in your seat, forced to look directly at the awkward spectacle, you don't feel inspired or amused. You feel uncomfortable, cold and disconnected from your culture, because you can't make any sense of it.

Culturally, spiritually, aesthetically, our society is starving. And most people don't even realise it. They are just happy to go along with the nonsense, because it's easy. Artists don't need any skill or creativity to make art today. Collectors don't need to feel a connection to artwork to pretend they understand it and throw money at it for bragging rights. But I know one thing: if we allow this deconstruction to go on for much longer, it

will completely destroy our true Western soul, to the point where we have no idea who we are anymore. To counter this, you must understand what you are looking at. Once you do, you can begin to disconnect from it. It is witchcraft, and every Postmodern artwork acts as a spell to lower your mental and spiritual vibration.

I am passionate about finding the antidote: a powerful and vital aesthetic to cut through the nonsense and reinvigorate this culture. I believe art has the ability to inspire a society back to a sense of spiritual well-being. It is our duty as artists to find a powerful aesthetic that can touch people on a deep, primal level, to shake them out of their slumber and open the curtains to a new way.

A new aesthetic to reignite the cultural flame

So if Modernism is dead and Postmodernism is sapping the spirit of our culture, we are in desperate need of a new vital aesthetic to rejuvenate it. This is what I am continuously searching for as a sculptor making art today. Every day I spend in my studio, I work towards finding this aesthetic language, and reinvigorating perennial archetypes that have true relevance to us in today's context.

I believe we need to look back to a time when there was some real fire and take that forward into the present and future. But how far back do we find that flame? Ancient Rome? The High Renaissance of Europe? Many people in the trad community would say without a second thought "but of course!". I believe they are desperately lost in their LARP game.

It goes without saying that the Renaissance period was an incredibly rich time aesthetically, but let's not forget we are living in 2022, a spiritual and aesthetic dark age. Tirelessly reproducing works of antiquity, getting lost in nostalgia, is not going to bring us the explosive formulations to shake this culture out of its aloof state. We need art that has the power to stir something deep within us.

So, what about early Modernism? Could that hold the fire we need today? I don't believe we need to go back to celebrating the machine like the Vorticists, or glorify war like the Futurists. We shouldn't pretend to live in their time. But I do think there are a series of pertinent and strong elements within these movements that are still relevant to us today. The Modernists explored timeless archetypes of strength, pure force and energy. They celebrated the noble confidence of the Western soul. They had a connection to the past and were dreaming of a vigorous future.

These elements are of utmost importance to manifest the new aesthetic mix of our time. Our culture is currently imprisoned. All exits are tightly blocked. As artists, we need to break through the walls of this creative imprisonment. My hope is that a vibrant enough cultural movement can act as dynamite to clear a new path forward.

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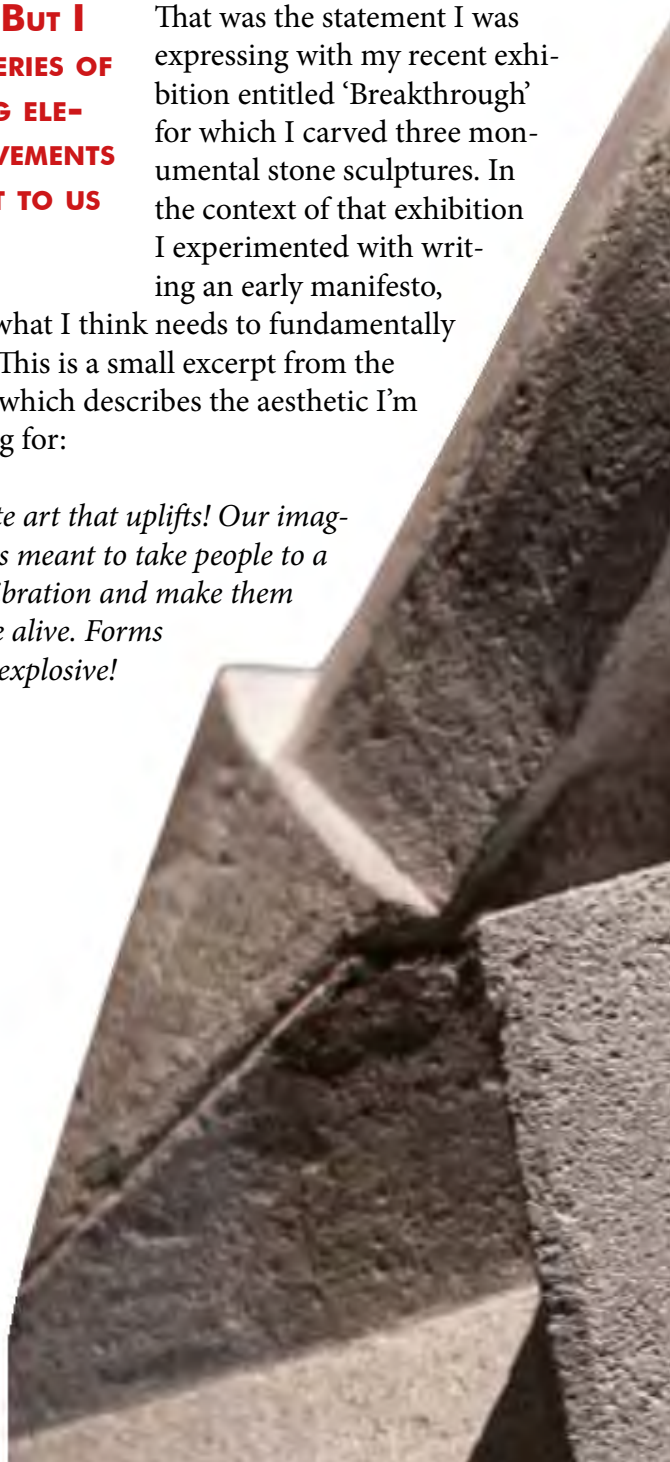
That was the statement I was expressing with my recent exhibition entitled 'Breakthrough' for which I carved three monumental stone sculptures. In the context of that exhibition I experimented with writing an early manifesto, to state what I think needs to fundamentally change. This is a small excerpt from the full text which describes the aesthetic I'm searching for:

"1. Create art that uplifts! Our imagination is meant to take people to a higher vibration and make them feel more alive. Forms must be explosive!



VISORED

2021
Portuguese limestone
height: 15cm

REINVIGORATE AESTHETIC STRENG

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CAN WE BUILD A STRONG CULTURE IF

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MAKE SOMETHING - ARTISTS, BREAK

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GTH - NO MORE BREAKING OF
E AT THE FOREFRONT - GO BEYOND
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UPLIFTING AND EXCITING OUTLOOK
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VE FLAME - NO WAY TO GO FURTHER?
AK THROUGH THE WALLS OF CREATIVE
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HRILLING - HONOUR HARMONY - HOW
WE KEEP DWELLING ON ANTI-HEROIC
ILL 'ARTSPEAK' - BREAK THE RULES -
SCULPTOR SCULPTS A PAINTER PAINTS
REVOLUTIONARY ACT IS TO ACTUALLY
FREE! - UNITE - TRUE CREATORS ARE
K THROUGH! - 2021 FEN DE VILLIERS

Dynamic, inspiring, thrilling! Galvanise the spirit of the viewer.

2. Honour the harmony of a composition. The process of creating is not a casual aimless act, it is continuous problem solving to find a balanced construction. Our aim is to find compositions that activate human senses, much like solving a mathematical formula where everything falls into place, and you know it's right. Trust your natural sensitivity to true strength and harmony.

3. Reimagine the archetypes of our culture. How can you build a strong society when you keep dwelling on anti-heroic stories? We need to reinvigorate inspiring archetypes such as heroism, bravery, aspiration and nobility, in order to lift our culture's spirit." (Manifesto for aesthetic reinvigoration by Fen de Villiers, 2021)

I believe an electric jolt of energy is required to kick-start a revival. I want to see artwork that dominates a space with unapologetic glory. It must be fiery, energetic and strong. It must tell powerful, heroic stories that make us once again feel proud of who we are.

Ultimately, I am still searching for the suitable aesthetic. What could this art look like? It is a continuous pursuit, but I definitely feel that the raw energy brewing in early Modernism holds that vital flame. Aesthetically it is the glorious straight lines and edges expressed in the works of the Vorticists, with the planular sophistication of Art-Deco, encapsulated by the explosive violence of form, embodied in the Futurist oeuvre, but spiritually driven by timeless archetypes that express WHO WE ARE. Let this be our basis. From here all sorts of vital manifestations can take place, and hopefully a more unique voice of this time can organically form.

It's time for artists to take back responsibility for imagining a more inspiring, uplifting and exciting outlook for culture.

Pick up the flag and break through

What does The Establishment desperately not want you to do? They don't want you to share a common goal, collectivise and fight for a real purpose. Instead, they want you to remain atomised, disconnected and forever lost in the circus.

So we know what we must do. As artists, creatives, philosophers, we need to come together and get going, get working, inspire other people with our creations.

The flag that our ancestors proudly carried, lays muddied and trodden into the ground of today's wasteland. We need to pick it up and carry it through the present and into the future.

Collectivising on the internet and sharing ideas is only the beginning. Eventually you have to take action. Let the thoughts inspire movement. Dare to step out, stand for something and make what you believe in.

Our shared mission is to find like-minded people. People who can play a part in making the work, showing the work or spreading the message. People who dare to do something different in this time, even if it feels uncomfortable. That's the way we pick up the flag and step forward.

Fen de Villiers' latest exhibition is "A Language of Form", which can be seen at the Galerie Verbeeck, Wolstraat 34, Antwerp until 30/1/2022.

His website is fendevilliers.com.

PILOT

2015
bronze
height: 40cm

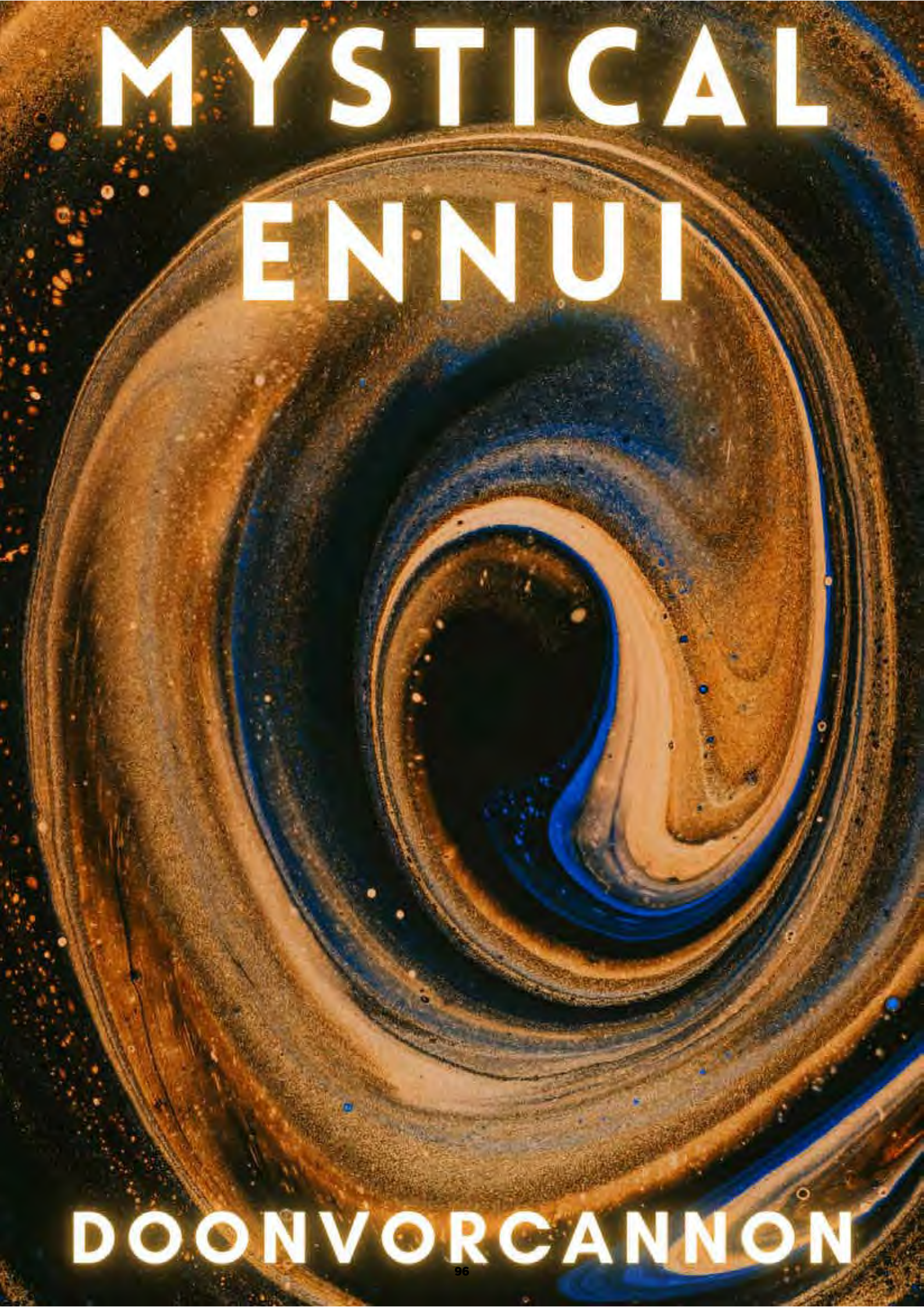
ARE YOU

WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM

GREAT RESET READY?

OWN NOTHING. HAVE NO PRIVACY. BE HAPPY.

THE GREAT RESET: COMING SOON!


MYSTICAL
ENNUI
DOONVORCANNON

Young Lad spat when he saw the village. Even from up on the hill and through the rain it was a sorry sight. Mud. Overgrowth. Well-built homes gone to rack and ruin. And worst of all, the old Beacon was cold and dark. No Heartsfire burned here.

Mutt let out a low growl. Lad looked down at his companion and put a reassuring hand on his wet fur.

"I know, boy," Lad said. The big beast – part timber wolf and part mountain hound - let out a brusque woof!

"Me neither," Lad said. "But it's cold out here and we could both use a fire and a hot meal."

Mutt sneezed.

"That settles it, then." Lad walked down the hill, out of the wilds and into civilization. He thought it strange how empty the town looked. Rainstorm or no rainstorm, there should have been a little more bustle this time of day. Back home...

No. Better put home out of mind for now.

They passed shuttered windows and smokeless chimneys until they came to what had to be an inn.

"Wait here, boy." Mutt walked in a grumpy circle and settled down on the porch out of the rain. His eyes searched the town for threats. Lad stepped inside.

The inn was warm, but dark and lonely like the rest of the town. A pitiful fire struggled in the hearth and a serving maid looked up with a start from a table she was scrubbing. A fat innkeeper shuffled out of what Lad hoped was a kitchen. It gave him no small comfort to see that innkeepers were still fat this far from home. The big man looked at Lad – black-haired with fierce blue eyes, armed, armored, and wild - and went pale.

"Good day," Lad said. "Could I trouble you for some ale and warm food?" He stepped further into the light of the fire. The innkeeper and serving maid settled when they caught the measure of his youth. The boy couldn't have seen more than seventeen summers.

"You gave me a start, young fellow," said the innkeeper through his furry jowls. "What with that sword on your back."

"Ah yes." Lad slung the giant blade off his back. It was nearly as long as he was tall and almost as wide as his waist. Such a large weapon did not suit his rangy build, which was hard and lean and kissed by the sun. He leaned the massive blade against the bar with a thud. He did not remove his bracer, his buckler, nor the short, curved blade on his belt or the old horn that hung by his hip.

"Where you from, traveler?"

"Down South."

"South?"

"Beyond the Old Stones."

"My word," huffed the innkeeper. "It's not often we get folk from so far abroad come through here. You're a long way from home."

"Yes sir."

"What was it you said you wanted again?" the innkeeper fidgeted. He'd heard tales of the men from beyond the Old Stones. They were nomads; clannish and martial.

"Ale and something hot to eat." Lad perked up. "Stew if you have some, and some meat for my dog."

"D-Dog?" the innkeeper stammered.

"Yes sir. I left him outside. I didn't want to be rude."

"Does he bite?" asked the serving maid. She was older than Lad but with scared, childish eyes.

"No ma'am. He's a good boy."

The serving maid looked pleadingly at the innkeeper. The fat man sighed.

"You can let the dog in, stranger. I'll go see about that grub."

"Thank you, sir!" Lad said cheerfully.

And in no time Lad and Mutt were stuffing themselves by the fire. Lad slurping hot rabbit stew from a bowl and Mutt sloughing warm mutton off the bone. Lad gulped down ale and laughed as Mutt tried to shove his big snout into the mug.

"Here, you big dope." Lad offered the mug and Mutt shoved his face in and lapped away. "Hey, not too much!" Lad pulled it away and Mutt barked playfully, tail wagging. The serving maid walked over, looking doe-eyed at Mutt.

"You can pet him if you want," Lad said. The girl lit up so much that Lad thought she might cry. She marveled at the large beast. He was bigger than any dog she'd ever seen. Big enough to ride, with soft fur the color of red clay and beautiful green eyes like the Spring wood. He had the short ears and thick fur of a wolf but with a thick muzzle and broad frame of a shepherd. Lad did not share that his four-legged companion was in fact a wold – a hybrid beast bred for hunting and fighting; companions for the braves of the Shima Clan.

"Where is everyone?" Lad asked.

"What do you mean?" the serving maid looked uncertain. The simple joy from petting a dog slid off her face like the meat from Mutt's bone.

"I've seen a lot of towns and a lot of inns but I've never seen one as quiet as this."

"Well," the girl searched. "It's raining."

"Only a little."

"Folks are at home."

"With no fires lit?"

"What do you mean?" her voice rose.

"All these chimneys and yours is the only one with smoke coming out."

Mutt looked at Lad and groaned.

"I was thinking the same thing." Lad walked over to the innkeeper at the bar. "What do I owe you for the meal?"

"Eh, four bits, young sir." Lad slapped the coins down on the counter. The innkeeper got an eyeful of the bracer that adorned his right forearm and fist. He recalled in the old stories the men of the South were pugilists as well as hunters and swordsmen.

"How much for a room?"

"A room, sir?" the fat man stammered.

"You have rooms, don't you?"

"We're all full up, I'm afraid."

Lad looked around the empty inn. The fat man pretended to clean a spot on the bar.

"I guess I'll be on my way, then."

"Safe travels."

"My thanks." Lad walked back to the hearth, hefted the big sword, and slung it onto his back.

"Why is the Fire out?" Lad asked. The innkeeper squinted over at him.

"It's just a little low is all."

"Not that. The Beacon here has gone cold. Why is the Heartsfire out?"

Lad heard the click of the crossbow behind him. Mutt growled, flashing his fangs.

"I think you best be on your way, young sir. Before something bad happens." Lad turned and saw the

They're young... They're in love...

They eat RAW EGGS

Produced in collaboration with the National Association of Raw Egg Consumers © 2021

fear in the fat man's eyes. His chubby hands trembled with the weight of the crossbow.

"Like what happened to the others?" Lad inquired.

"Please," implored the innkeeper. "I don't want to hurt you."

"I know you don't," Lad said in earnest. "I know something awful has happened here and you're scared it will happen to you. Let me help you."

"You can't."

"Tell me what's happened and by the Flame, I'll put a stop to it."

"You can't, son!" He had tears in his eyes. "You can't stop her." He put a hand over his mouth as if he had issued an irrevocable curse.

"Her?"

The door to the inn burst open. Three men rushed in. Red-rimmed eyes and sickly gray skin. The leader sneered and pointed at Lad with an ugly, crooked blade.

"The Mayor wants this one," he croaked.

"Mutt," Lad grinned. "Get 'em."

The leader's sneer withered as the big hound stalked out from behind Lad. Mutt charged and the leader screamed as the big beast leaped and tackled him to the floor. While the other two were distracted Lad threw his smaller blade into one man's chest with incredible speed. He charged the third man, who swung at him with a cleaver. Lad ducked under the blow and swept the man's legs out from under him, dropping him to the floor. Before the man could cry out in shock or pain Lad was on top of him. He brought down the edge of his buckler onto the man's throat, crushing his windpipe.

He coughed, thrashed, settled – and was no more.

The leader's scream had now become a gurgle. Lad saw the wicked man's blood pool on the wooden floor. The fat innkeeper's finger twitched and the bolt flew. Lad brought up his left arm and caught the bolt on his buckler. He broke it off with his other arm and charged. Even with the weight of the giant sword on his back, the boy was as fleet as a fox. He leaped over the bar and grabbed a fistful of the fat man's shirt.

"Tell me what has happened here!" he growled. The time for mirth and manners had passed.

"The Mayor!" the fat man shouted. "She's worked some evil on the village. Some men rose up and tried to stop her, but she burned the leaders alive and put the rest in chains."

Lad pointed to the dead gray men.

"Are these creatures your fellows under some spell?"

"No!" the fat man cried. "They came in the night when the Heartsfire died. They do her bidding."

"And the women?" Lad asked. "The children?"

"I swear I don't know!" he cried. "Those who obey she leaves to their business. I don't know what she's done to the rest. The children. The poor little children..."

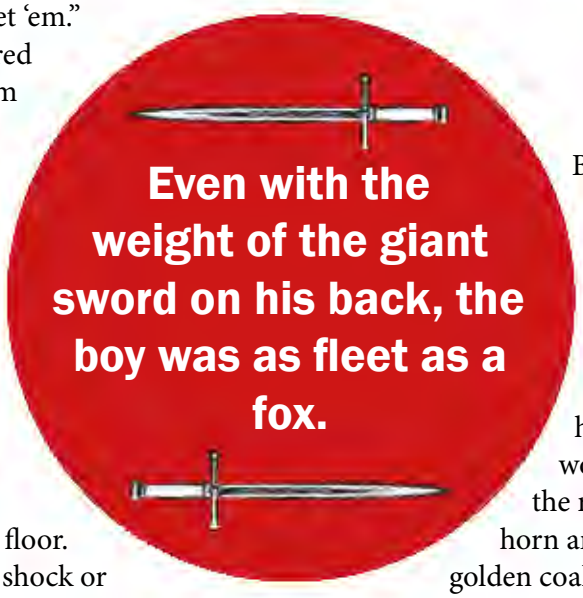
"Where do I find her?"

"In the manor up on the hill."

Lad let go of the man. He cracked his knuckles and hopped back over the bar. The innkeeper pulled himself up off the floor.

"What are you going to do?" he asked the young stranger. Lad pulled his curved fighting blade from the dead man's chest as Mutt licked blood from his chops. The boy touched the horn at his side.

"I'm going to start a fire."



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Lad stood before the ancient Beacon. It was built in the Old Days by the Order of the Flame. Lad rubbed a hand across the moss-covered stone. Even now they were warm. He knelt in the rain and said the prayer his father taught him. He grabbed the horn at his side. It was a ram horn, worked with copper and leather and the runes of the Faith. He opened the horn and breathed a little life into the golden coals of the Heartsfire that glowed within. The Blood of the Earth. The Breath of God.

A spark. A flash. A whisper on the air. And once more the Heartsfire burned in this village that had forgotten itself. Lad stood tall in the heat's embrace, the Fire rising higher than he stood, and he drew courage from Its light.

Then he heard a scream, distant and muffled. He followed the sound and saw the manor. It loomed over the town like a storm, and hateful light glowed in its windows.

Lad ran toward the danger and smiled.

Continues on p.212

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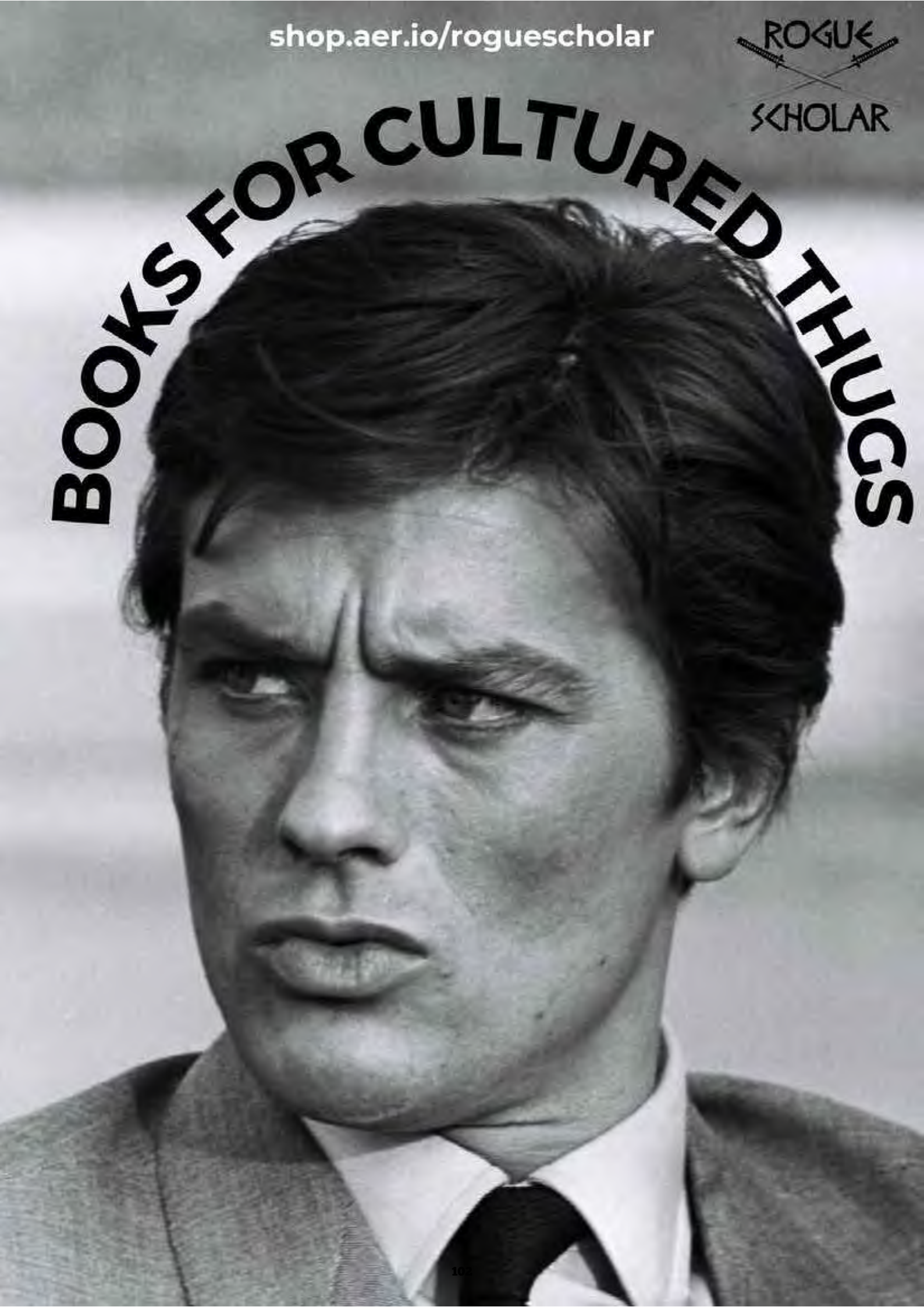
ROGUE SCHOLAR

BOOKS FOR CULTURED THUGS



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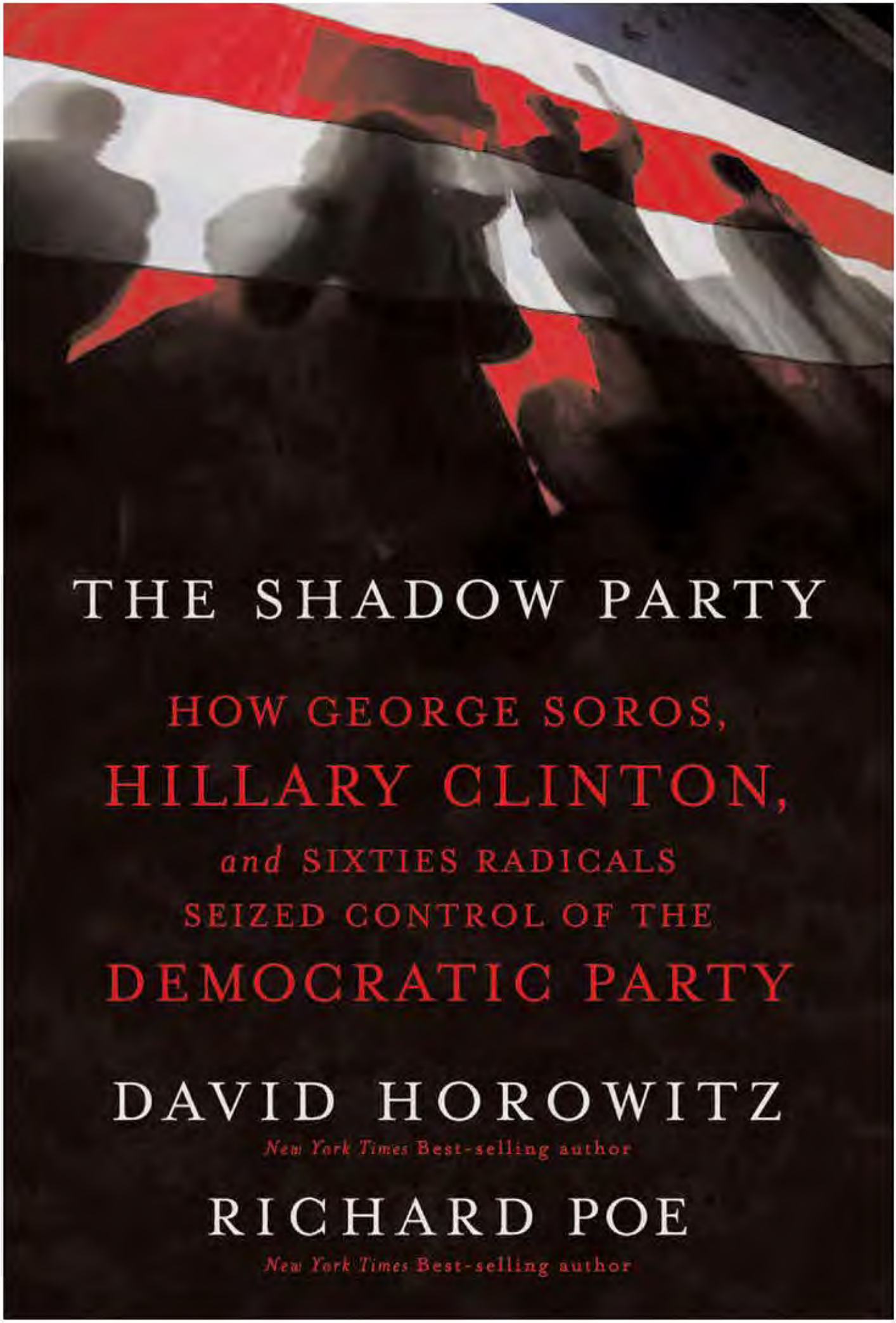

THE SHADOW PARTY
HOW GEORGE SOROS,
HILLARY CLINTON,
and SIXTIES RADICALS
SEIZED CONTROL OF THE
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
DAVID HOROWITZ
New York Times Best-selling author
RICHARD POE
New York Times Best-selling author

NOOR BIN LADIN
In conversation with
The MAN'S WORLD Interview: RICHARD POE

If you follow me on Twitter or listen to my podcast, Noor Bin Ladin Calls… you probably know the name Richard Poe. If not, there's a good chance you may not have heard of Richard at all. He is possibly the most shadowbanned person on social media.

Richard is a New York Times-best-selling author, who was formerly a contributing editor for NewsMax, editor of David Horowitz's FrontPageMag.com, a senior editor of SUCCESS Magazine, and managing editor of The East Village Eye, among other positions.

Nowadays, Richard is probably best known for The Shadow Party, which he co-wrote with David Horowitz. It was the first book to expose George Soros and his color revolutions. Glenn Beck's famous "Puppetmaster" series was based on The Shadow Party, and featured Richard as a guest.

I call Richard the OG Regime fighter, because he's been fighting the Cabal most of his life. On his very first newspaper job, in 1984, Richard wrote an exposé of the Trilateral Commission. Since then, Richard has never relented from practicing what he calls "underground journalism," which he defines as "the kind of journalism that will eventually get you cancelled and unpersonned, if you do it correctly."

Richard's most recent articles, published on LewRockwell.com, delve into a subject most of us never knew existed—the hidden power of Britain's globalist elites. Richard argues that globalism is a British invention, which was foisted on a reluctant America, over a period of many decades, through Anglophile front groups such as the Council on Foreign Relations. He believes that British elites still drive the globalist agenda to this day. Richard's latest article is, "How the British Caused the American Civil War."

NOOR BIN LADIN: Richard, as an avid admirer of your reporting, it is an honor to interview you for Man's World issue 5. As a friend, I am delighted to be able to offer readers a glimpse of who you are and your extraordinary life's work. Let's start from the beginning. Where did you grow up, and how has your background shaped you?

RICHARD POE: Thank you, Noor. I'm honored.

I was born and raised in a place called Syracuse, New York, which is located just about dead center of New York State, about 40 miles south of Lake Ontario, and about 250 miles from New York City.

Central New York is really the American heartland. A lot of

people don't realize that the movie It's a Wonderful Life was set in upstate New York. The fictional town of Bedford Falls was partly modeled after Seneca Falls, which is about 40 miles west of Syracuse.

So I grew up in a kind of 1960s suburban version of It's a Wonderful Life.

NOOR BIN LADIN: In our conversations, you've often talked about how the upheavals of the Sixties influenced your life. Tell me about that.

RICHARD POE: I was born in 1958, at the peak of American prosperity and power. And so I've spent my whole life watching America sink into decline. It began with the Sixties.

I was a child during the Sixties, so I experienced that era from a child's perspective, and very much through my parents' eyes. As any child does, I watched my parents closely, watched their reactions. And I could see how the turmoil of the Sixties affected them.

My father was an engineer for GE. He worked in semiconductors and integrated circuits, and a lot of his work was top-secret, for the military and space program. My mother was a microbiologist at a local teaching hospital.

Both were brilliant people, doing ground-breaking work in their fields. But you would never know it from their demeanor. They had an innocence and modesty about them, a natural selflessness which one often sees in people of that generation, the World War II generation.

Part of it has to do with the selflessness of parenthood, I think. People of that generation tended to have lots of kids. My parents had six.

So when the Sixties psyop was unleashed on America, it really stunned people like my parents. They weren't expecting it. They were unprepared for its ferocity. It was a culture war, a direct hit on the American middle class, the American way of life. It was like the nightmare sequence in It's a Wonderful Life, when Bedford Falls turns into Pottersville.

NOOR BIN LADIN: What specifically did your parents find so upsetting about the Sixties?

RICHARD POE: The whole point of the Sixties psyop was to attack my parents' generation and their values, to tell them they had failed, that all their hard work and sacrifices were for nothing, and that their children hated them. That was the message.

Back in the Fifties, Joe McCarthy had warned everyone what was coming, and the Sixties proved him right.

This was particularly jarring for people like my parents who had come from immigrant families and grown up poor. All my grandparents came to this country as refugees from war. They came here for sanctuary.

My father's parents were Russian Jews who escaped from the Russian Civil War in the early '20s. My mother was half Mexican and half Korean. My maternal grandmother fled Mexico to escape Pancho Villa. My maternal grandfather fled Korea to escape Japanese occupation after the Russo-Japanese War.

My grandparents wanted what every immigrant wants, a better life for their children, and their children found that dream in the great American suburbs.

But things got strange in the Sixties. It was almost as if someone had torn a hole through the fabric of reality.

When we walked out the front door, we were in suburbia, the land of plenty. Our world was backyard barbecues, drive-in movies, washing machines, cars, road trips, and split-level homes.

On the other hand, when you turned on the TV, you were transported to another world. The TV kept telling us we were living in a failed state, on the brink of collapse. The media showed us assassinations, race riots, cities in flames, young people blowing their minds with LSD, young people running around naked having sex in public, young people gunned down at Kent State by the National Guard, and, of course, Vietnam. Always Vietnam in the background, this endless war we were fighting against guys in pajamas, and, for some reason, we were losing. Why were we losing? Why couldn't we beat these guys in pajamas? It didn't make sense. It was like living in the Matrix. Where did reality end and the simulation begin?

NOOR BIN LADIN: You call it the Sixties psyop. Did people of your parents' generation see it that way? Did they understand they were being psyopped? That it was a deliberate plot?

RICHARD POE: Oh yes. People

knew it was deliberate. It was obvious. Back in the Fifties, Joe McCarthy had warned everyone what was coming, and the Sixties proved him right.

The obvious part, the part that everyone could see, was the phenomenon of pressure from above and below. Now I doubt my parents ever heard that term. It was a term of art used by activists. But my parents understood it instinctively. They could see it happening before their eyes.

Pressure from above and below means that the government and the street protesters are working together. They're both on the same side.

A good example today would be defund the police. The street protesters apply pressure from below, saying, "Defund the police!" Then their allies in the government apply pressure from above, saying, "The people have spoken! Let's defund the police."

In reality, no one in their right mind wants to defund the police. But the conspirators raise such a great clamor that dissenting voices are drowned out. Normal people—those who aren't in on the plot—feel alone, surrounded, outnumbered. They feel that everyone is against them, and no one agrees with them. And so they just hang their heads and let it happen.

NOOR BIN LADIN: We discussed this in our last podcast, this concept of pressure from above and below. This was the subject of your book The Shadow Party. You and David Horowitz showed how George Soros had taken over the Democratic Party and turned it into an instrument for conducting color revolutions and soft coups, using this very technique of pressure from above and below.

RICHARD POE: Yes, and we showed how this strategy was implemented in the Sixties. Back then, you had protesters chanting things like, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh. The NLF is gonna win!" NLF stood for National Liberation Front, the Viet Cong. These were the guys who were killing American boys in Vietnam.

So this was horrifying to ordinary people, whose sons were fighting and dying over there.

Yet you would see politicians on TV praising these protesters, agreeing with them, treating them with deference, and it was like the Twilight Zone. It was like slipping into an alternate universe.

If the Sixties was a color revolution, it achieved its objective the night Nixon stepped down.

This is why people like my parents voted for Richard Nixon. In a world where everyone seemed to be going crazy, Nixon came across as normal and sane. He won every state in the Union except Massachusetts when he ran for reelection in 1972. Forty-nine states! And he won New York by a landslide, 59 percent compared to McGovern's 41 percent.

This is why they had to remove Nixon through the Watergate psyop. He was too popular, too strong. The people were with him.

Machiavelli said that if you're raised up by the nobles, the nobles will despise you. But if you're raised up by the people, the nobles will fear you. The nobles feared Nixon because the people raised him up. So he had to be removed.

Nixon resigned on August 9, 1974. I was 15 years old, still in high school, but I just happened to be living in a college dorm that summer, on the Syracuse University campus, participating in a National Science Foundation pre-college studies program.

So I watched Nixon resign in a crowded lounge in my dorm, filled with hundreds of college students cheering and laughing and carrying on. They were so happy. But why? I couldn't understand them.

The fall of Nixon was devastating to most people, but nobody cared what we thought because we were the "Silent Majority." We kept our mouths shut. In some ways, it was like the JFK assassination all over again. The Establishment was telling us, "Your vote doesn't matter. We will appoint whom we please."

Some people say the Sixties ended that night, with Nixon's resignation. Maybe that's correct. If the Sixties was a color revolution, it achieved its objective the night Nixon stepped down.

And the method they used was pressure from above and below. The American people loved Nixon. They voted for him overwhelmingly in 1972. But the activists and their government allies applied pressure from above and below, and they overruled the people.

NOOR BIN LADIN: If the Sixties ended that night, what came next?

RICHARD POE: The fear lived on. All that fear they generated in the Sixties didn't just evaporate. It

poisoned the American spirit for decades. And this was intentional.

The biggest fear they managed to instill in our parents was the fear of losing their children to the counterculture, to the mad culture of sex and drugs.

The media played on this fear. All through the Sixties and into the Seventies, the TV was showing us white middle-class kids on drugs. White middle-class kids having sex. White middle-class kids hating their parents, dropping out of school, running away from home, and living on the street.

The counterculture was like a stalking predator, stalking the suburbs, looking for kids to snatch.

In August, 1969, the Manson murders broke in the news. Here was a hippie cult breaking into suburban homes and slaughtering people with knives. It confirmed Middle America's worst fears that, beneath its seductive veneer, the counterculture was a raging beast thirsting for blood.

A few months later, in April, 1970, antiwar activist Jerry Rubin said, "Kill your parents." It was all over the news. The exact quote was, "Unless you're prepared to kill your parents, you're not ready to change this country. Our parents are our first oppressors."

I remember the anger and fear in my mother's eyes, when she heard that.

I wanted to protect my parents from the madness, to reassure them, to comfort them, to tell them everything would be all right.

But I failed. I couldn't protect them. In the end, I did exactly the opposite. I made their nightmare come true. I joined the counterculture myself.

NOOR BIN LADIN: How did that happen?

RICHARD POE: As the Sixties morphed into the early Seventies, the political crisis died down, but the counterculture just kept getting stronger. It invaded every part of American life.

I started college in 1975, at Syracuse University. I was only 16, having skipped two grades, so I was very impressionable. And I was quickly absorbed into the counterculture, pot-smoking and all the rest. And I started making hideously bad decisions.

My parents had always hoped I would become a doctor. One of the first things I did in college was to drop out of pre-med and become a creative writing major instead. I dropped all my science courses and immersed myself in literature, history, comparative religion, Jungian psychology, and the like.

In the end, I did exactly the opposite. I made their [his parents'] nightmare come true. I joined the counterculture myself.

As I sank ever deeper into a morass of mysticism, I immersed myself in the literature of the counterculture, reading the drug-fueled rants of Ken Kesey, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Hunter S. Thompson and others of that sort.

The one thing of lasting value that I did in college was to study Russian. My grandparents had lived with us briefly in the early Sixties, when my grandmother was ill, and the beautiful sound of the Russian language is one of my earliest memories. As I grew older, I resolved that I would learn it.

So I studied Russian in college, and, in 1978, between my junior and senior year, I did a summer session in the USSR, at Leningrad State University.

I went with a big group of Americans. It was a total immersion program, to build fluency. All the classes were in Russian and we Americans were supposed to speak only Russian all summer, even with each other, though we often broke that rule.

We had been warned in our orientation briefings to be wary of any young Russians who tried to befriend us, as they would undoubtedly be KGB operatives bent on compromising and recruiting us. I'm sure that was true. Even so, we had many vodka-fueled conversations with Russian students who complained freely about the oppressive Soviet system, and who told us, with what appeared to be perfect sincerity, how they longed for reform.

All that summer, I met young Russians who loved America with unquestioning abandon. Even in those days, the allure of Levis and Pink Floyd for Russia's youth was a standing joke among Americans. But I discovered that their passion for American Pop didn't stop with rock bands. They evinced a surprising taste for our pop politics as well.

My Russian friends grilled me ceaselessly about the hippie counterculture, the race riots, and the antiwar movement of the Sixties. They were obsessed with the subject. Many were deeply shocked to learn that American college

students in 1978 considered the Sixties passé.

Some went so far as to suggest that the USSR needed its own Sixties uprising. With some amazement, I realized that the Sixties psyop which had so horrified my parents made a completely different impression on this side of the Iron Curtain. And it gave me pause.

On the evening of July 4, 1978, I went with a number of my American dorm mates to Palace Square, the immense courtyard in front of the Winter Palace where so much somber history has unfolded. Rumor had it that rock impresario Bill Graham had arranged a free, open-air concert that night featuring Santana, Joan Baez, and The Beach Boys.

But it never happened.

When 5,000 young Leningraders showed up for the event, the only thing they found was a battalion of gray-uniformed militiamen blocking the square and a monotonous voice intoning on a loudspeaker, "Comrade Leningraders, you are blocking traffic. Please disperse to your homes."

For the next six hours, those 5,000 young people absolutely refused to disperse. They whistled at the police in mockery. They kicked the sides of patrol wagons as they wheeled by on the street. Bottles were thrown. Water trucks sprayed the crowd.

What amazed me, though, was not the occasional bursts of violence, but the overall restraint of the militsya. They treated the crowd with kid gloves. I wouldn't have expected that in Brezhnev's Russia. The police could have cleared the square in minutes. But it was obvious they'd been ordered to tread lightly.

At one point, I caught sight of a pretty, blonde girl, college age, neatly scrubbed and groomed, her hair in two thick braids, standing quietly and gazing across the square at the ranks of militsionyeri.

From all around came screams, shouts, and harsh laughter; the crackle of loudspeakers, the padding of thousands of feet, the angry beeping of car horns.

But around this girl a quiet aura of peace seemed to hover. There was a tiny smile on her lips, and she breathed softly and slowly, like someone waking from a deep, pleasant sleep.

Her gray-blue eyes were like steel. In those eyes, I saw strength, pride and courage.

Gone with the Wind is our country's national epic, in the same way War and Peace is the national epic of Russia.

I'll never know for sure, but I have a strange feeling that girl may have been thinking the same thing that I thought the moment I saw her. I think she realized that evening, maybe in that very instant, that her generation was destined to be free.

And so my summer in the USSR impacted me in an unexpected way, opening my eyes to a dimension of the Sixties counterculture I had not fully understood. I came to realize that the spirit of rebellion has a power of its own, transcending the manipulations of propagandists, provocateurs, and psywar operators. I wanted to learn more about it.

NOOR BIN LADIN: This reminds me of something you've said in our interviews, that you've never liked people telling you, "This is your enemy. You must hate this person." Whenever people tell you that, it makes you want to do the opposite, to learn more about the "enemy's" point of view. So when your parents told you to hate the counterculture, maybe that kicked off a similar reaction. Part of you wanted to obey your parents, but another part wanted to defy the taboo and investigate further.

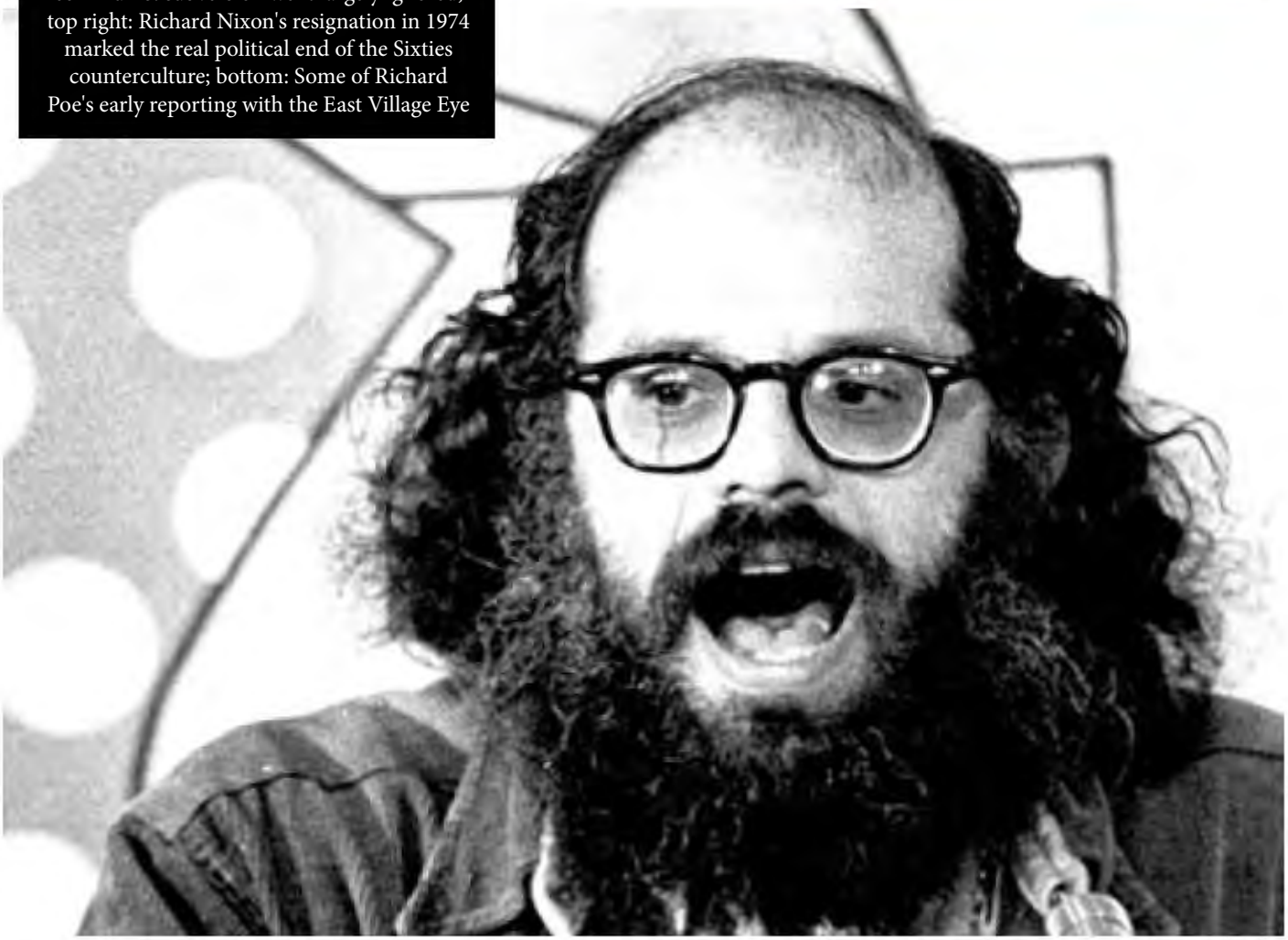
RICHARD POE: Yes, I think that's right. There's always another side to the story, and there's always something to be learned from the other side. Even if the other side is wrong.

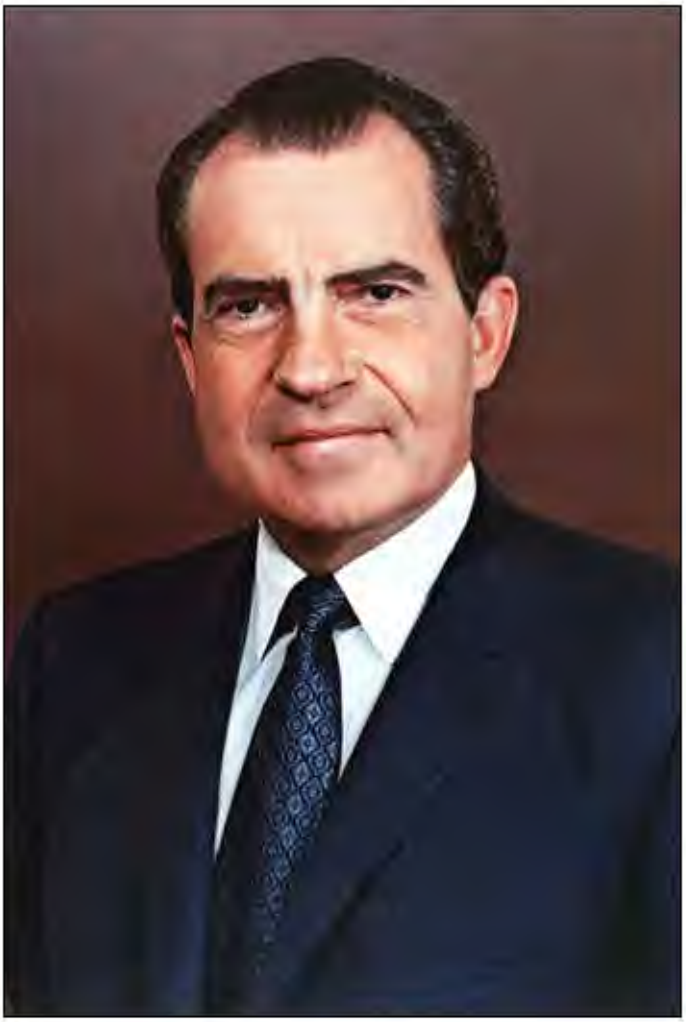
My favorite novel, as a kid, possibly my favorite novel of all time, was Gone with the Wind. When I was 10 or 11, I got hold of my parents' paperback copy and read it so many times, it literally fell apart.

Gone with the Wind is our country's national epic, in the same way War and Peace is the national epic of Russia. What makes Gone with the Wind such a masterpiece is that it takes the most dreadful event in our history, the Civil War, and helps us to understand it, not as history, but as real human experience.

History is written by the victors. So the history books can never tell us how the Southerners felt. Only art can do that. Margaret Mitchell made us empathize with the other side. She helped us understand the people who lost. In doing so, she made sure that the people of the South, her people,

George Soros (top) and Allen Ginsburg (bottom) formed an unusual friendship in 1980s New York. Opposite top left: Senator Joseph McCarthy, whose warnings of communist subversion went largely ignored; top right: Richard Nixon's resignation in 1974 marked the real political end of the Sixties counterculture; bottom: Some of Richard Poe's early reporting with the East Village Eye





PREEMPTIVE STRIKE
A New Kind of Policing
Last year's bombing of the MOVE house in Philadelphia was no accident. Across the country, police are being armed, trained and indoctrinated for "preemptive" paramilitary action, by Reagan's "counter-terror" agents.
BY RICHARD POE

EAST VILLAGE EYE
NY'S LARGEST INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE
an EYE exclusive
TERROR ARMY
THE PHILLY BOMBING WAS JUST TARGET PRACTICE FOR REAGAN'S "COUNTER-TERRORIST" PROGRAM. BUT WHAT ARE THEY PRACTICING FOR?
an investigative report by Richard Poe
ERIC MITCHELL AND LEWIS MacADAMS
SIXTIES HANGOVER
OTRABANDA
HUGO LARGO

would never be forgotten, and their suffering would not be in vain.

Please understand, I don't support the Confederate cause. I am pro-Union, pro-Lincoln, and totally opposed to secession. I think the Confederates were wrong, and I explain why in my recent article, "How the British Caused the American Civil War."

But just because we disagree with someone doesn't mean we have to hate them or demonize them. And that's why I believe Gone with the Wind is one of the greatest epics ever written, right up there with the Aeneid or the Iliad, because it captures the soul of a nation. It helps North and South understand each other and maybe even forgive each other, after so much bitterness and bloodshed.

NOOR BIN LADIN: So when you set out to explore the counterculture, you were really defying the teaching of your parents that the counterculture is the enemy. In a sense, you were deliberately going into the enemy's camp to learn the enemy's point of view.

RICHARD POE: That's exactly right. And it was a hard path. The counterculture is a drug culture, at root, and I got sucked into that, especially psychedelics, which appealed to my mystical bent. Eventually, I gave up drugs. It's been more than 30 years since I've so much as smoked a joint. But I paid a price. Time is precious, and you can never recover wasted time.

After graduating from SU in 1979, I had no plan, no idea how to build a career as a writer. I got a job as a bookstore clerk. I scribbled short stories. I hung out with the local avant-garde crowd. I lived the bohemian life.

Eventually, I enrolled in SU's graduate program for creative writing, but then dropped out after my first year to go study with Allen Ginsberg. This was in 1981.

Now Ginsberg was really the poet laureate of the counterculture. He'd been pushing psychedelic drugs and sexual revolution since the 1950s.

Norman Podhoretz told a story about getting in a huge, four-hour argument with Ginsberg in October, 1958, berating Ginsberg over his plan to break down America's morals. At the end, Ginsberg told him, "We will get you through your children."

The Sixties hadn't started yet. But the plan was already there. "We will get you through your children."

Now this was 1958. The Sixties hadn't started yet. But the plan was already there. "We will get you through your children."

My mother was carrying me in her womb when Ginsberg uttered those words. I was born two months later. In a very real sense, Allen's threat was directed not only at Podhoretz, but at my mother and her whole generation. And, in my case, the threat came true.

Allen and his friends really did "get" me, in the sense that I came under their spell. I read Jack Kerouac's On the Road, and became enthralled by his vision of rootless youth hitchhiking aimlessly across America.

A whole movement grew up around Kerouac which ultimately gave rise to the Sixties counterculture. In the Fifties, Kerouac and his followers were known as the Beat Generation. Kerouac died in 1969, but the surviving Beat icons—Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and Gregory Corso—all ended up teaching at Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado. I got to know them all.

When I was accepted into Allen's writing apprenticeship program, it was a dream come true.
I headed to Colorado and never went back to grad school.

NOOR BIN LADIN: In The Shadow Party, you told a fascinating story about the friendship between Allen Ginsberg and George Soros. What a strange coincidence that your life would intersect with both of them!

RICHARD POE: Yes, it's strange. When I was researching The Shadow Party, I discovered that Allen and Soros had been close friends. Apparently Allen was a frequent guest at Soros's Fifth Avenue apartment and his El Mirador estate on Long Island.

According to Soros, it was Allen who got him interested in drug legalization. This may or may not be true, but, if you know Allen, it's no surprise. Allen was all about drugs, especially psychedelic drugs, and he was

extremely evangelistic in encouraging others to use them.

Soros's biographer Michael Kaufman implies that Allen and Soros met in the early '80s and became "life-long" friends, as Kaufman puts it. Another author provides a little more precision, suggesting that Soros and Ginsberg may have met around 1980.

NOOR BIN LADIN: What was the basis of their friendship? What did Soros and Ginsberg have in common?

RICHARD POE: There's a little-known portion of Soros's life that you might call his bohemian period, when he was living in the West Village in Manhattan, trying to write a book on philosophy, which he never finished. Certain mysteries surround that period.

If it's true that Soros and Ginsberg met around 1980, they would have known each other 22 years by the time Kaufman called them "life-long friends" in his 2002 book, Soros: The Life and Times of a Messianic Billionaire.

Soros would have been about 50 and Allen about 54 when they met. So why did Kaufman call them "life-long" friends? Is it really possible to have a "life-long" friendship with someone you met in your fifties?

On the other hand, suppose they met earlier, perhaps 20 years earlier, during Soros's bohemian phase in the West Village. In that case, they would have met in their 30s, and Kaufman's description of a "life-long" friendship would make more sense.

Soros lived in Greenwich Village, in Sheridan Square, from 1961-1965. At that time, his life's ambition was to become a philosopher. While working as a stock trader, he struggled to write a book called The Burden of Consciousness, based on the philosophy of Karl Popper, who had been Soros's teacher at the London School of Economics.

Only half a block from Soros's apartment was the famous White Horse Tavern, frequented by all the top literary figures of the day, including Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg.

Now I can't prove that Soros met Allen during those years, but it does seem likely. It's hard to imagine an aspiring young philosopher such as George Soros missing the chance to rub elbows with the White Horse Tavern crowd, since he only lived half a block away.

I tried to live what I imagined to be a Jack Kerouac sort of life, hitchhiking around the country, working odd jobs, and, of course, writing.

NOOR BIN LADIN: What finally happened with you and Ginsberg?

RICHARD POE: Allen was a great teacher. I learned a lot from him. But the summer ended, and it was time to move on.

After leaving Naropa, I tried to live what I imagined to be a Jack Kerouac sort of life, hitchhiking around the country, working odd jobs, and, of course, writing.

My big project was an autobiographical novel, very much in the confessional, tell-all tradition of Jack Kerouac. I started the novel while living in San Francisco, then finished it in Syracuse. When it was done, I realized, with an almost sickening sense of horror that I could never publish it. The novel was intensely personal and autobiographical in the mode of Kerouac's On the Road. It was full of drugs and sex.

My middle-class upbringing kicked in. I couldn't bear the thought of my parents reading this. I couldn't inflict such embarrassment on my family. So I stuck the manuscript in a box and left it there.

And that's when it hit me. I realized that I'm not Jack Kerouac or Allen Ginsberg or Henry Miller or any other such person. I just didn't have the same burning hatred of conventionality that seemed to drive them. I had to find a different path. And so I went into journalism.

I freelanced at first, then finally got my first newspaper job at the Syracuse New Times, in January, 1984.

THE INTERVIEW CONTINUES ON PAGE 218

JOHN BUCHAN's

THE 3

In this exclusive extract from the first book in the Man's World Classics series, we rejoin our hero Richard Hannay, having made a very unwelcome discovery...

9 STEPS

WHY WE FIGHT:

ANTELOPE HILL WRITING COMPETITION 2021

The Milkman Sets Out on His Travels

I sat down in an armchair and felt very sick. That lasted for maybe five minutes, and was succeeded by a fit of the horrors. The poor staring white face on the floor was more than I could bear, and I managed to get a table-cloth and cover it. Then I staggered to a cupboard, found the brandy and swallowed several mouthfuls. I had seen men die violently before; indeed I had killed a few myself in the Matabele War; but this cold-blooded indoor business was different. Still I managed to pull myself together. I looked at my watch, and saw that it was half-past ten.

An idea seized me, and I went over the flat with a small-tooth comb. There was nobody there, nor any trace of anybody, but I shuttered and bolted all the windows and put the chain on the door. By this time my wits were coming back to me, and I could think again. It took me about an hour to figure the thing out, and I did not hurry, for, unless the murderer came back, I had till about six o'clock in the morning for my cogitations.

I was in the soup—that was pretty clear. Any shadow of a doubt I might have had about the truth of Scudder's tale was now gone. The proof of it was lying under the table-cloth. The men who knew that he knew what he knew had found him, and had taken the best way to make certain of his silence. Yes; but he had been in my rooms four
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I was in the soup—that was pretty clear. Any shadow of a doubt I might have had about the truth of Scudder's tale was now gone. The proof of it was lying under the table-cloth. The men who knew that he knew what he knew had found him, and had taken the best way to make certain of his silence. Yes; but he had been in my rooms four days, and his enemies must have reckoned that he had confided in me. So I would be the next to go. It might be that very night, or next day, or the day after, but my number was up all right.

Then suddenly I thought of another probability. Supposing I went out now and called in the police, or went to bed and let Paddock find the body and call them in the morning. What kind of a story was I to tell about Scudder? I had lied to Paddock about him, and the whole thing looked desperately fishy. If I made a clean breast of it and told the police everything he had told me, they would simply laugh at me. The odds were a thousand to one that I would be charged with the murder, and the circumstantial evidence was strong enough to hang me. Few people knew me in England; I had no real pal who could come forward and swear to my character. Perhaps that was what those secret enemies were playing for. They were clever enough for anything, and an English prison was as good a way of getting rid of me till after June 15th as a knife in my chest.

Besides, if I told the whole story, and by any miracle was believed, I would be playing their game. Karolides would stay at home, which was what they wanted. Somehow or other the sight of Scudder's dead face had made me a passionate believer in his scheme. He was gone, but he had

taken me into his confidence, and I was pretty well bound to carry on his work.

You may think this ridiculous for a man in danger of his life, but that was the way I looked at it. I am an ordinary sort of fellow, not braver than other people, but I hate to see a good man downed, and that long knife would not be the end of Scudder if I could play the game in his place.

It took me an hour or two to think this out, and by that time I had come to a decision. I must vanish somehow, and keep vanished till the end of the second week in June. Then I must somehow find a way to get in touch with the Government people and tell them what Scudder had told me. I wished to Heaven he had told me more, and that I had listened more carefully to the little he had told me. I knew nothing but the barest facts. There was a big risk that, even if I weathered the other dangers, I would not be believed in the end. I must take my chance of that, and hope that something might happen which would confirm my tale in the eyes of the Government.

My first job was to keep going for the next three weeks. It was now the 24th day of May, and that meant twenty days of hiding before I could venture to approach the powers that be. I reckoned that two sets of people would be looking for me—Scudder's enemies to put me out of existence, and the police, who would want me for Scudder's murder. It was going to be a giddy hunt, and it was queer how the prospect comforted me. I had been slack so long that almost any chance of activity was welcome. When I had to sit alone with that corpse and wait on Fortune I was no better than a crushed worm, but if my neck's safety was to hang on my own wits I was prepared to be cheerful about it.

My next thought was whether Scudder had any papers about him to give me a better clue to the business. I drew back the table-cloth and searched his pockets, for I had no longer any shrinking from the body. The face was wonderfully calm for a man who had been struck down in a moment. There was nothing in the breast-pocket, and only a few loose coins and a cigar-holder in the waistcoat. The trousers held a little penknife and some silver, and the side pocket of his jacket contained an old crocodile-skin cigar-case. There was no sign of the little black book in which I had seen him making notes. That had no doubt been taken by his murderer.

But as I looked up from my task I saw that some drawers had been pulled out in the writing-table. Scudder would never have left them in that state, for he was the tidiest of mortals. Someone must have been searching for something—perhaps for the pocket-book.

I went round the flat and found that everything had been ransacked—the inside of books, drawers, cupboards, boxes, even the pockets of the clothes in my wardrobe, and the sideboard in the dining-room. There was no trace of the book. Most likely the enemy had found it, but they had not found it on Scudder's body.

Then I got out an atlas and looked at a big map of the British Isles. My notion was to get off to some wild district, where my veldcraft would be of some use to me, for I would be like a trapped rat in a city. I considered that Scotland would be best, for my people were Scotch and I could pass anywhere as an ordinary Scotsman. I had half an idea at first to be a German tourist, for my father had had German partners, and I had been brought up to speak the tongue pretty fluently, not to mention having put in three years prospecting for copper in German Damaraland. But I calculated that it would be less conspicuous to be a Scot, and less in a line with what the police might know of my past. I fixed on Galloway as the best place to go. It was the nearest wild part of Scotland, so far as I could figure it out, and from the look of the map was not over thick with population.

A search in Bradshaw informed me that a train left St Pancras at 7.10, which would land me at any Galloway station in the late afternoon. That was well enough, but a more important matter was how I was to make my way to St Pancras, for I was pretty certain that Scudder's friends would be watching outside. This puzzled me for a bit; then I had an inspiration, on which I went to bed and slept for two troubled hours.

I got up at four and opened my bedroom shutters. The faint light of a fine summer morning was flooding the skies, and the sparrows had begun to chatter. I had a great revulsion of feeling, and felt a God-forgotten fool. My inclination was to let things slide, and trust to the British police taking a reasonable view of my case. But as I reviewed the situation I could find no arguments to bring against my decision of the previous night, so with a wry mouth I resolved to go on with my plan. I was not feeling in any particular funk; only disinclined to go looking for trouble, if you understand me.

I hunted out a well-used tweed suit, a pair of strong nailed boots, and a flannel shirt with a collar. Into my pockets I stuffed a spare shirt, a cloth cap, some handkerchiefs, and a tooth-brush. I had drawn a good sum in gold from the bank two days before, in case Scudder should want money, and I took fifty pounds of it in sovereigns in a belt which I had brought back from Rhodesia. That was about all I wanted. Then I had a bath, and cut my moustache, which was long and drooping, into a short stubbly fringe.

Now came the next step. Paddock used to arrive punctually at 7.30 and let himself in with a latch-key. But about twenty minutes to seven, as I knew from bitter experience, the milkman turned up with a great clatter of cans, and deposited my share outside my door. I had seen that milkman sometimes when I had gone out for an early ride. He

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was a young man about my own height, with an ill-nourished moustache, and he wore a white overall. On him I staked all my chances.

I went into the darkened smoking-room where the rays of morning light were beginning to creep through the shutters. There I breakfasted off a whisky-and-soda and some biscuits from the cupboard. By this time it was getting on for six o'clock. I put a pipe in my pocket and filled my pouch from the tobacco jar on the table by the fireplace.

As I poked into the tobacco my fingers touched something hard, and I drew out Scudder's little black pocket-book….

That seemed to me a good omen. I lifted the cloth from the body and was amazed at the peace and dignity of the dead face. "Goodbye, old chap," I said; "I am going to do my best for you. Wish me well, wherever you are."

Then I hung about in the hall waiting for the milkman. That was the worst part of the business, for I was fairly choking to get out of doors. Six-thirty passed, then six-forty, but still he did not come. The fool had chosen this day of all days to be late.

At one minute after the quarter to seven I heard the rattle of the cans outside. I opened the front door, and there was my man, singling out my cans from a bunch he carried and whistling through his teeth. He jumped a bit at the sight of me.

"Come in here a moment," I said. "I want a word with you." And I led him into the dining-room.

"I reckon you're a bit of a sportsman," I said, "and I want you to do me a service. Lend me your cap and overall for ten minutes, and here's a sovereign for you."
His eyes opened at the sight of the gold, and he grinned broadly. "Wot's the gyme?"he asked.

"A bet," I said. "I haven't time to explain, but to win it I've got to be a milkman for the next ten minutes. All you've got to do is to stay here till I come back. You'll be a bit late, but nobody will complain, and you'll have that quid for yourself."

"Right-o!" he said cheerily. "I ain't the man to spoil a bit of sport. 'Ere's the rig, guv'nor."

I stuck on his flat blue hat and his white overall, picked up the cans, banged my door, and went whistling downstairs. The porter at the foot told me to shut my jaw, which sounded as if my make-up was adequate.

At first I thought there was nobody in the street. Then I caught sight of a policeman a hundred yards down, and a loafer shuffling past on the other side. Some impulse made me raise my eyes to the house opposite, and there at a first-floor window was a face. As the loafer passed he looked up, and I fancied a signal was exchanged.

I crossed the street, whistling gaily and imitating the jaunty swing of the milkman. Then I took the first side street, and went up a left-hand turning which led past a bit of vacant ground. There was no one in the little street, so I dropped the milk-cans inside the hoarding and sent the cap and overall after them. I had only just put on my cloth cap when a postman came round the corner. I gave him good morning and he answered me unsuspiciously. At the moment the clock of a neighbouring church struck the hour of seven.

There was not a second to spare. As soon as I got to Euston Road I took to my heels and ran. The clock at Euston Station showed five minutes past the hour. At St Pancras I had no time to take a ticket, let alone that I had not settled upon my destination. A porter told me the platform, and as I entered it I saw the train already in motion. Two station officials blocked the way, but I dodged them and clambered into the last carriage.

Three minutes later, as we were roaring through the northern tunnels, an irate guard interviewed me. He wrote out for me a ticket to Newton-Stewart, a name which had suddenly come back to my memory, and he conducted me from the first-class compartment where I had ensconced myself to a third-class smoker, occupied by a sailor and a stout woman with a child. He went off grumbling, and as I mopped my brow I observed to my companions in my broadest Scots that it was a sore job catching trains. I had already entered upon my part.

"The impidence o' that gyaird!" said the lady bitterly. "He needit a Scotch tongue to pit him in his place. He was complainin' o' this wean no haein' a ticket and her no fower till August twalmonth, and he was objectin' to this gentleman spittin'."

The sailor morosely agreed, and I started my new life in an atmosphere of protest against authority. I reminded myself that a week ago I had been finding the world dull.

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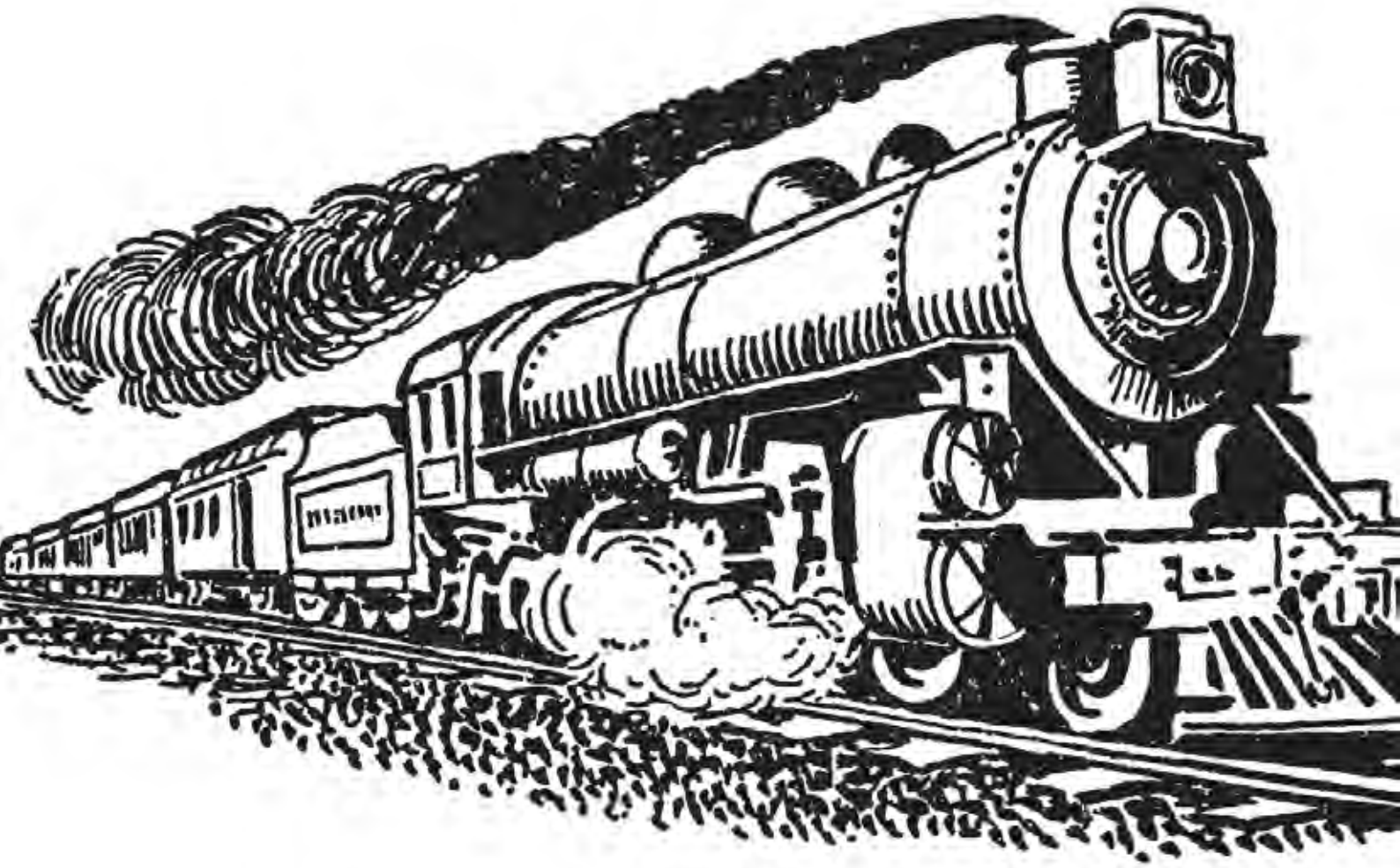

A porter told me the platform, and as I entered it I saw the train already in motion. Two station officials blocked the way, but I dodged them and clambered into the last carriage.

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The Want of Men Was Their Ruin

Bronze figure, probably of a Spartan woman, c.500 BC (British Museum)

Bronze Age Pervert

There is nice passage Aristotle on women in Sparta, which long ago I sent to Heartiste and he poasted it for all to see their true nature yet again, recognized by wise men across all time, because it never changes; it is long quote but entrancing:

"Again, the license of the Lacedaemonian women defeats the intention of the Spartan constitution, and is adverse to the happiness of the state. For a husband and wife being each a part of every family, the state may be considered as about equally divided into men and women; and, therefore, in those states in which the condition of the women is bad, half the city may be regarded as having no laws. And this is what has actually happened at Sparta; the legislator wanted to make the whole state hardy and temperate, and he has carried out his intention in the case of the men, but he has neglected the women, who live in every sort of intemperance and luxury. The consequence is that in such a state wealth is too highly valued, especially if the citizen fall under the dominion of their wives, after the manner of most warlike races, except the Celts and a few others who openly approve of male loves. The old mythologer would seem to have been right in uniting Ares and Aphrodite, for all warlike races are prone to the love either of men or of women. This was exemplified among the Spartans in the days of their greatness; many things were managed by their women. But what difference does it make whether women rule, or the rulers are ruled by women? The result is the same. Even in regard to courage, which is of no use in daily life, and is needed only in war, the influence of the Lacedaemonian women has been most mischievous. The evil showed itself in the Theban invasion, when, unlike the women other cities, they were utterly useless and caused more confusion than the enemy. This license of the Lacedaemonian women existed from the earliest times, and was only what might be expected. For, during the wars of the Lacedaemonians, first against the Argives, and afterwards against the Arcadians and Messenians, the men were long away from home, and, on the return of peace, they gave themselves into the legislator's hand, already prepared by the discipline of a soldier's life (in which there are many elements of virtue), to receive his enactments. But, when Lycurgus, as tradition says, wanted to bring the women under his laws, they resisted, and he gave up the attempt. These then are the causes of what then happened, and this defect in the constitution is clearly to be attributed to them. We are not, however, considering what is or is not to be excused, but what is right or wrong, and the disorder of the women, as I have already said, not only gives an air of indecorum to the constitution considered in itself, but tends in a measure to foster avarice.

The mention of avarice naturally suggests a criticism on the inequality of property. While some of the Spartan citizen have quite small properties, others have very large ones; hence the land has passed into the hands of a few. And this is due also to faulty laws; for, although the legislator rightly holds up to shame the sale or purchase of an inheritance, he allows anybody who likes to give or bequeath it. Yet both practices lead to the same result. And nearly two-fifths of the whole country are held by women; this is owing to the number of heiresses and to the large dowries which are customary. It would surely have been better to have given no dowries at all, or, if any, but small or moderate ones. As the law now stands, a man may bestow his heiress on any one whom he pleases, and, if he die intestate, the privilege of giving her away descends to his heir. Hence, although the country is able to maintain 1500 cavalry and 30,000 hoplites, the whole number of Spartan citizens fell below 1000. The result proves the faulty nature of their laws respecting property; for the city sank under a single defeat; the want of men was their ruin."

"The want of men was their ruin": Heartiste added that this allowed foreigners who didn't respect Spartan women's girlboss AWFL delusions, as Spartan men did to their doom, it allow others to come in and simply slap the place down with brutality. That it was the Nazi Sodomite Thebans who did this first makes this tragedy also very insulting.

Many interesting things can be learned from this passage, also regarding inequality of estates in a country: the backbone of the constitutional state from Sparta to Rome to America is the small family farm producing strong and healthy soldier-citizen, and when this disappears to be replaced by large latifundia such men become fewer, the state becomes less manly, more dominated by women, more reliant on the hired manhood of foreigners or falls under the dominion of other states. But what concerns me is the phrase "want of men," for which Greks had a special term oligandria, and referred literally to situation when citizen men fell to very few in number. An interpretation more charitable to women than Heartiste's might be simply that Spartan men, in being away on campaign and training so often, had no choice but to empower their wives and trust them with estate management; second, that the casualties and wounds from constant warring is what led to situation of few men. This happened with some regularity in Grek cities and was constant cause of anxiety. It didn't only happen because of war: in Sparta you could easily be removed from the citizen rolls for not measuring up in some way. Then there was selection of newborns. The obsession with citizen quality over quantity was common to all Grek cities, even the supposedly luxurious Ionians, and was so different from modern priorities and so superior to our own ways: but it would be seen as very cruel by modern men, and had this effect always, danger of too few citizens.

Because of this danger the Greks were much concerned with fertility and worshiped sexual desire as sacred. Steve Sailer says something similar about sub-Saharan West Afreaka: because of constant disease load, animal attack, many things, population could never expand in premodern times too much; then, the danger of the land was offset by its great bounty so there was also no question of ever exhausting its resources. Chyna has never solved "the problem of the stomach": it never had enough food or water to keep up with its population growth, but Afreaka had the opposite problem. Therefore this part of Afreaka, needing constantly more people, developed a

Steve Sailer: noticer-in-chief

sexual morality very different from that of Chyna or supposedly the more temperate parts of the world in general. Ancient Greece in its own way, because of constant lack of citizens, developed for use in certain situations a quasi-Afreakan sexual morality. Even Xenophon speaks of some strange customs in constitution of the Spartans. But all Greks had this concern having the same problem to various degrees: and all had this solution, complete with orgiastic rites and "fuck-crazy" women whose fertility and sexual desire was rightly seen as sacred, as key to life, and inseperable from the growth and ascent of life, from biological quality of offspring; it is the other side of the famed Grek and especially famed Dorian temperance and sober self-restraint, which only developed as its complement: "Apollo won't show himself to you until you embrace Dionysos."

The concern with women's fertility, with the relationship between sexual desire and life, with the biological quality of newborns, and with the experience of having to deal constantly with battle wounds—with the two causes of oligandria or "want of men," that is, with war and sex—led Sparta to become the prime medical training center of ancient Greece, a reputation that lasted long after its period of greatness and was refined and intellectualized during Hellenistic times. The first Greek doctor in Rome was a Spartan and the founders of various other major medical traditions were Spartan also. In Sparta there was also sanctuary of doctor god Asclepius named Asclepios Agnita after the vitex agnus castus plant, which was worshipped. It is still used as a supplement, mainly to treat womon cramp and infertility and many such thing. But this shows the great beneficence of nature: it provides you, if you know where to look, and if you risk to experience, with exactly what you

need. This plant is used as anaphrodisiac today and historically by monks, but it can also act as aphrodisiac (it is a "sexual adaptogen") for which Greks used it, as they had interest in intensifying, not lowering sexual desire. This "chasteberry" is also used to treat wounds, it has some wound and ligament-healing ability, Greks used for this also. How strange! A plant that gave exactly what they needed for their double problem: healing of war-wounds, and healing and increase of fertility! In the Odyssey, Hermes appears and shows to Odysseus the secret healing qualities of a hidden plant: it is one of only two mentions of word nature in Homer, the first use of this word anywhere.

When I complain that enemies and Detrimental Robots sometimes turn on machine to induce malaise, fatigue and confusion in me or my friends I am called a schizophrenic, but when USA State Department employees complain Putler is using machine to broadcast radio waves into their BRAINS, this is treated as matter of national security? OK…fine… but I am concerned with solution. I was going to write a supplement guide for frends but I got carried away with this introduction. A full guide will have to wait until next time. Our problems now are various and sometimes different from the Greks' but nature in her magnanimity has provided many good things: it's not a coincidence the Greks were provided with the plant that spoke to their greatest problems. Many such remedies are available now if you know where to look and take care attention to supplement quality. Many pharmaceuticals don't work; I have spoken to many frog doctors who took part in medical trials where common drugs were shown to have no more than a placebo effect. Furthermore all pharmas are dangerous with long-term use and have serious side-effects including on germline, and I believe combination of modern diet and modern pharma overuse will lead to a massive population degradation or sterility in two to three generations, quite aside from concern now over vaccines. If there had been a plot to depopulate world the wily conspirators could simply wait—what would be the point of forcing the issue now and showing their hand?

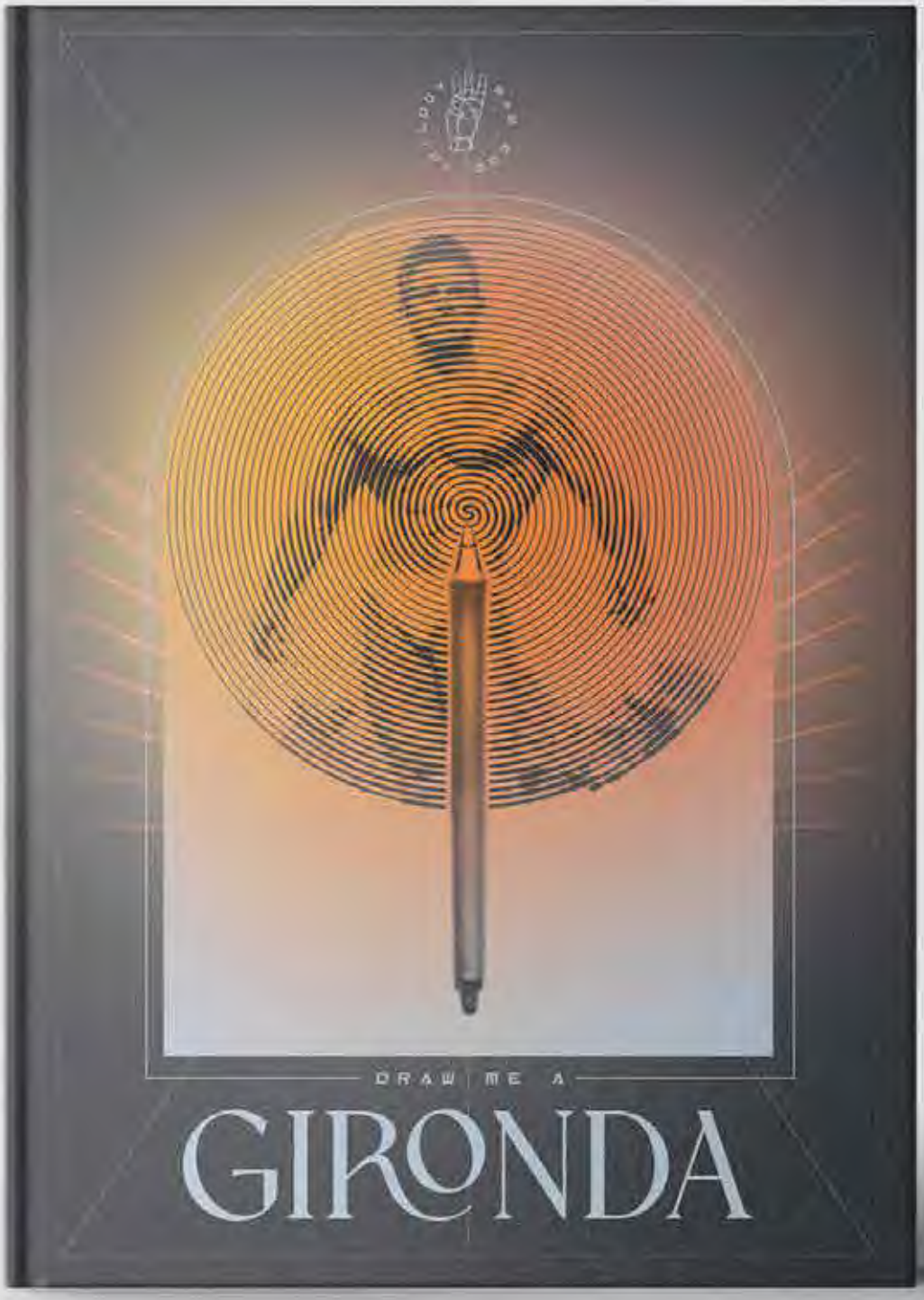
Since I intended to write a supplement guide, I will give only one suggestion here. All of you know about glycine by now, and this is good. All animals are deficient in glycine much like huemans are deficient in vitamin C. Glycine is also a calming substance, but I must warn that overuse over long periods will make it lose its effect and if you take at night, you

A statue of the god Asclepios, 160 AD (National Archaeological Museum, Athens)

may find that after a while you wake up after three to four hours. It can have stimulant effects. Some frend therefore choose to switch to collagen or to add other amino like lysine when they start to experience these effects. This is good. I'd like to recommend theanine. That is only recommendation I make here. It is an amazing supplement that has changed my life and that of frends considerably. Taken on empty stomach first thing in morning it will do much to lower all effects of dread or overstimulation; it will give a strong calm, but not make you sleepy. Taken with coffee or tea in morning, it gives a calm concentration and focus of power. A fan of books *Dune* even start to call this mix *rachag* after the stimulant drink, it might give you some space powers.

Join BAP's telegram group (t.me/bronzeagepalaestra) or follow @caribbeanvirtu on Twitter.

EGGS



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2
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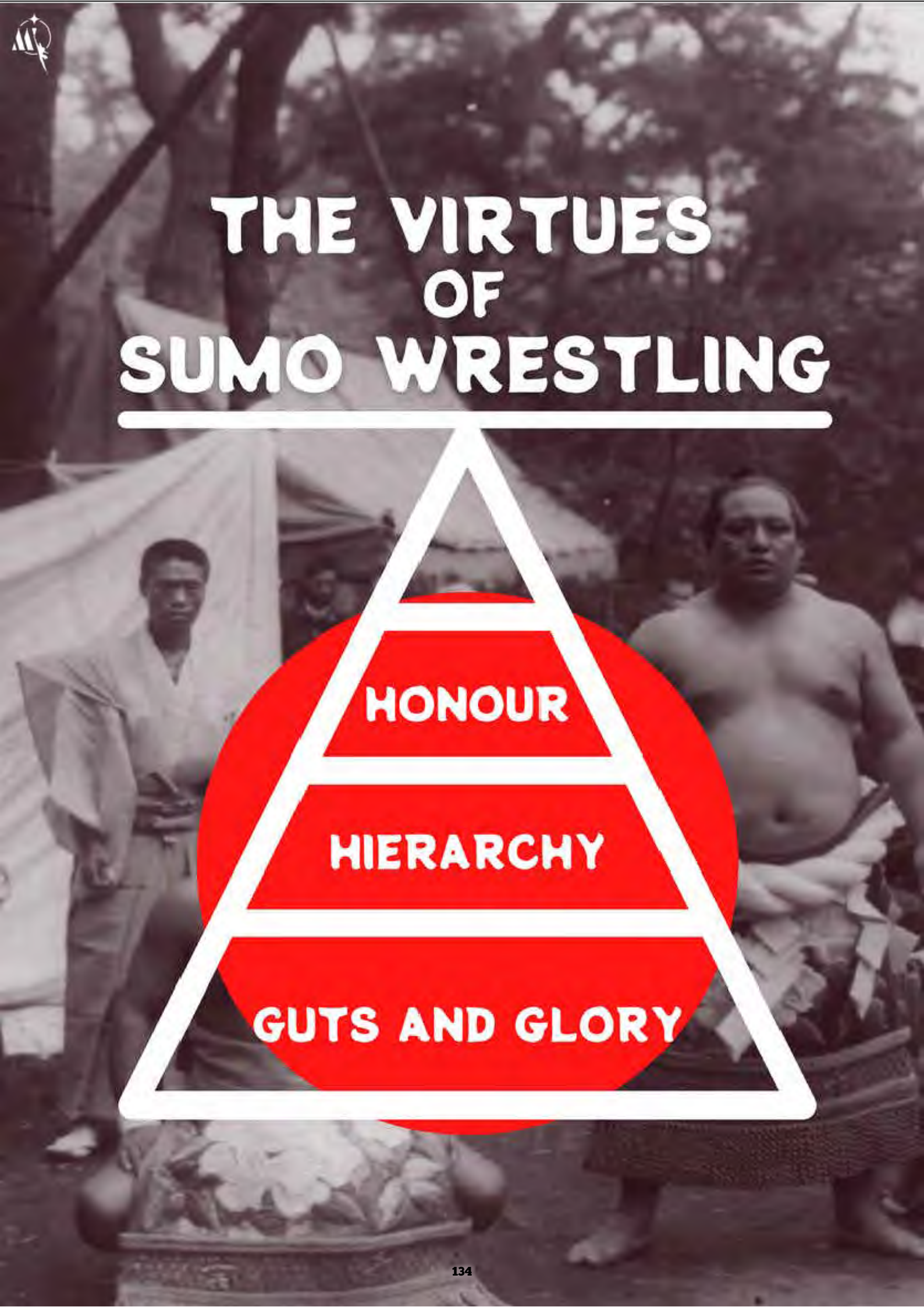
THE VIRTUES
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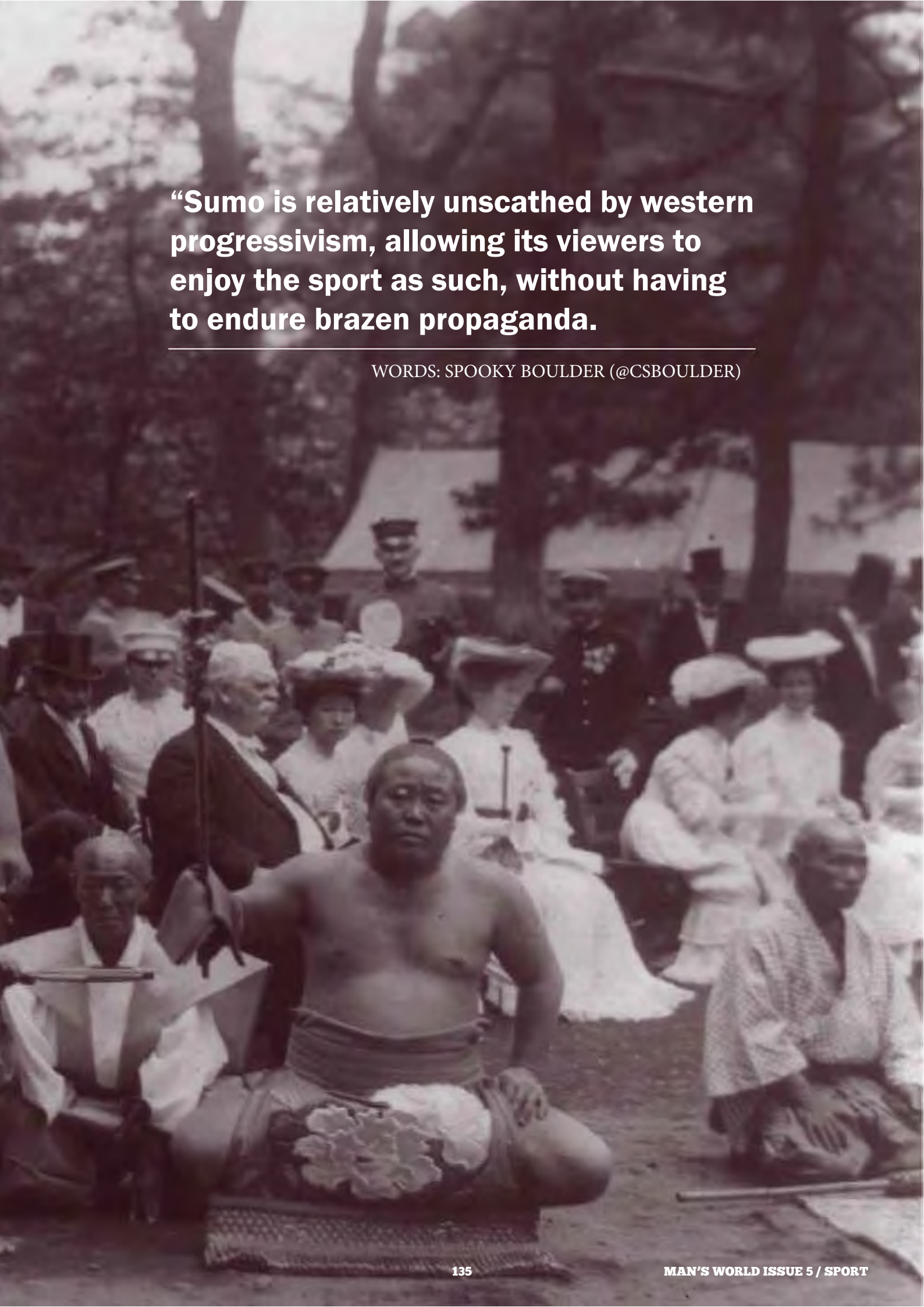


“Sumo is relatively unscathed by western progressivism, allowing its viewers to enjoy the sport as such, without having to endure brazen propaganda.

WORDS: SPOOKY BOULDER (@CSBOULDER)

Above: Tokozuna Hakuho battles Terunofuji during their match on the 14th day of the May 2017 Grand Sumo Tournament

Opposite top: Hakuho performs the traditional Yokuzuna entrance
Opposite bottom: Terunofuji dispatches an opponent

I started watching sumo wrestling in May 2016. There were many things which drew me, a man alienated by modernity, to the sport. Sumo is relatively unscathed by western progressivism, allowing its viewers to enjoy the sport as such, without having to endure brazen propaganda. Sumo is traditional: it has existed in some form for over two millennia and is mostly unchanged since the mid 18th century. Sumo is violent: it features massive, athletic men whose only objective is to overpower the man in front of them. Sumo has a strong history of respecting hierarchy, with the low ranking athletes acting as servants to their more highly ranked superiors. Sumo is racist: its elders constantly disparage the Mongolian men who now dominate their sport. But perhaps most compellingly, sumo in 2021 features both the most dominant athlete of all time in Hakuho Sho and the athlete who is responsible for the greatest comeback in sports history, Terunofuji Haruo.

When I first started watching sumo, I immediately recognized these two as quite prominent. Hakuho for his ability to alternate between extreme force and masterful, calm technique. Terunofuji for his unmatched strength, displayed by simply carrying his opponents out of the ring whenever he found himself in a difficult position.

The July 2021 tournament in Nagoya held significant meaning for both men. Hakuho was on the brink of being forced to retire by the sumo elders for missing previous tournaments with injuries, while Terunofuji was closing in on a promotion to Yokozuna, the highest rank a sumo wrestler can achieve. Both men needed a strong tournament performance and fate would have it that these two titans met undefeated in the final match of the Nagoya tournament.

HAKUHO

Hakuho—born Monkhbatyn Davaajargal in Mongolia—is the son of a six-time Mongolian wrestling champion and Olympic silver medalist (Mongolia's first ever olympic medal) in freestyle wrestling. He moved to Japan at the age of fifteen to

pursue a career in sumo. Despite being undersized in his adolescence, Hakuho quickly climbed the ranks as he grew. In May 2007, at the age of 22, he became the 69th Yokozuna—the highest rank that can be achieved in sumo, and the only rank from which one cannot fall due to poor performance.

Since his promotion to Yokozuna, Hakuho has utterly dominated sumo. In January 2015, he set the record for most top division championships with his 33rd. Had he retired then, he likely would have been considered the greatest sumo wrestler of all-time. Yet that was not enough for him. Having no peers in sumo, Hakuho was forced to compete with his father. He set his sights on winning 36 tournament championships, which he regarded as equivalent to his father's six Mongolian wrestling championships (as sumo tournaments are held six times a year).

By June 2021, Hakuho held nearly every important sumo record. Despite this fact, he was the subject of much criticism from the Yokozuna Deliberation Council and the Japanese media. From undignified ring moves, such as face slaps and forearm shivers, to post-bout shoves and celebrations, every unseemly move Hakuho makes is under intense scrutiny. Hakuho's foreign-born status only serves to exacerbate the already severe perlustration one would expect from an honor culture such as Japan's.

Above the baseline level of criticism, Hakuho received an official warning from the Yokozuna Deliberation Council in November 2020. These warnings, which are issued to wrestlers whose performance is contrary to what is expected of the rank, are exceedingly rare. After missing the previous five tournaments to recover from minor injuries associated with aging and a COVID infection, Hakuho's warning remained in place up to the July 2021 tournament in Nagoya. Hakuho would be forced to retire by the sumo elders unless he could perform up to the high standards of a Yokozuna in the Nagoya tournament.

TERUNOFUJI

Like Hakuho, Terunofuji is also Mongolian born (birth name Gantulgyn Gan-Erdene) and had an exceptional beginning to his career. He climbed the ranks and won his first top division championship in May 2015 after 25 tournaments, the third-fastest championship in sumo history. After his first tournament victory, Teru was promoted to Ozeki, the second highest rank one can achieve. Teru performed

well in his first two tournaments at the Ozeki rank and many expected him to follow in the footsteps of his fellow Mongolian Hakuho and attain the rank of Yokozuna at a young age. But he would be plagued by knee injuries caused in part by his fighting style. Teru frequently uses his freakish strength to lift and carry his opponents out of the ring.

The knee injuries took their toll and had Teru perpetually at risk of demotion from his Ozeki rank. He underwent surgery on his meniscus to try to save his rank. At first it seemed a success, with Terunofuji coming runner-up in consecutive tournaments, March and May 2017.

However, near the end of the May tournament, Teru re-injured his knee which prompted his fall from his Ozeki rank and subsequently the top division altogether. After the surgery, his weak knee caused him to compensate with his other leg, resulting in double knee surgery on June 25 2018.Teru had already performed poorly now in six consecutive tournaments and dropped to the third division in professional

Above: Sumo ranking system. Juryo and higher are salaried. Lower-ranked wrestlers act as servants to their higher-ranked colleagues.

Opposite: Hakuho (left) and Terunofuji sizing each other up before their bout in the July 2021 tournament.

sumo, Makushita. No other former top division champion or former Ozeki had fallen out of the salaried (top two) divisions. Others who had come close to falling out of the salaried ranks chose retirement to preserve their honor.

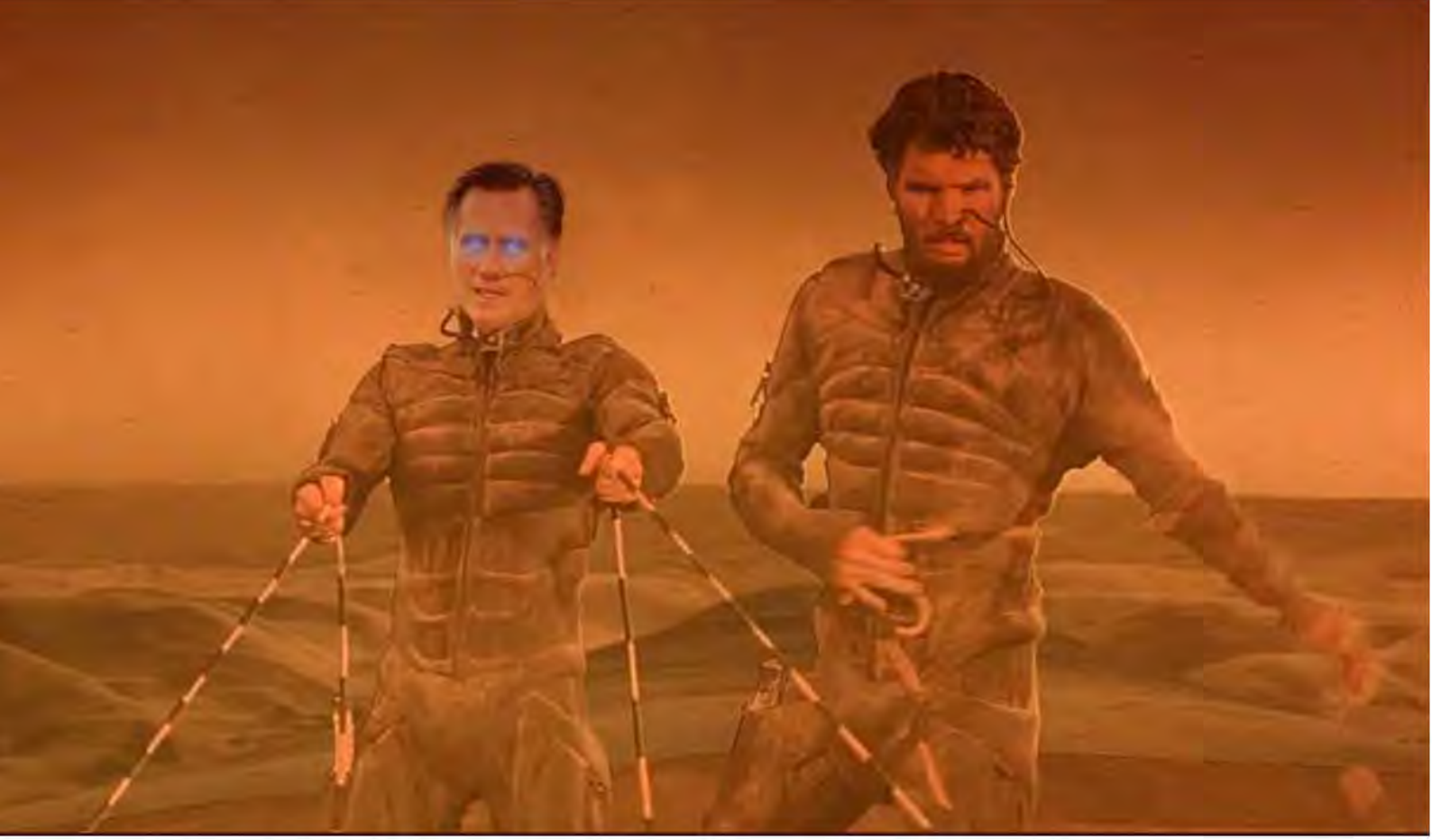
Terunofuji had to make a decision. He showed promise and nearly made it to the top rank. He even won a tournament. Most wrestlers spend over a decade in the sport without ever achieving what he achieved at a young age. But now he was in a wheelchair, recovering from surgeries on both knees. He was ready to retire—as most wrestlers in his position would do. But his coach, still believing in his natural talent and youth, convinced him to take time off to get healthy before attempting a comeback.

While taking time off to recover from a major surgery is common for American athletes, it's essentially unheard of in sumo. The ranking system is unforgiving and a missed tournament counts the same as a winless tournament. Terunofuji missed four consecutive tournaments and dropped down to the second lowest division in professional sumo—Jonidan. Due to his new fighting division, he was now a servant to his former servants and not earning a monthly salary. Doubling down on himself was a massive risk. If Teru, a former Ozeki, failed to win in the Jonidan division—fighting against teenagers, essentially—the shame from falling from glory would be profoundly magnified.

THE COMEBACK

Terunofuji entered the March 2019 tournament with the weight of the world on his shoulders. He could only preserve his honor by winning and returning to the top division. He delivered. Teru won the March 2019 Jonidan division tournament with an undefeated record. And he kept winning. Terunofuji skyrocketed back up the rankings—climbing through the Jonidan, Sandanme, Makushita, and Juryo divisions in a mere seven tournaments, with a record of 55-10 and three lower division championships.

In July 2020 Terunofuji was set to fight in a top division tournament with healthy knees for the first time since May 2017. My expectations were not high: I was happy to simply see him back on the big stage. But he came out strong, winning his first four matches before a loss to Ozeki Takayasu on day five. Teru won his next eight matches before another loss to Ozeki Shodai. On the final day, Terunofuji, with his 12-2 record, was set to face off against the 11-3 Mitakeumi. Win, and he'd secure his second top division championship in his debut tournament since



"IMAGINE A MITT ROMNEY, BUT DIFFERENT...

A Romney who actually was capable of acting like his looks, and was worthy of his looks. Imagine a younger Romney who rouses the nation to a new war, against India, through power of charisma and speech alone. Then he leave on ship to head the armies conquering India. But then come rumors that Mitt ran a Black Mass Satanist dinner in New York. Also, people awaken one day and find that someone defaced the Holocaust Museum and the Lincoln Memorial... rumors spread that it is Mitt Romney in preparation to overthrow the government. So he is recalled from his command to stand trial. Instead of returning, Mitt runs to Russia where he becomes a major advisor to Putin. Soon though, he finally has to leave in a great hurry when it is discovered he's been banging Putin's wife in secret. He runs to China where, again, he miraculously becomes a major political force and advisor, adopting Chinese customs and language with ease. After some time he leaves China and ends up living Afghanistan with the tribesmen as one of them, in one of their mud fortresses where he is finally found by American special forces and he goes out fighting, charging them repeatedly with machine gun in his glorious black-and-gold armor and Dune-look headset. Exactly such, and more was the life of the ancient Alcibiades from Athens."

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recovering. The bout begins and the wrestlers collide. Terunofuji gets his favored grip, with his left hand on Mitakeumi's belt outside of his arm. Terunofuji quickly gets the outside grip with his other hand. It's over. With a firm grip on his opponent's belt, Terunofuji easily escorts his 373 lb opponent out of the ring. Terunofuji is officially back.

If Teru's story ended here, it would already be worthy of a Hollywood movie in which his character is played by a person of a much darker hue. But now, armed with a pair of healthy knees and a more patient, methodical fighting style that would allow him to protect them, Terunofuji set his sights on taking what should have been his five years previously: the sport's highest rank—Yokozuna.

There exist no official criteria as to what makes one worthy of promotion to sumo's two highest ranks, Ozeki and Yokozuna. However, if a wrestler can maintain an average of eleven wins across three consecutive tournaments with ten or more wins in the final tournament, he is virtually guaranteed to receive a promotion to Ozeki. Terunofuji accomplished this in his first three tournaments back in the top division, winning one tournament and finishing runner-up in another. However, due to his short duration in his second trip to the top division, he was denied the promotion. In the next tournament, taking place in Tokyo in January 2021, Teru finished runner up, but only won eleven of his fifteen matches, leaving him one short of what he would need for Ozeki promotion. He went on to win the March tournament with a 12-3 record, easily qualifying him for Ozeki.

The traditional criterion for a Yokozuna promotion is two consecutive tournament victories while at the rank of Ozeki or equivalent. Terunofuji won the next tournament, in May 2021, as well. He did not receive the promotion, as only one tournament was won at the rank of Ozeki, though some argued that he should, with two consecutive victories, three of the last six, and coming runner-up in two others. Terunofuji did not complain about not getting promoted, insisting that he wanted to earn the promotion.

With the next tournament rolling around in July 2021, Terunofuji knew that it was now or never. With one tournament victory at the rank of Ozeki in the previous tournament, all he needed to do was perform at the level of Yokozuna. But there was a catch. Terunofuji's return to the top division and subsequent dominance coincided with Hakuho's absence. He had yet to face the greatest sumo wrestler in history and fellow countryman since his resurgence.

OUR DEBT TO ANTIQUITY

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HERCULEAN STRENGTH

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The stage was set for a showdown between these two. No other wrestler in the tournament mattered. Hakuho needed a strong tournament to stave off retirement, while Terunofuji similarly needed one to join Hakuho—the sport's sole Yokozuna—in the highest rank.

Both wrestlers started the tournament strong with wins in their first few bouts. After each was undefeated after the fifth day, a shift in the strategies of their opponents became visible. Wrestlers opted to fight the top contenders head-on, rather than deploying cheap-but-legal tactics such as dodging out of the way at the start of the match, face slaps, or forearm shivers. No wrestler wanted to lose his honor by derailing an undefeated showdown on the final day for a shameful match victory in an unwinnable tournament. Their opponents fought hard, but they fought honorably.

Hakuho and Terunofuji each racked up wins day after day until the final day arrived. Each fighter was undefeated, leaving the tournament championship to the winner of their clash.
Before their bout, the wrestlers are introduced to the crowd as foreign-born. The pre-match ritual takes several minutes. In said ritual, wrestlers clap to attract the attention of the gods, lift their hands to show they are unarmed, stomp the ground to scare away demons and throw salt in the ring to purify it. They repeatedly crouch as if about to start the match and then stand up after a few moments of glaring at each other. When they are finally ready, they creep toward their starting stance.

The match starts when all four hands are simultaneously touching the ground. Hakuho opens with his signature forearm shiver—a move that is strictly legal, but which is frowned upon for a Yokozuna. Teru counters by reaching for his trademark outside left grip on his opponent's belt. Hakuho backpedals and slaps Terunofuji's head with his left hand, surely aware that giving up the position is certain defeat. Teru's grip is broken. The fighters reset, now both upright.

Hakuho attempts a head slap with his right hand and Terunofuji counters with his own, still waiting for the opportunity to seize the all-important belt grip. Hakuho tries a face slap with the left, the two scuffle. Hakuho sees an opening. He thrusts his right hand to the back of his opponent's belt and gains a firm grip. Sensing the danger from relinquishing such a position, Teru starts clawing for Hakuho's belt with his left hand. Hakuho uses masterful technique—shifting and twisting his hips—to keep his belt just out of reach, forcing Terunofuji to settle for an inside right hand grip. Both wrestlers are struggling to improve their position. Teru uses his right hand to pull Hakuho closer so that he can secure the other hand. Hakuho senses that his opponent is overextended and clamps down Teru's right arm. Using his opponent's momentum, Hakuho attempts to send Terunofuji into the clay. Somehow, Terunofuji is able to maintain his balance. Few wrestlers could resist such an attack. Hakuho holds on to Terunofuji's upper arm and uses his right hand to tighten his grip. Terunofuji is just trying to resist and wait for an opportunity to grab Hakuho's belt. Hakuho twists Teru by his arm—testing his rehabilitated knees—and goes for another throw. This time, he succeeds. He sends Terunofuji into the ground, nearly breaking his arm in the process. The match is over. Hakuho is the tournament champion, and still the greatest to ever do it.

THE AFTERMATH

Hakuho is the longest-serving Yokozuna ever. Promotion to the rank tends to shorten one's career, as poor performance that comes with old age necessitates retirement instead of demotion, in order to maintain the honor of the rank. Whispers of retirement have plagued Hakuho for a few years now. He originally stated that he wanted to continue competing at least until the Tokyo 2020 olympics in order to honor Japan as a representative. Nagging injuries and pressure from the sumo elders made it all the more difficult to wait the extra year from the Olympics getting delayed by the pandemic. But with the retirement from fellow Yokozuna Kakuryu in March 2021, Hakuho had another reason to continue competing. As the sole Yokozuna, he needed a young Yokozuna to whom he could pass the torch.

The sumo elders were pleased with his victories, but dissatisfied with the way in which he won, employing dishonorable tactics such as face slaps, elbow bashes, and retreating. Such is the price for victory in the twilight years of his career. When the September tournament rolled around, Hakuho officially announced his retirement. It was the right time. His knees were no longer responding to treatment. He far surpassed his father's record, with 45 top division tournament victories. He continued wrestling long enough to support Japan in the 2020 Olympics. He

found the torchbearer for the Yokozuna flame. And, perhaps most importantly to him, he went out on top. His undefeated tournament win and victory over the most dominant wrestler of the next generation was Hakuho's defining act of greatness, his final taste of glory.

Terunofuji received his promotion to Yokozuna, making him the 73rd in the nearly one thousand years since it became an official rank, cementing the greatest comeback in history. Having a single loss against the greatest of all-time constitutes a Yokozuna-worthy performance, the only substitute to a second consecutive tournament victory in his quest for Yokozuna. With Hakuho out of the field, Terunofuji easily won the September tournament as well, with a record of 13-2.

While I wish that I could have watched these two fight for championships for years to come, I am yet grateful for the opportunity to have witnessed their respective careers. To see Terunofuji come so close to glory, lose it all, put his honor on the line and regain his former glory and more through sheer tenacity. To see Hakuho's superiority, his drive for greatness. To see the apex of their careers result in a legendary, historic showdown. I am forever indebted to these men—and to the sport of sumo—for demonstrating such masculine virtues in a world where they are otherwise almost entirely absent. ■

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CHAD-KO-NA-BE

Exclusive recipe from RAW EGG NATIONALISM cookbook

ちゃんこ鍋

This is my version of the classic Japanese hotpot recipe chankonabe, a favourite of sumo wrestlers in particular. No doubt this will offend purists for a variety of reasons, but the basic principle behind the chankonabe will be honoured: to be a hearty mix of meat, fish and vegetables that will help you pack on mass or just serve as a very satisfying main meal. I've tried to make the process as simple as possible. You can either make the chicken broth yourself (simmer a whole chicken carcass for four to six hours with an onion, carrot and bay leaf, then strain the mixture) or buy some. Although chankonabe tends not to include beef or lamb, because four-legged animals represent a loss in sumo wrestling (all four limbs touching the ground), I've included ground beef and pork meatballs to go with the chicken thighs, white fish and shrimp. Of course there are eggs in there, which you wouldn't normally find in a chankonabe. Cultural appropriation? Oh well. This recipe provides two servings, or one big serving for a big boy. The stew is usually served with rice or udon (thick wheat) noodles, as shown to the right.

For the broth:
750ml of chicken broth
2 tbsp sake (optional)
1 tbsp mirin (optional)

For the meatballs:
200g mix of ground beef and pork
1 garlic clove, finely chopped
½ tsp dried mixed herbs
1 egg

200g cod fillet
3 shrimp
2 chicken thighs
1/4 head of napa cabbage
3 spring onions
4 shiitake mushrooms
2 eggs

Combine the broth, sake and mirin in a large pot and bring to a simmer. If you choose not to use the sake and mirin, bring the broth on its own up to a simmer.

Make the meatballs by combining the ground meat, garlic clove, herbs and egg and forming the mixture into equally sized balls.

Cut the cod into chunks and do the same for the chicken thighs, removing any bones.

Separate the leaves from the cabbage and cut them into smaller pieces. Cut the spring onions into two-inch lengths and remove the stems from the shiitake mushrooms and halve them.

Begin cooking the meatballs, cod and chicken thighs first for 5 minutes, then add the shrimp and simmer for another 3 minutes.

Next add the napa cabbage, spring onions and mushrooms and simmer for a few more minutes.

While the vegetables are simmering, soft boil the eggs for 3-5 minutes and then reserve them.

Ladle the stew into bowls, slice the eggs in half and add a whole egg to each bowl. Serve with cooked rice or udon noodles, if you wish.

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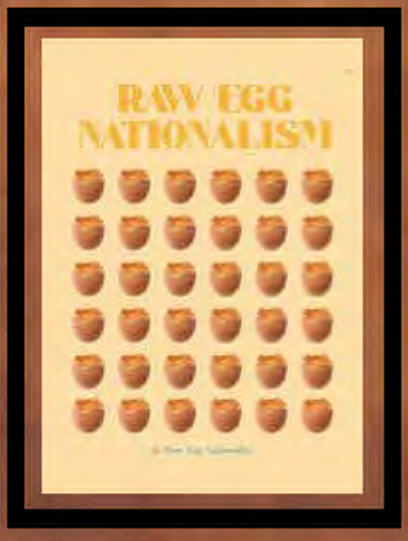

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MAN'S WORLD

FORCING THE UNITY OF EXISTENCE

BLOOD MERIDIAN: WAR & JUDGEMENT

by ASTRAL

Cormac McCarthy's masterpiece Blood Meridian follows the wanderings of an unnamed protagonist; 'The Kid,' whose life spans the settling of the American Frontier. The novel opens with his birth under the Leonid meteor shower in 1833, making him 15 in 1848 when the action begins. The discovery of gold in California that year denotes the "opening" of the frontier, when emigrants began moving West in successive waves; however this novel is concerned with another significant event of that same year, the end of the Mexican-American War. America's victory garnered it vast new territories, including parts of Texas, Arizona, and California, and the action takes place in all of these newly procured lands. The Kid's death closes the story, in 1878, at Fort Griffin, Texas. By 1879 Fort Griffin was mostly abandoned, and the American Census Bureau reported that by 1880, the West held no more unsettled territory. The life of The Kid, and the narrative of this novel, follows the birth and death of a distinct era in American history.

Cormac McCarthy's masterpiece Blood Meridian follows the wanderings of an unnamed protagonist; 'The Kid,' whose life spans the settling of the American Frontier. The novel opens with his birth under the Leonid meteor shower in 1833, making him 15 in 1848 when the action begins. The discovery of gold in California that year denotes the "opening" of the frontier, when emigrants began moving West in successive waves; however this novel is concerned with another significant event of that same year, the end of the Mexican-American War. America's victory garnered it vast new territories, including parts of Texas, Arizona, and California, and the action takes place in all of these newly procured lands. The Kid's death closes the story, in 1878, at Fort Griffin, Texas. By 1879 Fort Griffin was mostly abandoned, and the American Census Bureau reported that by 1880, the West held no more unsettled territory. The life of The Kid, and the narrative of this novel, follows the birth and death of a distinct era in American history.

WAR

The novel plays out during the mapping of these territories, the overlaying of the open wilderness with boundaries, the establishment of pathways for the movement of cattle, goods, capital, and people, the cataloging of all the plants and animals and peoples who live there for either their exploitation, relegation within certain boundaries, or wholesale eradication. When America came into this territory, it was still pregnant with untapped natural resources and ranged over by people and wild animals that lived according to the cyclical patterns of nature that went on unconcerned with the aims of civilization. America's mission was to fill the west with emigrants and stratify it with layers of gridwork, from property lines and excavation tunnels to railways, bridges, fencing, and telegram cables. In other words, what went on in those years was the building of civilization from the ground up, carving order out of chaos and then establishing the parameters to keep chaos gone for good. The Kid serves as a vector through which all of this passes, and although he acts, his actions have no major consequences for the circumstances in which he finds himself; rather he is caught up and carried along by the currents of History.

Before the West can be "settled," however, it must be pacified, and the majority of the book is concerned with this process. Early in the novel, The Kid takes up first with Captain White and his band of filibusters, and later the scalp-hunting Glanton Gang, with whom he wanders. They range over open territory in search of plunder, and when that proves out of their grasp, they continue to wander until their dissolution, and even after that The Kid continues wandering, going wherever he can be useful and doing whatever needs to be done. The Gang was made up of outlaws, drifters, and military veterans, and The Kid himself was a runaway. Just as the winds and rains blow wildly across the plains and the open dessert, or herds of animals roam freely, so too does the Glanton Gang range directionless around Northern Mexico. Like the plains Indians who cyclically follow the buffalo across the steppe, the Glanton Gang wanders in search of natives to scalp, and when they wear out their welcome in Mexico, they retreat north with no goal and no destination, stopping only at the most convenient place from which they can pilfer emigrants heading west in the gold rush.

Their inherent aimlessness is not insignificant, rather it may be the most important detail about them. These men go wherever their violent impulses take them, where they may be used to earn a living. Established men of trade or office from back east, a city in New England or Ohio, could never commit or withstand the extreme violence necessary for the lives of these men, nor the relentless exposure to the elements and overall deprivation of housing, food, and any other resource for civilized living. The settling of civilization, the confrontation with the Frontier, requires a certain type of man, a man who comes from outside the parameters of domesticity, whose survival is predicated not on the taming of his violent impulses, as it would be for an urban family man, but for the unfettered embellishment of these impulses. In civilization, these impulses would get a man jailed at best, executed at worst, but on the Frontier, repressing them would lead to an even swifter death.

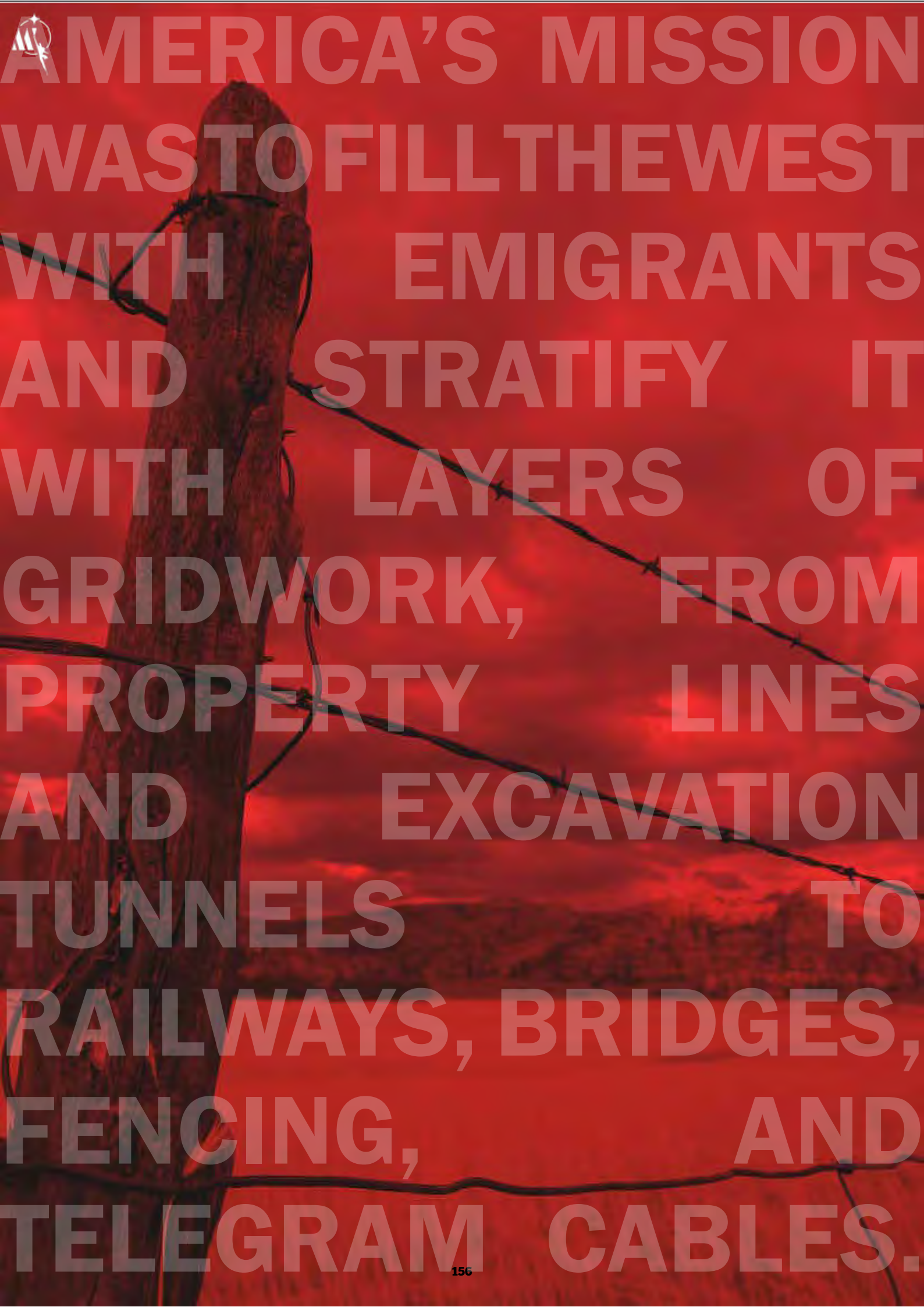
Although these men are required for the pacification of the Frontier, once that is done and the building begins, they become a hindrance. We see this in the novel over and over again. For example, in the beginning when The Kid meets Toadvine they burn down a hotel for no real reason, and soon after when The Kid is denied whiskey for lack of money, he breaks two bottles over the bartenders head and stabs his eye out. The only way they know how to get what they want is violence, and it is expressly for this quality that the Kid is invited first into Captain White's band and later the Glanton Gang. These qualities cause them to run afoul of the Mexican Government, when they massacre a peaceful settlement of natives and try to pass off the scalps as Apache warriors and, later, try to do the same with the scalps of Mexican citizens. Once they become wanted men they go into villages and their violent impulses are channeled into drinking, whoring, raping, murdering, and thievery; they are repeatedly forced out under a hail of gunfire. Several members are killed this way, others hanged in Sand Diego, and the Gang is eventually almost wiped out by a group of Indians.

Once the Gang is unemployed and on the run, they retreat north and take up residence at a ferry over the Colorado river near Fort Yuma, Arizona. This is one of many real-life events covered in the novel (several major characters are also based on real people). The Gang kills the people running the ferry and begins operating it for their own enrichment, charging exorbitant fees, robbing their customers of all their possessions, and excluding Natives from passage at all. Much of this took place in real life, but what's not mentioned in the novel is that this ferry was a major

SPECTRES OF SATURN

PATRICK KILGORE

TERROR HOUSE


AMERICA'S MISSION
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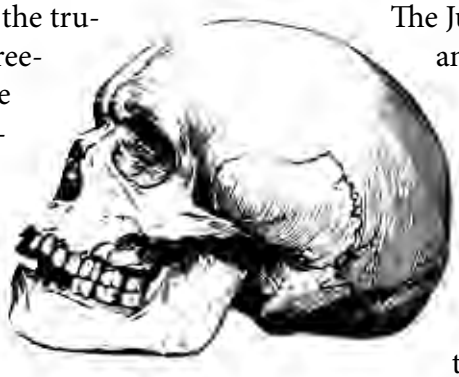
portal for emigrants going to California in the gold rush, in fact the primary passage to California from the south and south-west. Therefore, it served as a crucial vector for the civilization-building process America was embarking on, and the Glanton Gang were retarding that progress.

In real life, the Gang also sabotaged or outright murdered the operators of two other fords along the river, and this is what provokes the Yuma Indians to attack the ferry, club Glanton to death and murder several others. As a result of this debacle, the US military sends a contingent of troops to man the ferry and they allow safe passage of emigrants for the next thirty years. Here we see played out in stark detail how their violent nature brings them in direct confrontation with developing civilization, in fact it speeds up the progression of that development by bolstering the bulwarks against men such as themselves. As Nietzsche puts it in Twilight of the idols, these men are required to build liberal institutions; in fact war itself builds liberal institutions, and the type of man needed to make war is the truly free man. The institutions limit freedom, and they have no room for the man who does not subdue his natural, violent instincts. The men who make up the Glanton Gang, men like The kid, must themselves be forced out of civilization, once it's up and running.



JUDGEMENT

One of the liberties McCarthy takes with the Yuma Ferry massacre is to depict Judge Holden as fighting his way out by leveling a 12 pound howitzer cannon at the Indians and holding them at bay with it to make his escape. He wields the howitzer with his bare hands (the ball is twelve pounds, the cannon much heavier) as one of several feats that give him a larger than life, perhaps even inhuman character. Much speculation surrounds the Judge, even within the story itself, where one character remarks that he's never presided over any court cases, that no one knows exactly what he's a judge of. Holden himself waxes philosophical quite a lot about war and the warrior type, some amalgamation of Nietzsche and Heraclitus and maybe some of McCarthys own impressions. "It makes no difference what men think of war, war endures." But there's something more to the Judge, something that stirs great curiosity and confusion in the men, and that is his knowledge and study of nature, the way he knows how to make gunpower from bare materials at hand, the way he sketches plants and takes samples of dead things and saves them for study.

Wrapped up in this one character is the generative power of war, and that is what this novel is about. It is a pre-apocalyptic novel, in which nature is examined, captured, and exploited by men who must make war upon it and its inhabitants in order to make way for the civilization that is to come. But these men, as we've seen, have no place within that civilization, in fact they threaten its very existence. They must be removed, just as the Judge says. War's nobility becomes dishonored once the dance of civilization begins, and the warrior must be subtracted. Once the warrior is removed, the dance becomes a false dance and the dancers false dancers: they are no longer free men, as Nietzsche might call them, they are simply herd animals. And they need a Judge to determine who among them is a threat, and it is his duty to remove them. Once the West is closing, The Judge hunts down and finds The Kid and must murder him; these walking pockets of wilderness must be tamed. Note a dancing bear is also murdered at the same time.

Death stalks the Crusader in The Seventh Seal, who outlived his time of war and now tries to return to peaceful society; the Judge stalks The Kid as the closing of the west draws near. Judge Holden cannot allow a warrior to walk among the merchants and the politicians, the farmers and the women. Holden mocks and taunts The Kid in a paradoxical way, from an angle antithetical to the reason he must kill him. He tells the kid he wasn't cut out for war, that he suppressed his nature when he showed, or tried to show, mercy to several characters along the way, that he wasn't made of the right stuff for the life they had lived. Interestingly, the Judge must remove him from the dance for the exact opposite reason: The Kid represents an earlier, freer time, an era when a man was allowed – required – to cultivate his killer instinct and use his violent nature to conquer the wild and carve order out of chaos. As Nietzsche says, and Blood Meridian describes in bloody detail, liberal institutions have no place for this man with the wilderness within him.

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Winter is coming...

(*Ed. No, actually, it's already here.*)

Oh. Well, anyway.

Winter is of course a time for hearty fare, the sort of food that warms your body and your soul, and what could do those two things better than a classic beef stew?

Despite the eminently mis-spellable name, boeuf bourguignon is not a complicated dish to make. It merely requires a little time and attention to detail. As always, if you look after the little things, the big things will take care of themselves. Primarily, that means selecting the right cut of meat: a slow-cook cut. My favourite is shin, a bit of tough hard-working muscle that turns to oozing gelatinous chunks after a few hours at the right temperature. If you can't get shin, try chuck or shoulder cuts. Brisket, oxtail, cheeks or short rib will also work well. If you choose short rib, make sure to remove as much fat as possible and don't throw away the bones. Either add them to the stew to enhance the stock or save them for stock-making later. With oxtail, you can leave the meat on the bone or separate it, but again, don't throw away the bone!

My version of oxtail soup may be a little more involved than cracking open a tin, but trust me it's worth the extra work.

BOEUF BOURGUIGNON

SERVES 6, 3-4 HOURS TOTAL COOKING TIME

- 1 bottle of fruity red wine
- 1 onion, peeled and cut into 6 chunks
- 1 large carrot, cleaned and cut into 2cm chunks
- 2 garlic cloves, peeled and crushed with the back of a knife
- 1 bay leaf
- Small bunch of parsley, and a handful for garnish
- 2 sprigs of thyme
- 2 tbsp olive oil
- 35g butter
- 200g unsmoked bacon lardons or a thick piece of unsmoked bacon cut into small cubes
- 24 small onions, or 12 small shallots
- 18 baby carrots
- 200g button or chestnut mushrooms
- 2 tbsp flour
- 1.5kg beef (preferably shin)
- 250ml beef stock (homemade or good-quality bought)

Pour the wine into a pan with the onion chunks, large carrot, garlic and herbs and bring to the boil. Simmer for 30 minutes until the liquid has reduced by half. Pre-heat the oven to 150C.

Heat the oil and butter in a large casserole dish over a medium-high heat, and when the foam has died down, add the bacon. Fry until the bacon is golden, then remove with a slotted spoon and retain.

Add the bay leaf, carrots and mushrooms to the pan and sauté until lightly golden, then remove and retain them separate from the bacon. Add the small onions or shallots to the dish, turn down the heat slightly, and fry until just beginning to brown.

At the same time, put the flour on a plate, season, then roll the beef in it. Remove the onions with the other vegetables and turn the heat up slightly in the pan.

Fry the beef in batches until it has formed a deep crust. Don't overcrowd the pan or the meat will boil in its own juices. Add more oil to the pan if it's getting dry. Scoop out the meat and set aside in a bowl. Turn up the heat.

Strain in the reduced wine and discard the vegetables. Add the stock. Return the beef to the pan and bring to a simmer.

Cover and bake in the oven for two and a half hours, then tip in the small onions, mushrooms and carrots and bake for another half an hour.

Add the bacon and season to taste. Add the remaining parsley and serve with mashed or boiled potatoes, fine green beans, crusty French bread and red wine.

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Yes, I know this is n

BY SHANNON PALUS OCT 15

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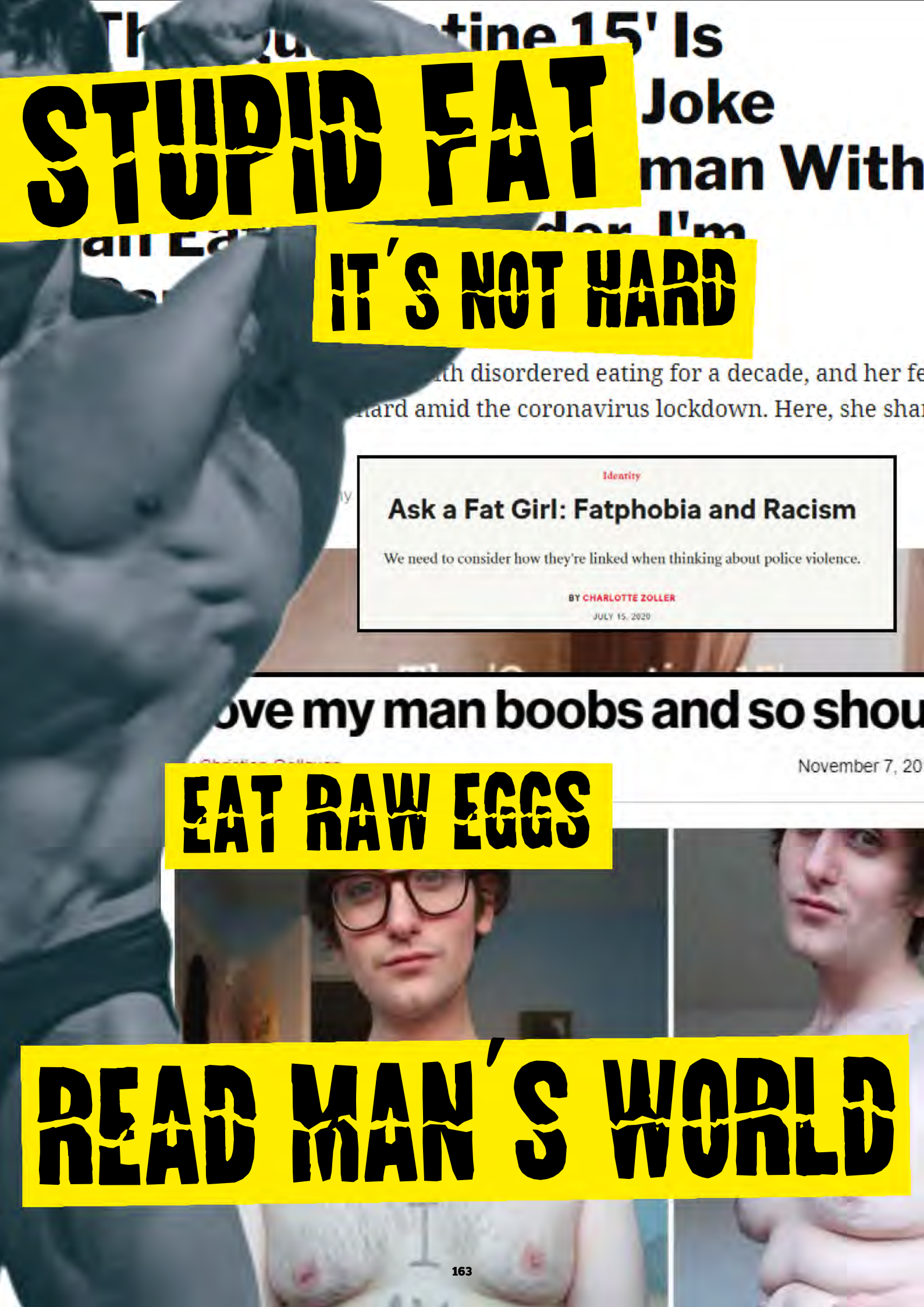
3 MIN READ

SUN YOUR GOOCH


STUPID FAT
IT'S NOT HARD
Identity
Ask a Fat Girl: Fatphobia and Racism
We need to consider how they're linked when thinking about police violence.
BY CHARLOTTE ZOLLER
JULY 15, 2020
November 7, 20
EAT RAW EGGS
READ MAN'S WORLD

Winter warmers Raw Egg Nationalist

The weather outside may be frightful, but you'll be warm inside with these delicious classic winter dishes

THE ULTIMATE RWBB COOKBOOK

Raw Egg Nationalism, from Antelope Hill, is the ultimate cookbook for the discerning masculine man of today. A stunning coffee-table book in its own right, *Raw Egg Nationalism* is also a political manifesto giving the reader everything he needs to take control of his body and assert his autonomy against the globalists and their anti-human agenda. Get your copy now!

antelopehillpublishing.com

OXTAIL SOUP

SERVES 6, 4 HOURS TOTAL COOKING TIME

- 1.5 kg oxtail
- Handful of thyme
- 2 bay leaves
- Bunch of fresh parsley, separated into stalks and leaves
- 1/2 tsp of black peppercorns, crushed
- 1/2 bottle of fruity red wine
- 35g butter
- 1 onion, roughly chopped
- 2 carrots, roughly chopped
- 2 sticks of celery, roughly chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, crushed and peeled
- 1 tbsp plain flour
- 2 litres beef stock

A day or even two in advance, put the oxtail in a bowl and season with a little salt. Tie the thyme sprigs, bay leaves and parsley stalks together and put in the bowl with the peppercorns. Pour over the wine, then cover and chill.

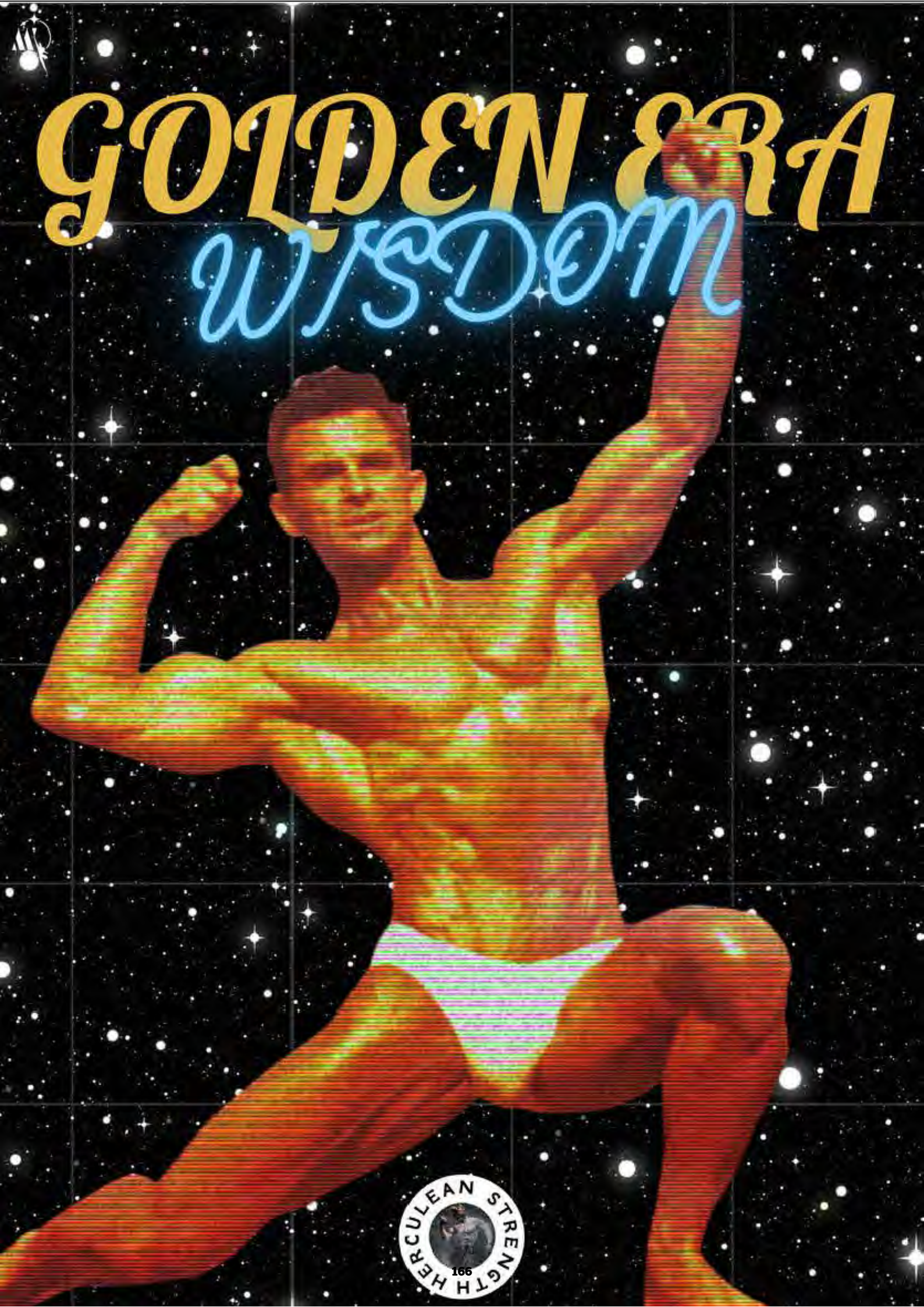
Heat the oven to 160C/140C fan/gas 4. Lift the oxtail out of the liquid, reserving the mixture. Heat half the butter in a large casserole pan and, in batches if need be, brown the oxtail. Don't have the temperature up too high, to prevent the butter from burning. Transfer the oxtail to a plate and set aside.

Add more butter and cook the carrots, onion, celery and garlic until just starting to brown. Stir in the flour and cook until you have a thick paste. Pour over the reserved liquid and simmer for 1 min.

Put the oxtail back in the pan and pour over the stock. Bring everything to a gentle boil. Scoop off any froth that appears, then cover and place in the oven for 3 hrs 30 mins. Remove from the oven once or twice to stir.

Remove the soup from the oven and leave to cool slightly. Remove the oxtail to a bowl and either shred or leave it whole, depending on your preference. You can either sieve the liquid to remove the vegetables, or leave them in. Cover the liquid and chill overnight.

Remove and discard any fat that has solidified on top of the soup. Tip the broth into a saucepan and simmer. Return the meat and warm through. Season to taste, then serve the soup in bowls and scatter over some chopped parsley leaves, to garnish.


GOLDEN ERA
WISDOM
HERCULEAN STRENGTH

IN THREE EXCLUSIVE LESSONS FROM THEIR NEW FREE EBOOK, HERCULEAN STRENGTH (@HERCULEANSTREN1) PROVIDE SOME GOLDEN ERA WISDOM TO INSPIRE YOU IN YOUR WORKOUTS.

LESSON ONE: VISUALIZATION

Having goals and being able actually to see yourself achieving them is one of the royal roads to success. Golden-Era greats like Arnold, as well as other world-class performers, know exactly what they want and hold on to this vision when times get tough - which they will.

This lesson comes from one of the true greats of the sport and of the Golden Era in particular: Arnold Schwarzenegger. The lesson concerns visualization as a means of achieving your goals.

Soviet weightlifters have been using mental techniques since the 1970s at least, and now they're a common part of the repertoire of elite athletes. These athletes will use the power of intense concentration and imagination to run through the routines, from start to finish – and that even includes the moment they step up onto the podium to collect the winner's trophy. Tiger Woods, for instance, has practised such techniques from his teens, and swears by them.

Here's Jack Niklaus, another world champion golfer: 'I never hit a shot, not even in practice, without having a very sharp in-focus picture of it in my head.'

And now scientific studies have begun to verify just how helpful these techniques can be, and why. Weightlifters' brains, for instance, have been shown to be activated in the same way when they think about lifting weights as when they actually lift them! One study even suggests that mental training can be almost as effective as actual training when looking to build muscle!!

Like Tiger Woods, at a young age Arnold Schwarzenegger discovered the power of visualization. This began when he first saw Reg Park, in his movie role as Hercules, in a magazine.

"If I had any feelings of being lost in my life, these feelings were suddenly gone. From that time, I had the direction. I realized that I had a special ability that could not be trained. The ability to see things very clearly." And instead of seeing Reg Park on the stage, Arnold began to see himself: "I've seen hundreds of bodybuilders around me, holding a trophy and hearing everyone chanting my name."

From then on, that vision guided Arnold. "It was so strong that I didn't even need the discipline – I was just attracted to go to the gym every day. I knew that every training is taking me one step closer to turning this beautiful vision into reality. My life took a single direction – Mr. Universe, training and shaping."

Arnold won the Mr Universe at just 20 years old. Of course, Arnold went much further after that, winning the Mr Universe four more times before winning the Mr Olympia, bodybuilding's contest of contests, seven times – as well as becoming a movie star, politician and global icon.

Your goals may be slightly more humble than Arnold's, but there's no doubt that having a vision of what you want to do and being able to see yourself doing it – being able to taste the success you want – will carry you a long way towards achieving it.

Seeing is believing.

LESSON TWO: BIG OR STRONG? WHY NOT BOTH?

The choice between being big or being strong is a false one. You absolutely can, and we would argue should, be both. The old-school bodybuilders of the Golden Era knew that serious strength was the best foundation for a killer physique.

Which do you want to be: big or strong? Do you choose big steaming muscles (for show), or strength (and settle for a big belly and hamburger face)?

Heaven knows, we've seen and heard variations of this dichotomy so many times. In fact, if we were given a dollar for every time somebody told us you have to choose between being muscular and aesthetic on the one hand, or being strong and looking like a sack of potatoes – we'd certainly have a lot more spare change in our pockets than we do at present.

While it is obviously true that the strongest men in the world don't have the most aesthetic physiques – the last Mr Olympia winner to take part in a World's Strongest Man competition, if memory serves, was Franco Columbo – it's absolutely not the case that you have to choose between one or the other.

You can be massively strong – certainly by comparison with the average man, or even the average trained man – and have a beautiful physique as well, and this is exemplified perfectly by the bodybuilders of the Golden Era.

Look at Reg Park, for instance. As well as being bodybuilding's first real crossover superstar, a man who would play Hercules on the silver screen and fill out the mythical hero's loincloth and lion costume admirably, he was also famous for his feats of strength. Most notably, he was the second man ever to bench press 500lbs, after the Canadian weightlifter Doug Hepburn, with whom Park actually trained briefly on a visit to North America.

Consider some of Reg's other PRs: a 600lb back squat, a 405lb front squat, a 200lb strict curl and a 258lb one-arm dumbbell press. Not bad, eh?

Or Chuck Sipes. For some time, like Reg Park this absolutely shredded Mr America winner was the second strongest bench presser in the world, having pressed 600lbs. Only the powerlifter Pat Casey, who was considerably larger than Sipes, was a better presser.

The examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely. What about Marvin Eder, who could do a weighted dip with an extra 400lbs attached to his body? I've already mentioned Franco Columbo's tilt in the World's Strongest Man, and people may not be aware that his best friend and training partner Arnold held a number of weightlifting records in Europe in the early days of his career.

How did they do this? The answer is simple: these greats knew that strength was the best foundation for an aesthetic physique. Rather than beginning with routines built around an ever-changing repertoire of exotic isolation exercises – what we might dub, in its worst form, the 'infinity WOD' method – they focused on getting good at the 'big' compound lifts (bench press, squat, deadlift, overhead press, clean and jerk); and by 'getting good' at them, I mean getting stronger. That means increasing the weight week-in, week-out.

Reg Park followed the 5x5 (five sets of five reps) method that had probably been taught to him by Doug Hepburn. Reg credited this for increasing his strength massively and also for adding a kind of size and density to his physique that he had not otherwise have been able to obtain when he was training just for aesthetics rather than strength.

And it's this 5x5 method, with some important modifications, that we've made the basis of our Golden Era 5x5 programme. This is a comprehensive 12-month programme in three phases that will help you gain serious strength while also adding balanced mass to your physique. The programme contains its own diet plan, with a wealth of Golden Era wisdom on nutrition and muscle gain.

If you're a beginner looking to build a powerful, muscular physique, we recommend the Golden Era 5x5. Because although strength and aesthetics absolutely can go hand in hand, we believe that the former is the best basis for the latter, and not the other way around.

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MYTHICAL
BUNDLE
HERCULEAN STRENGTH

Friends. Where would we be without them?

At MAN'S WORLD, we hold this truth to be self-evident: that friends make the world go round. A man without friends is like a ship without a rudder, a plane with only one wing, a car without a steering wheel.

A man without friends is going nowhere, fast.

But we aren't talking about the kind of "friends" you have 800 of on Facebook, no. We don't mean the kind of people who are just there for the good times, who share in the spoils of victory, drink the champagne then leave you high and dry when you need them most.

No, a real friend is a much rarer creature than that. A real friend is there through thick and thin, when the chips are down, when the shit hits the fan - or when it won't.

MAN'S WORLD: it's an outreached hand when you need it most.

LESSON THREE: TO EVERY THING THERE IS A SEASON

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens:
A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up...

These famous verses from the Bible extol something Vince Gironda knew plenty about: the importance of specificity.

Many people think that building muscle is just a case of eat chicken and rice + chug protein shakes + lift weights. In fact, I can think of fewer paths less likely to lead you to success than this bland formula.

I've seen so many people, on the internet and in real life, fail because they think that this formula is fool-proof, when in fact, only fools are the ones doing it.

In my home town, for instance, there's a guy who regularly posts his progress on his Instagram. To tell the truth, 'regularly' doesn't accurately convey the number of times he posts gym-related material each day. Oh look here's another food prep post and – what a surprise! – it's chicken and rice again this week! Oh a new piece of gear he doesn't need! What's this I see, another 40 set workout? Eight exercises for chest, including a final mega drop set? Of course!

And yet, after two or more years of this nonsense, which is totally unsuited to his purposes and the fact that he is clearly a non-enhanced lifter, he's still going, despite making no visible progress whatsoever. In every post, he still looks like he's stepping into the gym for the first time. No amount of branded gear, straps, lifting belts and other accessories can disguise the fact that he is neither appreciably bigger nor appreciably stronger than he was when he started. So take out your airpods and listen to me. Want to know your problem, bro?

Lack of specificity.

Vince Gironda knew that there was no single formula for success in the gym. Maybe, if pushed, he would have said that the right mindset is the one thing everybody needs, but even that doesn't guarantee success. The chap in my home town seems to be motivated: he practically lives at the gym. So what should he do?

We all need to know what we're doing and why we're doing it. Specificity: what is it you want to achieve? How are you going to achieve it? Do you even know? I'd wager many don't, not in the depth that's required.

Vince had bulk diets, cutting diets, mass gain workout programmes, definition workout programmes, cutting programmes, programmes to break through plateaus – a programme and diet to every purpose under the heavens.

Do you want to pack on mass fast? Well, you need the 36-eggs-a-day diet and a workout like the 6x6 (six sets of six reps). Looking to burn in some real definition? Try a programme of 8x8. Getting ready for that first competition? Get in the best shape of your life with the steak-and-eggs diet. Stuck at a plateau? Try the 10-8-6-15 workout and blast through it!

Vince knew, and so should you, that there's no point sticking with a programme that doesn't meet your purposes and needs. That's why he never advocated any of his diets or programmes to last forever. No, you shouldn't stay on the 36-eggs-a-day diet once you've gained the mass you need, and sticking to the steak-and-eggs diet for too long might see you lose too much weight. Do something else, you idiot, or get out of my gym! Vince did not suffer fools gladly.

So take a leaf out of Vince Gironda's book: pay attention to the specifics. Know what you want to achieve and how you're going to achieve it. That realisation will be the first step on the road to true success. It certainly was for Vince and for the many champions, film stars and celebrities he trained over nearly half a century in the business.

If you want to read seven more Golden Era lessons, download Golden Era Wisdom now, for free, from Herculean Strength's Gumroad page, listed in the box to the right.

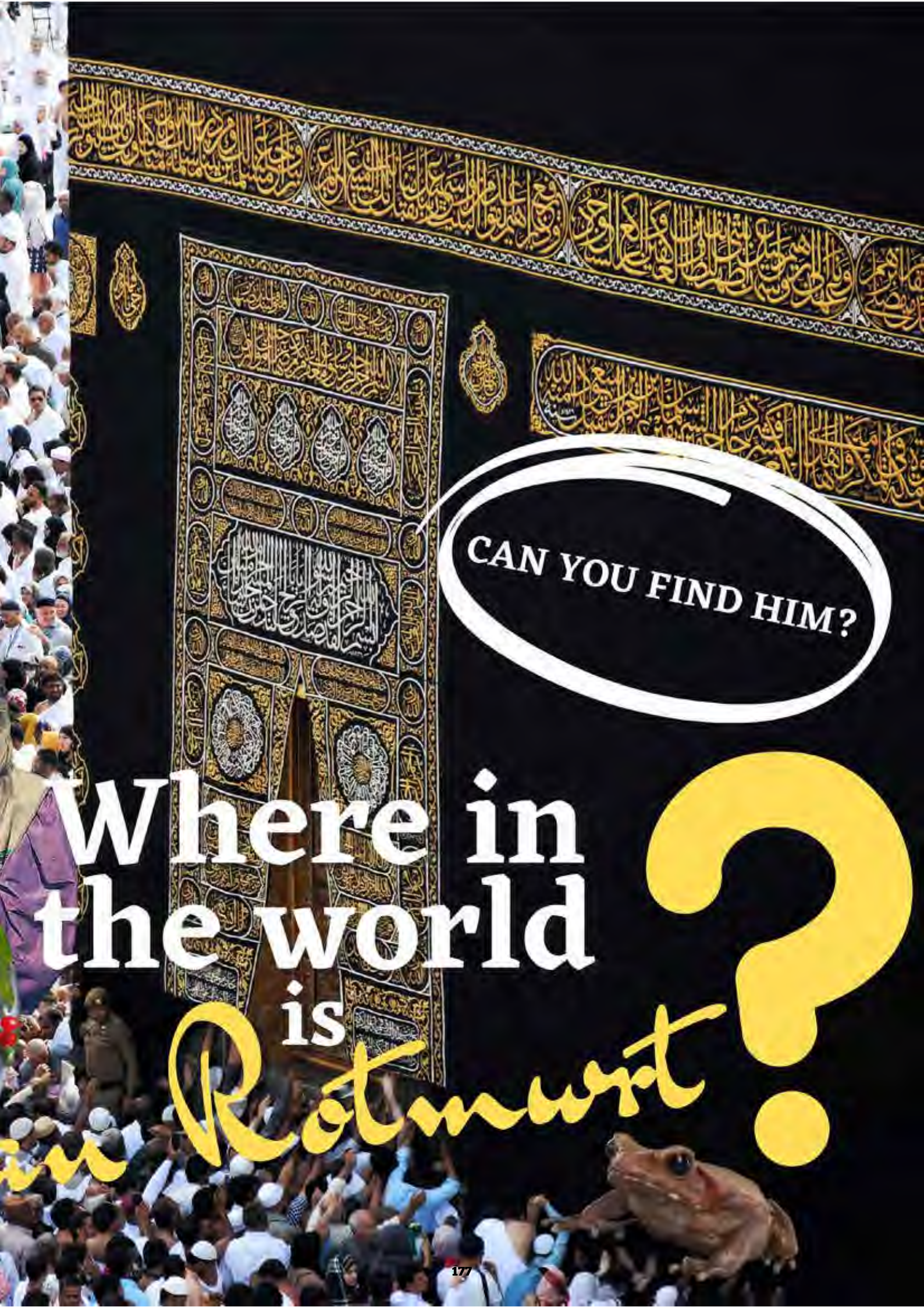
who_poo_app

Who Poo

Who Poo is a new wildlife app for hikers, dogwalkers, hunters and outdoorsmen. Designed for Americans who don't always fit in an urban cage, let's make it a Who Poo summer! Containing an interactive library, Who Poo explores wild animals and their scat near you. Who Poo uses your location to show animals that may be nearby. A filter feature in the library allows users to input scat dimensions and animal track features to find matching wildlife. The library includes photos from President Theodore Roosevelt's North American hunting journals. Who Poo users can also upload their own photos to complete the in-app encyclopedia. Who Poo is currently free and available for download from Google Play and Apple stores.

whopooapp.com

Kako


CAN YOU FIND HIM?
Where in the world is Rotmurt?

A NEW PATRIOTIC SCOUTS

RENEWING POSITIVE MALE CULTURE IN A HOSTILE WORLD

by WINSTON VANOWEN

Scouting was pioneered by Lord Baden Powell in response to a crisis of masculinity and the precarious position of the British Empire, which had been highlighted for him by his experience in the Boer Wars. While the organization was in many ways successful, its aims of renewing Western civilization were not. Today we find ourselves in another, more extreme, crisis of masculinity. So many men and boys have turned to the simulated achievement of video games, pornography, and social media, rejecting reality for the digital and refusing to take the risks that are necessary for any kind of genuine achievement.

Boy Scouts of America, in its untainted state, should be a bastion of positive male culture. To go into the wild is, as Roger Scruton said, to return to a natural condition from which civilized man has detached himself. In camping, man faces the timeless trials and struggles against the elements that his ancestors have faced since the beginning. Yet he is not in battle with nature. Instead, in the mountains, he is one with it; there is peace, liberty, and serenity. A sense of oneness and simple satisfaction. To experience himself as a part of nature is to '… rediscover that condition that we were in once, before separating ourselves from the natural order.'

Unfortunately, scouting is far from 'untainted'. In fact, there has been a long withering of the BSA's principles since its inception. Some of this decline is due to unavoidable trends. As wilderness is paved over for tract housing, it becomes harder to camp as the wilds are less intimate and immediate to the person. As an organization ages, there comes the growing bloat of rules, bureaucracy, and liabilities – dulling the experience with restrictions, becoming more adult-lead, making it preferable to organize outside of the organization. Worse still, in a stagnant and decadent culture, camping is commodified with bleeding-edge aerospace technologies and materials, making it more expensive and much less challenging. Gone are the days of fire-by-friction or even flint and steel. Yet, the decline of the BSA also comes as a result of things within its control.

Boy Scouts is not just dying, it is being killed. The onslaught of political subversion by focused lobbyist groups, funding boycotts, appointed leaders, and being subject to the long march through institutions – O'Sullivan's law (that all organizations that aren't actually right wing will over time become left wing) has unfortunately once again proven true. Standards have been destroyed, and political indoctrination is now par for the course. Merit badges went from a proof of proficiency in a skill that could be relied upon if needed, to being an ornamental check mark of completing a career sampler. Young boys' requirements to earn ranks now cover subjects such as diversity and inclusion (complete with the introduction of political commissars), drug use, cyberbullying, and rape.

This isn't anything new; it has been happening since the '70s. With the 8th edition of the Handbook, in 1972, the program was completely overhauled. The Handbook was dumbed down to a sixth-grade reading level to appeal to 'inner city youths' while talking about subjects such as drugs, race consciousness, and eliminating what is core to scouting. The outdoor requirements, the objective skill-based advancement system, and many skills were all removed. All the while the Handbook suppressed individual responsibility and initiative. Within the decade the organization lost over a third of its membership. The situation was so bad that William Hillcourt, a personal friend of founder Lord Baden-Powell came out of retirement to fix the situation.

BOY SCOUTS IS NOT JUST DYING, IT IS BEING KILLED.

Unlike then, today there is no old guard to come out of retirement and save the organization. In 2013, openly homosexual scouts were allowed in the organization, and, in 2015, homosexual adults were allowed as well. In response the Mormons pulled their support. With a declining membership and tightening financials, a plan was made to quickly double membership, and in 2019 it was enacted. Renamed 'Scouts BSA', the organization would admit girls as well as boys, despite there being a sister organization, Girls Scouts, and the co-ed group, Venture Scouts (which has a higher age bracket). Anybody with half a brain could have foreseen the problems that would follow, and now, just five years since the first ruling, 'in 2020, facing numerous lawsuits stemming from allegations of child sexual abuse by some Scout leaders, the BSA declared bankruptcy,' as the Britannica states. We stand at a historic moment; not only is Boy Scouts dying, but there are no true alternative organizations to take its place.

The National Pioneer League

Our plan is to produce a book that teaches core values and skills, as well as detailing how to plan and execute meetings and trips into the wild and, most importantly, how to establish your own local network. In short, we are making a book for individuals from which a grassroots organization can be derived. Which is to say, there will be no national hierarchy. There will be the online group that makes and sells the book as well as distributing PDFs for financially insecure individuals and —if success exceeds all expectations— also sells pins, patches, and uniforms. But there will be no regional, or council hierarchy, only local self-sufficient local groups.

The book's objectives are to give a common directive for outdoor adventure to members and groups; provide material, structure and guidelines for members to achieve that directive; and lastly ensure quality and standards of the groups and members of the groups, while instilling ideals of honor and fellowship.

There were many proto-scouting groups before BSA and each had a different way of organizing. Yet no method has had greater success in modern times than the patrol method. Put a large group of men together and after initial discord, 'gangs' would emerge based on various things like similarity of interest, locality, or like-mindedness. Give this gang a task and a leader would come to the fore. This happens without ceremony. The patrol method is a mere organizational recognition of these naturally occurring 'gangs' formed by instinct. Gangs consist of about 5 – 8 people, by no means a clique but not big enough to be unwieldy to lead.

The patrols are the core of the organization. They train separately. The smaller size of the patrol compared to the troop is logistically easier; it allows its membership to remain local, and thereby have more frequent meetings and outings. Larger troop meetings would be convened once or twice a month. The troop is an organization of several patrols at a local level, whose leadership cadre and senior members fill support positions to help run the troop and plan the itineraries and meetings. Meetings reoccur with regularity of time and place.

Each month would have a minimum of one outing. While the purpose of the organization is to go on outings, meetings serve as outlets to plan and prepare for these outings to which the Patrol structure

gives compliment to this goal. On a troop level, this preparation is in the practical application of skills and knowledge through hikes, outings, games and contests. Patrols would have classroom-style or infield instruction in preparation for the troop-level events, and on their own practice previously learned skills as a group. On an individual level, there is book-learning and practice of learned skills. While book-learning can teach concepts and aid in teaching skills, it has clear limitations, because it cannot teach or improve a new skill. Instead, whenever possible one must 'learn by doing' as done in troop and patrol meetings. When a Scout has already learned a skill, the book serves as a refresher and allows him to practice a skill alone by rote.

Keeping the organization exclusive in the right way, and detailing principles, skills and standards cannot be done in any conventional way with our book, since people can make their own troops with little to zero oversight from us, the writers. We would not only have no hands-on interference with these groups, but would have no knowledge about them unless they contacted us. Wearing the uniform of a scout and calling oneself a scout is not enough; you must live in accordance with the ideals of the scout

OPPOSITE: NORMAN ROCKWELL, "A SCOUT IS HELPFUL" (1941)

ing movement.

Putting a childish disclaimer – 'no girls allowed!' – in the text of the book would not dissuade anyone. So, our method of gatekeeping is twofold. First, we will extensively draw upon the kinds of history that were once taught by the scouts but have fallen so far out of favour. This will help to create a sense of context and identity, so that politically oppositional and antagonistic groups would not use the book as it is. Such groups would be unable to coopt the material and bowdlerize it, since the historical material is so integral to the philosophy and way that removing it would destroy the whole. We encourage our writers to talk about history and politics whenever practicable. This process is nothing new: stories, legends and myths are the oldest and among the most effective of all tools for instruction.

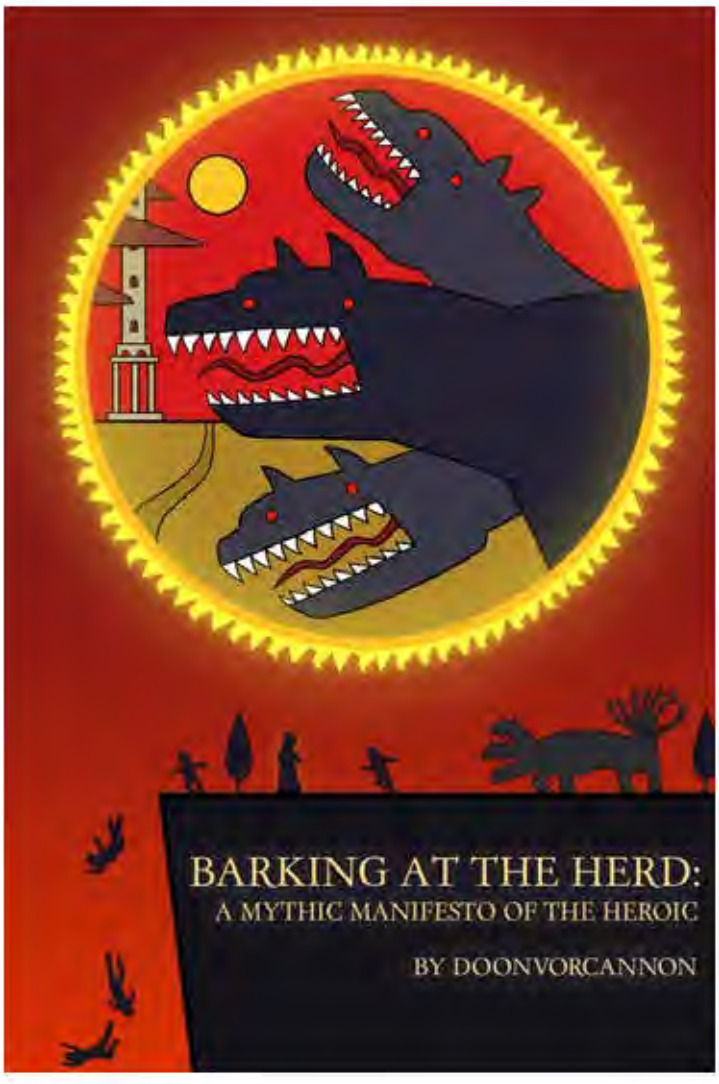
The second method of gatekeeping is to have a system of quantifiable merit-based requirements that must be performed under inspection of a local leader or peer who has mastered the skill in order to pass to the next rank. One can call himself part of the organization if he completes certain initiation rites, challenges, and demonstrations of skill. Completing the requirements would include having a witness when archiving them as proof of their completion. This system relies on the honor of both parties, both participant and witness. These challenges can be something like sleeping in the woods for a night with only the clothes on your back and your knife, to how many pull-ups you can do or demonstrating proficiency in tying a knot or starting a fire by friction. The ranks would indicate the skill and quality level of the individual and would be incorporated in the uniform to be worn on trips and meetups as a metaphorical 'badge of honor'. The requirements and rank system would also apply to local troops and patrols, like a streamer added to the pole or a star stitched on the flag to display the excellency or proficiencies of the unit.

Presently, our focus is on building a group of people who are interested in this concept and can create the material, standards, and standardized operations that will be the bedrock of this organization. The book is being written in sections by volunteers who are writing on their own specific competencies. The project is still in its infancy so YOU can have a great effect on shaping the book and the organizations.

We are looking for competent, motivated, like-minded people who share our vision and can contribute to the project as good writers and/or provide knowledge in something they are familiar with or a skill they are competency. This could be anything from outdoorsmanship, to fitness, to budgeting, to boxing, to networking, to European history, or other hobbies and skills.

The plan is to produce a handbook that teaches core values and skills, how to establish your own local unit, as well as details how to plan and execute, meetings and trips into the wild. It is from the book which a grassroots organization will be derived.

Contact information: We are on Telegram at t.me/NationalPioneerLeague where you can contact us individually by messaging @WinstonV or @kentster18.



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WE WILL NO LONGER ALLOW OUR ENEMIES TO CONTROL OUR NARRATIVE.
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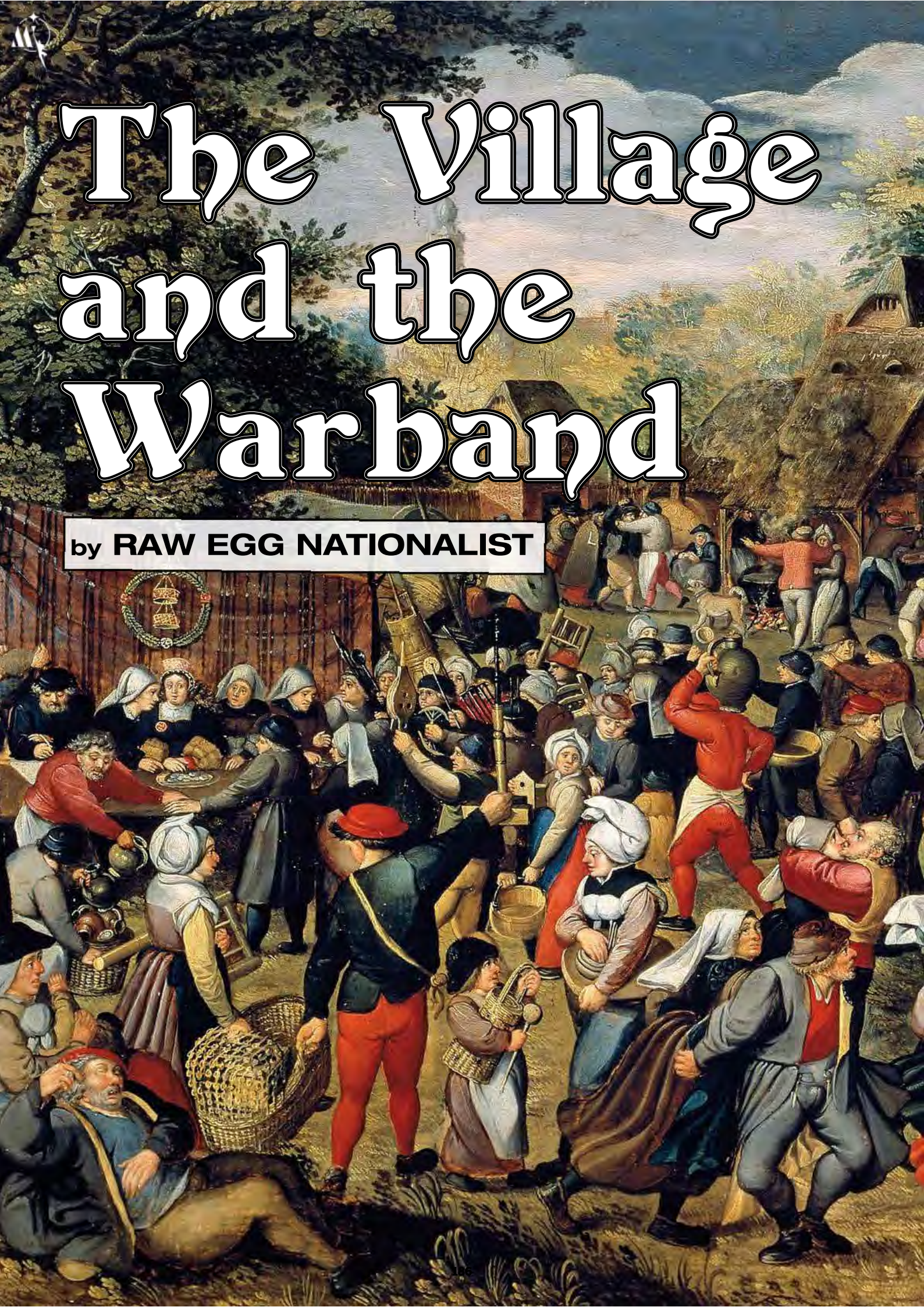
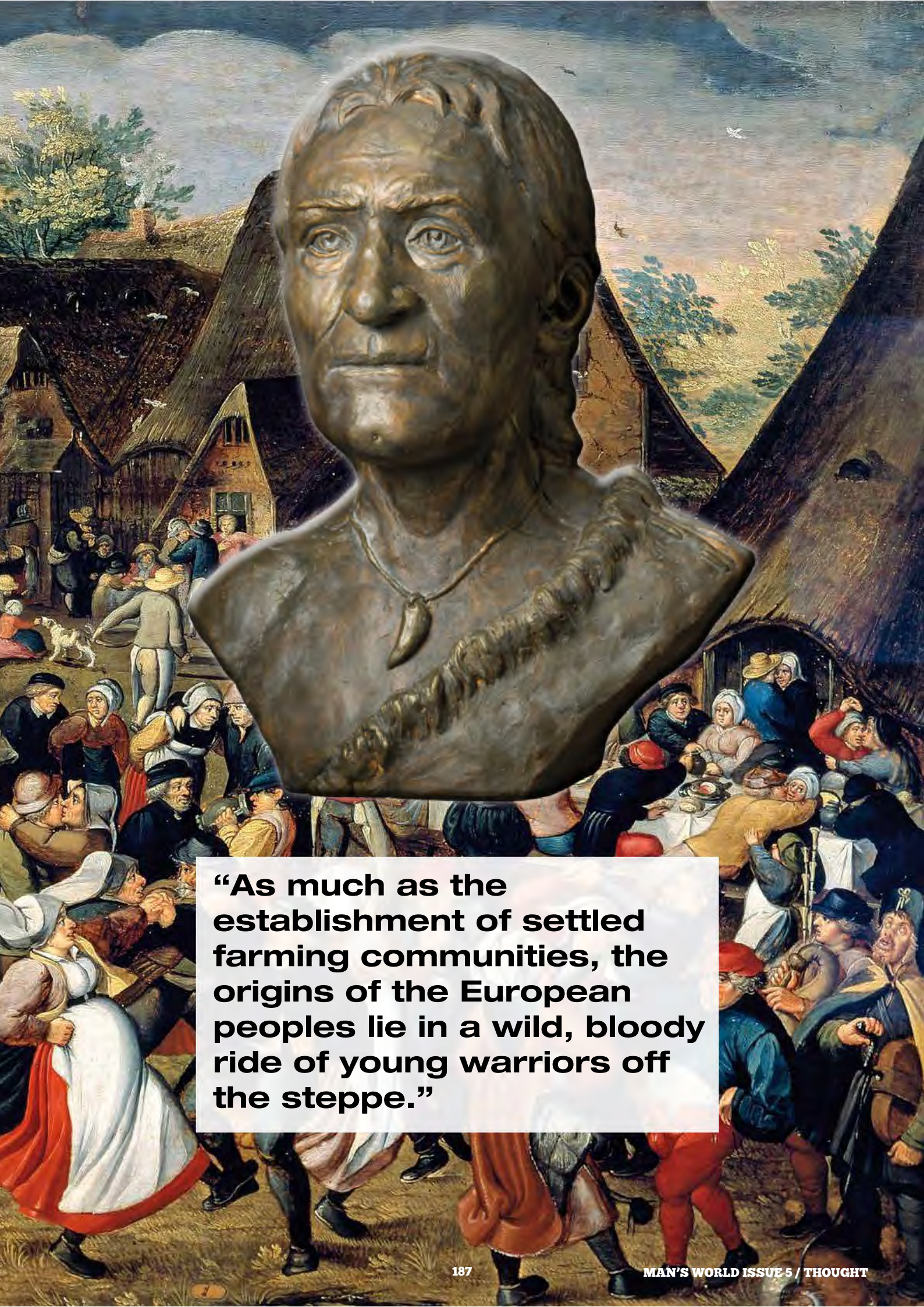
He tried soy once.
Now he's
GAY
SOY. IT'S NOT WORTH IT.

The Village and the Warband

by RAW EGG NATIONALIST





“As much as the establishment of settled farming communities, the origins of the European peoples lie in a wild, bloody ride of young warriors off the steppe.”

The countryside and the village have always loomed large in the minds and dreams of traditionalists. The country farm, even in Roman times, represented an idyll that stood in the starkest contrast to the growing cities, especially Rome, and the life of business that was carried on there. The very word for this urban business in Latin, negotium, means "the opposite of leisure" (otium) – quite literally, "the negation of otium". Otium et bellum – leisure and war – were the twin poles of the ancient aristocratic life, says Nietzsche, and it already seemed clear to some that living in a city was, by its very nature, a deviation from the true higher course of being. "Blessed is he," wrote the poet Horace, "who, far from the busy life [negotiis] tends his paternal herds like the earlier race of men, free from all borrowing and lending".

And so the countryside and the village have remained ever since: a timeless place where the real meaning of life could be apprehended and, hopefully, pursued. Even in their sneering condescension, the urbanite and metropolitan have done their bit to fashion this image of the country and village as a place apart, where all that is solid does not melt into thin air. On the right side of Twitter, the benefits of country and village life continue to be championed in the many return-to-tradition memes, something I've talked about at length elsewhere (The Asylum, Issue One), and in countless traditionalist Twitter accounts in the Wrath of Gnon mould.

An initial problem, if we choose to make the village our ideal traditional community, is that the modern-day village is not what it once was, certainly not in England anyway. And I should know, since I've spent a decent portion of my life in a number of very beautiful English villages none of which could qualify as a real, living place. Sure, the lovely medieval church may still be there and the picturesque thatched houses are mostly still intact, despite the intrusion of some modern homes and council housing; and sure, there are still people living in the houses, at least for a portion of the year. The truth is, though, that these places have no real animating force. Without an independent economic life of their own – no trades or small businesses – and because the price of properties has become so inflated, and the supply is limited, the young have no real place there and are inevitably pushed out. If young people do move to the village, they won't be the children of locals but affluent couples looking to escape the city rat-race and start a family in more congenial surroundings. The ancient customs, tied to the rhythms of the agricultural seasons, are almost entirely gone, as you'd expect; those that do survive are mere curiosities, like the people who maintain them. Some life remains in the local pub – if your village is lucky enough to have one, that is. So the modern English village is not, like the fictional Cheers, a place where everybody knows your name – but it is somewhere where the locals will at least recognise your car, especially if you drive down for the weekend in your brand new Tesla.

These aren't changes that have happened overnight. If you want to know more about the English case, I'd suggest reading Ronald Blyth's Akenfield, the story of a semi-fictional Suffolk village, beginning in the late 1800s and ending in the 1960s, when the book was written. No, you're going to have to go far back if you want a model of village life that isn't a hollow one, stripped of its true purpose and dependent on the wealth of the city for fresh infusions of money and vitality. Simply moving to villages en masse is not a viable strategy for a traditionalist revival today.

Besides the formidable practical difficulties that would be involved in making villages come to life again, in any form, in the present, there's the question of whether this would actually be a desirable thing in the first place. I'd wager many who call for a return to village life a) haven't actually spent that much time in villages and /or b) know little about what it was like to live in one historically, in what we might call "the golden age of the village". They might be surprised to know that many of the problems they rail against, thinking them to be symptoms of the modern condition, were in fact present way back when, and in just as vicious and unappealing forms as we find today.

As Bronze Age Pervert puts it, forcefully, in Bronze Age Mindset (p.106):

"The life of the village and of the primitive is one of utter subjection, total domestication and total brokenness. The 'matriarchy' that does exist, and that exerts enormous influence and power in the social and moral realm, is only the manifestation of this brokenness of the males. Communal solidarity absorbs and snuffs out any personal distinction or intelligence and this task is relatively easy where it concerns the majority of the parts of the village: the real problem becomes what to do with the young males."

Previous page: "The Village Festival", Pieter Brueghel the Younger (1564-1638), with reconstruction of a Yamnaya male

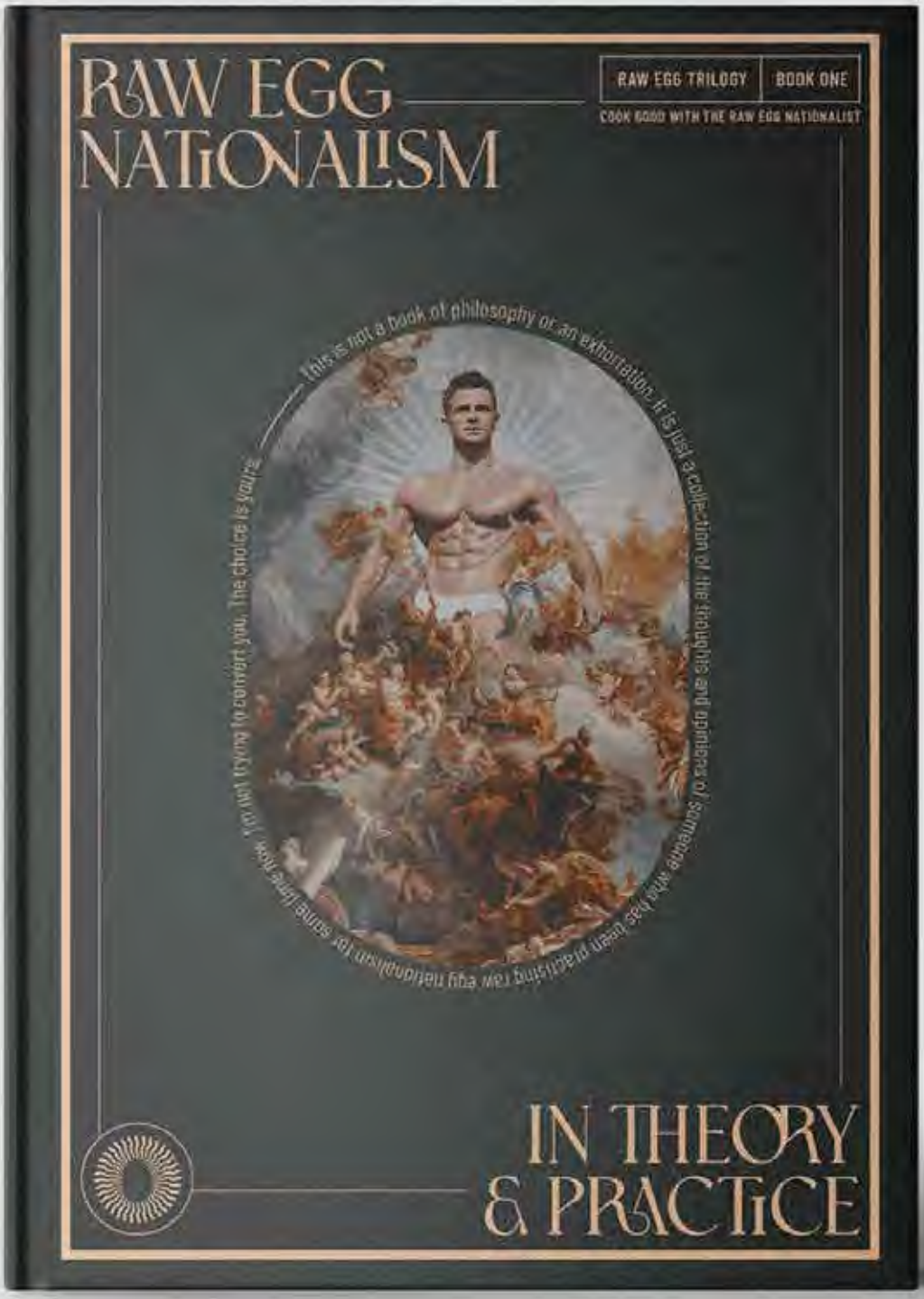
"Simply moving to villages en masse is not a viable strategy for a traditionalist revival today."

Which is to say, if you're a young man driven mad by the ever-narrowing confines of modernity's iron cage, you'd almost certainly be just as mad if you woke up tomorrow in a medieval village – Montaillou, in the French Pyrenees, perhaps. Pretty soon you'd discover that the Karen who was watching your every move in the office – waiting for something "inappropriate" to report to HR so she could leapfrog you to promotion – had been replaced by a seamstress called Beatrice who watched you at night through a hole in your roof, hoping you'd say something heretical to your family so she could go tell the local bishop and have your property confiscated. Out of the frying pan and into the fire – quite literally if you weren't careful… But don't just take my word for it; medieval Montaillou is the subject of a wonderful book of the same name by the French historian Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie, and it reveals in great detail what peasant life there was really like.

Situated on a plateau in the Pays d'Aillon, in the foothills of the Pyrenees, Montaillou was a village of between 200 and 250 inhabitants at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The village was principally a farming community (crops and animals), with a small contingent of artisans and a larger number of itinerant shepherds. We know so much about Montaillou because the village fell under the gaze of the Church's Inquisition and many of the inhabitants were interrogated – and at least one burned – by the local bishop on suspicion of being Cathar heretics. What emerges from the wealth of surviving testimony is, among other things, a sense of just how utterly stifling life was for the inhabitants of the village.

In Montaillou, village life revolved around the household, or domus, which encompassed both the house itself and the family (and animals) within it; the domus assumed a biological, economic, mystical and religious significance, at once. There is much talk on Twitter of the benefits of the "multi-generational household" – well, this what it actually looked like. The generations dwelling within the domus were considered also to include the dead, who were thought to guard its good future and therefore had to be regularly appeased by the living. On the day-to-day, the domus was the principal unit in the agricultural division of labour and the means by which resources were allocated, whether among its members or to the various powers, civil and ecclesiastical, that ruled over the local area. The chief long-term concern of the head of the household, who was usually male but sometimes female, was the proper descent of the domus and its humble resources. Marriage customs were such that marriages outside the domus, although inevitable, were considered a kind of tragic threat to its integrity. The local priest recognised this with a bitter irony when he said that it would be best, for the domus at least, for brother to marry sister, rather than receive a stranger for a wife or be given

The original books that started a movement...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BOOK ONE
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This is not a book of philosophy or an exhortation. It is just a collection of the thoughts and opinions of someone who has been practicing raw egg nationalism for some time now. I'm not trying to convert you. The choice is yours.
IN THEORY & PRACTICE

away to another man along with a dowry the household could precious afford. The needs of the domus, not the individual, always came first, and it's hard to doubt that such unions would actually have taken place had they been allowed.

Although a man might try to rule his domus with an iron rod, authority within the household was far from straightforward. Regardless of their formal power in medieval French society, the women wielded a variety of soft powers that proved no less crushing than a formal matriarchy would have. The majority of men in Montaillou appear to have been thoroughly hagridden by their wives and lovers (affairs were common). It's unsurprising, then, that so much of the official testimony to the bishop consists of men insulting the women around them, the sole exception being their own mothers. The wives and women are variously "old women", "old sows" and "old heretics". Male servants would often take their masters' side when they insulted their wives. "Bad mother, devil!" was one insult spouted by master and servant alike, and not the only time it was doubted whether these women were really women at all, or something far worse. "Women are demons," another servant stated, matter-of-factly. The swiving local priest, having married off his pregnant mistress in order to save his reputation, told the couple that "A man is nothing if he is not his wife's master" – pointing to the obvious fact that the majority of men were not.

This "total domestication", as Bronze Age Pervert puts it, was made yet worse through endemic conflict, and not just because the men were emasculated and the presence of multiple generations in a single home is almost always a recipe for bitter resentment and scheming. The testimony that the villagers gave before the bishop is unequivocal evidence that virtually nothing went unnoticed by someone – privacy, whether from one's own family or from the neighbours, simply did not exist. Owing to the ramshackle construction of the village houses, it was easy to hear or see what was going on inside at any time. Internally, the walls were so thin that it was all-but impossible to have a private conversation if others were in the house, as they invariably were, and outsiders could quite literally lift a corner of the roof up to peer inside; this was particularly effective at night, when the inhabitants would be huddled around the light and warm of the hearth, and the observer cloaked in darkness. Many houses didn't even have front doors, but ill-fitting planks or slats – another boon for nosy neighbours. It's fashionable to claim, after Foucault, that modern man lives in a panopticon, where his every move and every word is surveilled by unseen forces, but this was hardly less the case in Montaillou, and in the febrile atmosphere of heresy and the Inquisition, the spying and snooping that were part and parcel of village life took on a truly monstrous aspect.

Aloof from this domestic hell, masters of their fate alone, were the shepherds of the village. It was a common classical trope that the wandering shepherd enjoyed a kind of blessed freedom, unbothered by the cares and customs of the settled world, and nowhere was this more so than in Montaillou. Although the book's main character is the randy priest Pierre Clergue, it is another Pierre, Pierre Maury, a happy and magnanimous shepherd, who is the real hero of the story. Like the other shepherds of the region, Maury followed his flocks into the mountains during the season, leaving behind the village and its residents. Freed from the bonds of place, property and lineage, the shepherds came together in voluntary groupings of friendship as they roamed the mountain passes and pastures. This vagabond life also resulted in a different mental outlook, more philosophical, more prone to lofty thoughts and much less superstitious than that of the villagers. Up in their mountain strongholds, the shepherds were untouchable, and many, including Pierre Maury, took advantage of this fact to evade the strong arm of the Church when it reached for them.

"[Maury's] destiny was a destination. For him, sheep meant liberty. And he would not trade that liberty for the plate of gritty lentils often held out to him by friends, employers or parasites, offering to marry him, to help him settle down, to have him adopted into a rich family. But he saw his destiny as travelling over hill and dale, with friends everywhere and temporary sweethearts. Material wealth would have been literally a burden to him. Maury had few possessions, but he was not destitute."

In this description of Maury's life, there is a very striking echo of some things the Roman historian Tacitus wrote in the Germania, and they point the way to an alternative model of "trad" life in Europe, one that is barely less ancient than the village but potentially far more promising.

As he runs through the martial customs of the ancient Germans, Tacitus notes how the young men who would form the companions, or comitatus, of the great war chiefs could never settle down to peace, but would instead wander in search of other battles and other chiefs in whose service they could win further glory and distinction.

"Whenever their own people is numbed by long peace, the better part of the noble youths choose to seek out other peoples at war, since they find peace disagreeable and fame is more easily found among danger. A great retinue cannot be maintained but through violence and war. For the companions demand from the liberality of their chief the horse made for battle, the bloodied and winning spear. Feasts and gear – gaudy but copious – are their salary."

Like Pierre Maury and his fellow shepherds, these men voluntarily forsook the settled life and its regularities – place, property, work, comfort. They too would wander and find their own fate, rather than waiting for it to find them. "You could not so easily persuade them to till the soil and await the harvest," says Tacitus, "as to challenge the enemy and win their wounds." The creed they followed was simple: "Why earn with sweat what you can take with blood?"

Tacitus describes another similar custom, most prevalent among the Chatti, a particularly ferocious tribe. When a young man reached maturity, he would not shave his hair or beard until he had killed a man. Standing over the victim's corpse, his hair would be shaved and he would declare himself a man and a worthy son and member of his people. But some took this custom yet further, remaining permanently unshorn and also wearing an iron ring "like a fetter". These men were a marvel to behold, and lived a life devoted solely to battle. They would always make up the first line on the battlefield, Tacitus says. "They have no home, farm land or other cares. They feed themselves at the table of whomever they encounter, wasteful of what the host provides, contemptuous of what is their own – until pale old age makes them unequal to such harsh virtue."

"Why earn with sweat what you can take with blood?"

ANCIENT GERMANIC MOTTO

But the Germans were not the first to live this roaming life. In fact, if we want to look for its origins and impetus, we should look much further back in time, to the very birth of the European peoples. To simplify a little, the genetic character of Europeans was fixed through a series of migrations from two sources: first by Neolithic farmers from modern-day Turkey (c. 9,000 years ago) and then by steppe pastoralists (c. 5,000 years ago) from the Pontic-Caspian steppe. In light of a number of revolutionary genetic studies in the past six years, the Yamnaya, the principal steppe people in question, have been called "the most murderous people of all time" (New Scientist) and "the most violent group of people who ever lived" (Daily Mail) – with good reason. While the Neolithic farmers who made the earlier journey into Europe brought their families with them, the genetic studies have made it clear that the Yamnaya migration was basically one big mounted warband which either killed or enslaved the Neolithic men of Europe and took their women as wives. Academics like David Reich, who have been instrumental in advancing this theory, are now doing their best to walk back the full implications of the genetic data they have revealed but – horse, stable door, bolted. No amount of wishful academic thinking, motivated by the desire not to stir "dark" currents in Europeans' thinking about who they really are, can hide what has been revealed. As much as the establishment of settled farming communities, the origins of the European peoples lie in a wild, bloody ride of young warriors off the steppe.

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Why did the Yamnaya leave their homes? Perhaps, like among the Germans, it was already an established custom for the young to band together and wander in search of their fortune. But given the scale on which the migrations must have taken place – "massive steppe migration" is the phrase used by the scientists, including David Reich – this seems unlikely. Much more likely is that population pressures on the steppe, and perhaps even political crisis, forced a large number of young, unaccompanied men to move on and create their own opportunities. It's worth noting that, as dynamic as the pastoralist lifestyle may be, these societies are just as prone to conflict and sclerosis as settled ones.

To wander in pursuit of blood or glory remained an alternative way of life right through the Middle Ages and into the modern era, not just in weakened form as we've seen with the shepherds of the Pyrenees, but also in full-blown, full-blooded, form as well. Says Bronze Age Pervert: "This was also the attitude of the medieval knight, the chevalier, the Rittern, the riders who considered the life of the serf, of the community, to be mean and dirty, worthy of slaves and low-castes and women: they were always ready to ride away to new things and new adventures of glory and danger." This attitude would carry the earliest European colonisers overseas as well, even in the absence of any European tradition of sailing at that time.

The early days of the colonial enterprise, such as when the Spaniards expanded from their island colonies in the Caribbean into Mexico and beyond, were a time of perhaps unparalleled individual initiative and glory, when small groups of determined men could achieve seemingly impossible feats. Take Cortés, for instance. When he arrived on Hispaniola as a minor gentleman from one of the poorer regions of Spain, he arrived too late: the major land grants, with their allotments of native slaves (encomiendas), had already been parcelled out. Realising he would find no fortune on the island, he and other men who shared his predicament looked elsewhere, taking part in a number of locally raised expeditions before the famous conquest of Mexico in 1520-21, which was achieved without the proper approval of the Crown or its agents in the New World. People remember that when Cortés arrived on the Yucatan he burnt his ships, to prevent the expedition from turning back and thus focus minds on victory, but they tend to forget that he was pursued as keenly by his rivals on Hispaniola as the Aztecs, and had to head off a number of parties sent to arrest and return him to the island to answer for his arrogance. When the conquest was over, the first thing Cortés did was return to Spain to plead his case – retrospectively – before the Crown. This is just one of a thousand similar stories that could be told, whether of the Spanish, Portuguese, English, French or Dutch in the great Age of Exploration and Conquest.

I've done my best to show you that the village is not what many traditionalists think it is or indeed ever was. Although Montaillou might not have been completely typical, it expressed many of the worst possibilities latent in the form – for domesticity to become total, for individual privacy and initiative to be swallowed up whole, and for proper authority to degenerate into a joyless, saggy-breasted matriarchy. There's no reason to believe that a revival of small communities today – assuming that such a thing is even possible, especially at scale – would not actually make many of the problems all of us hate, so very much worse. A new localism could easily become an intimate tyranny far beyond our worst possible nightmares, bolstered by advances in modern technology, and perhaps drawing its justification from Christianity in its wretched present state. Christianity today, which is no different from the language of "social justice", has fallen far since the Middle Ages, and seems incapable of doing anything other crushing and twisting life.

Whatever the reason why the Yamnaya left the steppe, there can be no doubt that the decision was a world-historical event. Nor would it be too much of a stretch to say that it helped establish a tension that has remained at the heart of European civilisation ever since: the life of the village or the life of the warband. A settled life has never been the only option for Europe's children, and it need not be so now. Rather than building villages, perhaps we should be building warbands instead, waiting for a time soon when they can burst forth and make their own destiny – just like they've been doing for the past five thousand years. ■

No man steps into the same river twice, said the philosopher Heraclitus.

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BUSTER

THE GREATEST AMERICAN ARTIST OF THE MOVIES

WORDS: THE FAT NUTRITIONIST

"Buster Keaton is illiterate in the same way Homer was. It's the illiteracy of a warrior, a seer, a poet-bard, or a god who doesn't need to read what other people wrote, because he's a god. He's already wise."

Maybe the best book on movies from the past decade is My Lunches With Orson, by Henry Jaglom. Jaglom isn't important and there's a good reason you've never heard of him before. He's one of these old men who walks around big cities wearing an opera cape and a stupid-looking hat and sits around at outdoor restaurant tables telling rambling stories in a loud voice about all the famous dead people he used to know to cover up for the fact that he's a failure. You see these people everywhere desperately trying to prove they used to be somebody and you can never tell just how much they're bullshitting with their anecdotes. But Henry Jaglom accidentally has one major achievement in his life, because once a week in the 1980s he used to have lunch with Orson Welles and record the conversation on a tape recorder. In 2013 he finally published transcripts of all the lunches.

You should buy My Lunches With Orson because the more you read it the more you realise that Orson Welles was not just one of the greatest movie directors of all time, he was also right about pretty

much everything ever.

The funniest parts of My Lunches With Orson are where Welles trashes Woody Allen for being an ugly yet narcissistic simp who wants people to love him even though there's nothing to love. He also exposes just how many legendary Hollywood actresses were basically whores, for example, Paulette Goddard:

JAGLOM: So you knew her when she was going down on people at Ciro's, or was it Anatol Litvak going down on her under the table? Or something like that.

WELLES: She's a wonderful girl, but she's a living cash register, you know.

Orson Welles knew all these people and at the end of his life he didn't give a shit about what he said anymore. The book isn't funny because he's a crank, it's funny because he speaks so much truth you laugh out of pure shock because what he says is obvious but nobody's said that before.

Orson Welles on comedy is funnier than most comedians. Read chapter 13 of My Lunches With Orson where he trashes Charlie Chaplin. First he smacks down Henry Jaglom's sentimental Chaplin worship:

WELLES: You've got to separate jokes from beauty and all that. Chaplin had too much beauty. He drenched his pictures with it. That's why Buster Keaton is finally giving him the bath, and will, historically, forever. Oh yes, he's so much greater.

JAGLOM: Because he was not as schmaltzy.

WELLES: Because he was better––more versatile, more, finally, original. Some of the things Keaton thought up to do are incredible.

JAGLOM: I feel like a little child told there's no Santa Claus.

WELLES: But think what gags are. They're essential in a slapstick comedy. A picture has to be full of them. Chaplin had a guy who wrote better gags than he did, you see?

Welles goes on to show just how self-obsessed Chaplin was, and what a cheap bastard he was too. Thin-skinned, needy, insecure, jealous, dishonest, self-pit-

ying . . . . He doesn't seem like a great man. Of course, he was just a comedian, not a general or a statesman or anything like that, and when was the last time you met an actor who wasn't a psychological basket case? But what really makes Chaplin seem like a shitty human being is the way he was completely unwilling to give credit where credit's due.

Obviously Welles was bitter because Chaplin ripped off one of his screenplays, but Welles isn't the only Hollywood moviemaker who got fucked over by Chaplin. In 1952, when Chaplin was an old man, he made a cringe-makingly sentimental autobiographical movie called Limelight about an elderly drunk who used to be a big star in vaudeville and is now a broke, long-winded boring old man who is somehow attractive to a pretty eighteen-year-old girl who wants to be a dancer and wants to marry him––a broke sixty-two-year-old drunk. Either there's hope for all of us or this is the dumbest shit ever written. You should watch Limelight just to see how petty, vain, out of touch and self-obsessed Chaplin was. After twenty minutes you even start to wonder whether Chaplin was straight because the sheer vanity has to be seen to be believed. Also, the 'comedy' sequences are just fucking horrific.

Maybe the worst part of Limelight comes at the end, when the drunk has a comeback performance and then dies after taking a fall onstage. It's the sort of nauseating "crying clown" shit that you always thought was just an urban legend. Probably the sec-

Clockwise from left: Orson Welles, Keaton in Cops (1922), Henry Jaglom

ond-worst "crying clown" movie after Jerry Lewis's The Day The Clown Cried, about a clown who entertains children on their way to the gas chamber at Auschwitz and is apparently so bad that Jerry Lewis decided it could never be released in his lifetime. That's stiff competition for being completely fucking shit. It's a serious achievement to come second place in this contest, when you think about it. You have to be authentically talented to be able to fuck things up this badly.

In some ways the drunk clown's death scene is the funniest part of the whole movie, not only because the "funny" parts are so cringe, but also because you're expected to cry yet want to throw up instead. But just before that there's finally a good scene in Limelight, because for the drunk's comeback performance his comedy partner is played by Buster Keaton, the other great slapstick comedy star in 1920s Hollywood. Apparently the scene could have been better though:

WELLES: Chaplin showed me the rushes of the original Limelight scene with Keaton, before it was cut.

JAGLOM: Keaton had more to do, I presume.

WELLES: Not only more to do, but he gave the bath to Chaplin! Washed him right off the screen. You saw who was the best. Just no argument.

JAGLOM: And you think the reason Chaplin cut it was 'cause he was jealous of Keaton?

WELLES: There's no "thinking". I can't blame him, because it was almost embarrassing.

"Because he was better– more versatile, more, finally, original. Some of the things Keaton thought up to do are incredible."

Orson Welles chose Buster Keaton over chaplin

JAGLOM: You would think that the brilliance of Chaplin would give him the generosity of spirit to recognise––

WELLES: I don't think brilliance is the word, genius is.

JAGLOM: His creative brilliance, I mean. I have never understood the word genius.

WELLES: Well, you can't––any more than you'd understand soul, love. They're all the big words that no one understands.

JAGLOM: I mean, he was some kind of genius, right?

WELLES: No, not some kind of genius––he was ab-

solutely a genius. But so was Keaton. There's nothing Chaplin ever made that's as good as The General. I think The General is almost the greatest movie ever made. The most poetic movie I've ever seen. To my great sorrow, I've got to the age now where all my old minority opinions are ceasing to be minority. I spent all my life saying, "You're all crazy––it's Keaton!" And now I've got nothing to argue about! Now Keaton is coming in. I used to say, "What are they doing all that Wagner for? Why don't they do Don Giovanni?" Now everybody's doing it.

JAGLOM: I don't know why Keaton to me is more farcical, broader, not as real as Chaplin.

WELLES: But Chaplin isn't real. He's––

JAGLOM: Oh, how can you say Chaplin isn't real?

WELLES: Chaplin is sheer poetry, if you want, but it's not real.

After that Welles analyses Chaplin even further. You can see that he gives credit where it's due. You'd have to be an idiot to deny that Chaplin's a genius. You can see it in his very first movies where he's the only thing worth watching on the screen. Also, all thirty comedies that he wrote and directed between the beginning of 1915 and the end of 1918, when you take them together, probably add up to the single most innovative series of short films in the history of movies. Chaplin didn't invent the slapstick comedy but he might as well have. Some of his longer movies like The Gold Rush and City Lights and Modern Times are masterpieces by anybody's standards, and you can admit that even if you don't think he's funny.

There's no need to take anything away from Charlie Chaplin. It's just that Buster Keaton is better. A better director, a better writer, a better performer, a better stuntman, a better visual storyteller, a better storyteller all around, and a funnier comedian. But Buster Keaton had a masculine genius, and the passive-aggressive skinnyfats who have done most of the major writing for the past hundred years can't deal with a masculine genius.

Buster Keaton was born in Piqua, Kansas as Joseph Francis Keaton VI on October 4th 1895. That was the year of the first real movie projection to an audience, in Paris, at the Grand Café on the Boulevard des Capucines. Buster Keaton was literally as old as the movies.

His parents were old stock Americans. His father Joe Keaton came from a long line of Quakers that emigrated to America from Lancashire in the early 1700s. Joe himself was a drifter from Indiana who joined a travelling medicine show. If you don't know what a medicine show was, it was pretty much the only entertainment there was for a lot of the pioneers in the Old West (unless you count sermons, fighting, getting shit-faced and/or reading the Bible as forms of entertainment). Medicine shows included magic acts, flea circuses, freakshows, music, comedy––anything to attract an audience of people with literally nothing to do and convince them to buy cheap medicine that was basically 160-proof booze, sometimes with cocaine and/or opium for an extra kick.

There wasn't a lot of money in medicine shows. Buster's parents became friends with a rabbi's son named Eric Weisz. Weisz was a bodybuilder who was trying to make his name as a magician. He became internationally famous under the name Harry Houdini. Houdini was one of the greatest stuntmen and escape artists in history. He said he could take a punch from any man. In 1922 a couple of frat boys decided to test him on this and one of them punched him in the stomach, before he had time to prepare himself. He died a few days later.

Houdini was important in Buster Keaton's life because he convinced Joe Keaton to start a vaudeville act with his wife Myra. Joe and Myra figured if Houdini could become famous so could they. The problem was that Joe Keaton wasn't that talented. He was OK, but he and his wife were never going to draw crowds on their own. Sure, they could sell cocaine-laced alcohol to yokels in the Midwest and say it was medicine (sometimes it feels like half the American economy is a variation on that sort of scam and always has been) except it doesn't take a lot of talent to convince people who live in the middle of butt-fuck-nowhere and have literally nothing to do except go to work and them come home to drink a semi-poisonous intoxicant that will make them feel giddy and help them forget just how empty and miserable their lives are. Joe and Myra needed a gimmick to make it in vaudeville so that people would actually pay money to come and see them on stage.

Buster Keaton got his name because when he was eighteen months old he took a "buster" down a full flight of stairs. A "buster" was the slang term in those days for a serious fall, the kind where you break a couple of bones. But Joe and Myra saw that their

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They don’t want you to bond with anybody, and that includes your lovers. That’s why they push the pill on women, which actually shuts down the release of the ‘love hormone’ oxytocin, and that’s why they want you to wear a piece of dead rubber over your penis. A condom is a barrier to the closest form of physical intimacy you can achieve with another person and prevents the true union of flesh.

Plus condoms are covered in horrible chemicals like parabens (known carcinogens) and endocrine disruptors, which mess with your hormones. Using condoms can actually contribute to making you permanently infertile. How crazy is that?”

I know when the Raw Egg Nationalist says something is crazy, it really must be. That’s why I’ve decided never to wear a condom again.

They say Genghis Khan has 16 million male descendants. Maybe one day they’ll say the same about me.

MAN’S WORLD: GO RAW OR GO HOME.

child wasn't only unhurt by his fall, he barely even noticed. He calmly got up and walked away. From that day onwards they called him Buster, and the name stuck for the rest of his life.

On October 27th 1900, Buster Keaton made his first appearance on stage, in Wilmington, Delaware. The whole act involved a frustrated father disciplining his son. Buster was billed as "The Little Boy Who Can't Be Damaged", and luckily for Joe and Myra, audiences were willing to pay a lot of money to watch little Buster get thrown around the stage without ever reacting or losing his cool. The deadpan, poker-faced Stoicism in the face of violence and chaos began as a gag and ended up becoming the centre of Buster's entire philosophy.

On March 11th 1901, Buster made his New York debut. He was already a star, and he was making his parents a lot of money. He never had any education, and if you've ever seen his autograph, he has suspiciously neat handwriting. He could barely read, and his signature was pretty much all he could write. But that's part of the secret of Buster Keaton. He's like a figure from the distant ancient past when men had to observe the world and memorise knowledge without using writing. Buster Keaton is illiterate in the same way Homer was. It's the illiteracy of a warrior, a seer, a poet-bard, or a god who doesn't need to read what other people wrote, because he's a god. He's already wise.

The summer of 1915 (the summer before his twentieth birthday) was important for Buster. He caught his first clap, allegedly from a hooker in Muskegon, Michigan. Also, he saw D. W. Griffith's epic movie The Birth of A Nation. He watched it three times and fell in love with the cinema forever. He'd seen movies before and thought Chaplin was funny, but until The Birth of A Nation he didn't see motion pictures as something he'd want to do. Also, he was tired of getting thrown around a stage by his alcoholic father. In 1917 he decided to leave vaudeville.

One of Buster's friends knew Fatty Arbuckle. If you've heard of Fatty Arbuckle, it's because you know that he was a silent-film comedian who was accused of raping and killing an actress. He was innocent, and couldn't possibly have committed the crime, but the media didn't care, and wrecked his career. That was in 1921 (he was acquitted in 1922 after two mistrials and a useless exoneration that didn't save him from being banned from Hollywood). He died in the middle of a comeback attempt in 1933.

Fatty was 5'10" and weighed 275 pounds, and was the second-highest-paid comedian in movies after Charlie Chaplin. He was easy to like, but you can see why he's forgotten today. If you're six years old, you're already too old for Fatty Arbuckle comedies. But he was personally a nice guy, and easy to get along with. He was also irresponsible and in over his head. Paramount wanted to offer him a three-year contract for three million dollars because he was so popular. Problem was, he kept falling behind schedule because he partied too much and had no work ethic.

One day in February 1917, Buster had nothing better to do and decided to visit Fatty's studio to find out how you make a movie. He and Fatty fell into conversation and hit it off so well that he ended up joining in the scene, and impressed Fatty so much that by the end of the day he was offered a job. He said he'd think about it as long as he was allowed to take a camera home with him. Then he sat up all night taking it apart and putting it back together.

That first movie is called The Butcher Boy. Buster's main scene lasts less than four minutes total and was improvised in a few hours.

He plays an annoying customer in a general store. He walks up to the counter with a bucket, sees he only has twenty-five cents to spend, and asks Fatty to fill up the bucket with molasses. Then he takes off his hat and leaves it on the counter and gets engrossed in a game of checkers that some old men are playing inside the store. While he's interfering with the game, Fatty finishes filling up the bucket. Buster picks it up and tries to leave, but Fatty reminds him he has to pay. It turns out that the quarter's in the bucket, so Fatty has to fish it out. To do so he has to pour out some of the molasses into Buster's hat, which is still lying on the counter. He finds the quarter, pours the molasses back into the bucket and calls Buster over.

Buster thanks him, picks up his bucket and puts his hat on his head. Fatty tips his hat. Buster tries to tip his and finds out it's stuck to his head. Fatty tries to help him pull it off and knocks the bucket of molasses onto the floor. When they yank the hat off his head, the soles of Buster's shoes are stuck to the floor. After a struggle, Fatty gets a kettle of boiling water from a stove and pours it over one of the shoes to get it unstuck from the floor. When it's loose enough, he plants one of his feet on Buster's chest, kicks him backwards and sends him flying out the door. Later he goes back to get his hat, walks into the middle of a fight, takes a sack of flour to the face and goes flying. He tries to take revenge on an employee who laughs in his face by picking up a broom and swinging at him, but the employee ducks out of the way and Buster roundhouse-kicks himself. That's the end of him, essentially.

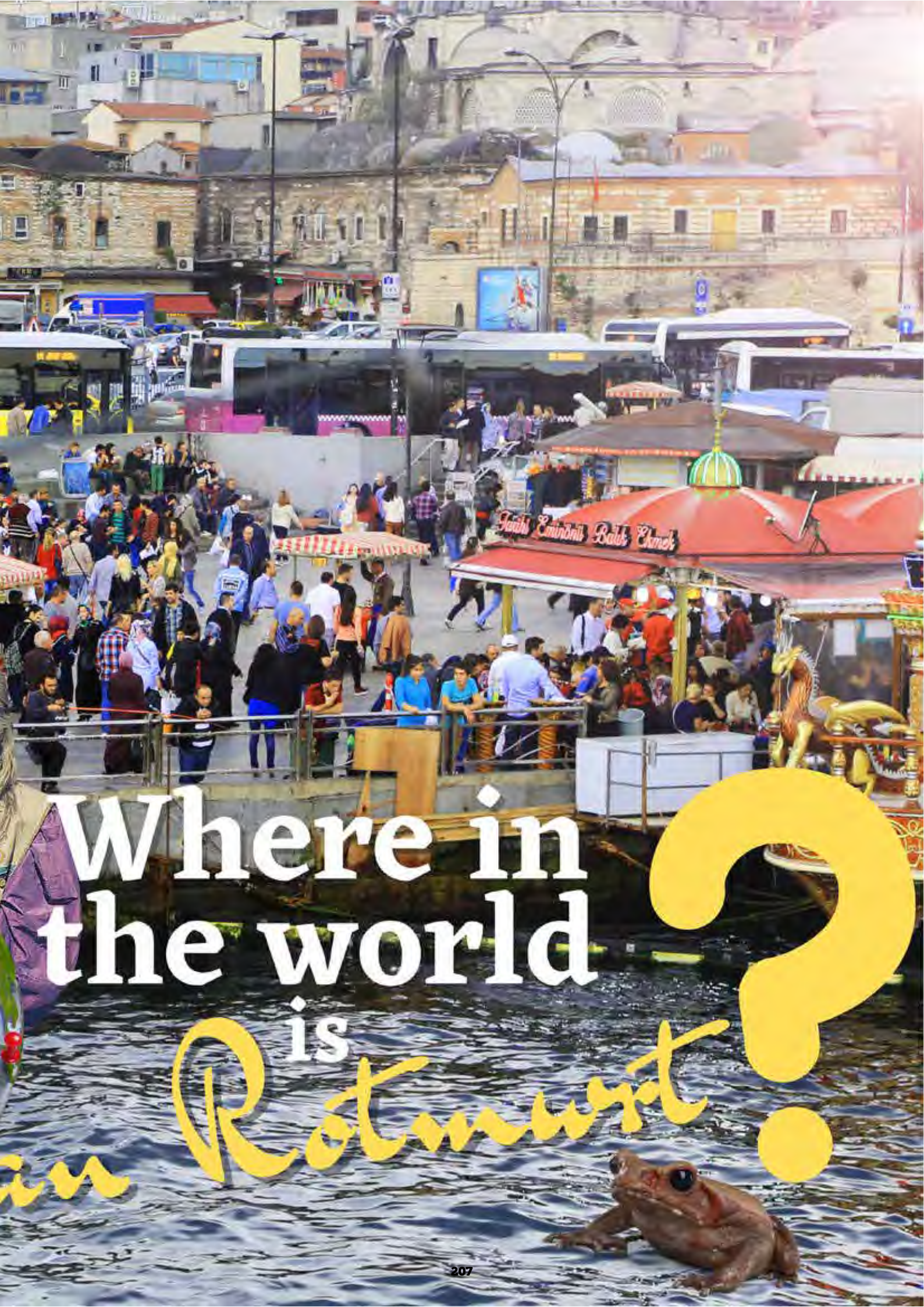
Buster is a minor character who is on screen for less than a fifth of The Butcher Boy. But he owns the movie. You can see it right away. There's an economy in the way he moves, and you can see how intelligent he is even when you don't compare him to all the other second-rate comedians on the screen. Also, this little role shows off what an incredible acrobat he was. His sheer control of his body is amazing. When Buster takes a fall, you can see that he isn't afraid to take punishment. And the gymnastic skill it takes to roundhouse-kick yourself like that should have got him into the Olympics. Yet he never calls attention to himself by showing off.

"Buster is a minor character who is on screen for less than a fifth of The Butcher Boy. But he owns the movie. You can see it right away. There's an economy in the way he moves, and you can see how intelligent he is even when you don't compare him to all the other second-rate comedians on the screen."

Fatty Arbuckle knew he had a star on his hands, and it's a credit to his generosity that he didn't mind when Buster went from novice to apprentice to comedy partner to dominant partner over the course of a couple of months. Fatty was supposed to be the mentor in this relationship, except Buster was clearly better than him as a gag man, a writer and a director, as well as when it came to performing, both acrobatically and in terms of simple acting. Buster was only 5'4", but when you look at his movies it's obvious that he was incredibly lean, strong and agile. Fatty could play a loser because he was fat and sloppy. Buster on the other hand could never be a loser or a tramp like Chaplin because (except for the height) he was so self-evidently physically superior to everybody else on screen. The baggy clothes and big shoes couldn't hide the physique.

Ultimately Buster was too sophisticated for Fatty, and in 1920 they went their separate ways but stayed best friends. As a solo comedy star, Buster never forgot how important it was to build a solid team. He said he hired his staff based on whether or not they were any good at baseball, and he was only partly joking. All of Fatty's best men came over to work for him, and he formed a solid, loyal wolf pack that became the finest small production team in Hollywood. They worked hard: Buster was on contract to make eight short comedies a year, and ended up making nineteen in two and a half years. Then he made two feature films a year for five years before he made the biggest mistake of his life and agreed in 1928 to join MGM Studios, whose stupid production executives

CAN YOU FIND HIM?
Jako


Where in
the world
is
Rotwurst?

Left and right: Keaton in the American Civil War epic, The General (1926)

stole his staff, meddled in his filmmaking, took control over his work and basically destroyed his career. It took them two years to ruin everything. But before that Buster spent eight years as the most perfect filmmaker in Hollywood.

If you think that's a big claim, take out twenty minutes to watch One Week, the first solo comedy Buster released. It's the story of a pair of newlyweds who get a house as a wedding present. The catch is, they have to build it themselves. It's only supposed to take a week to do. But Buster's wife's rejected ex-suitor is so jealous of Buster for having married the woman he loved that out of spite he changes the numbers on the crates that contain the building materials so that they don't match the "do it yourself" instructions. I can't give away more of the story without ruining the surprises. But what's amazing about One Week is how cleanly it's made.

A lot of this has to do with Buster's combination of high IQ, high technical competence, high mechanical ability and low to non-existent ability to read. Some of the worst silent-movie comedies are unwatchable because they rely too much on subtitles, both to develop the story and to get cheap laughs. They're too verbal because the writers were incompetent &/or lazy. But Buster was like an artisan or a mechanic. He was obviously obsessed with gadgets and machinery: trains, cars, machines, bridges and improvised mechanical devices are everywhere in his movies. It all comes down to his attitude: he was an old-fashioned American craftsman who took pride in his work. He didn't think he was a poet like Chaplin, and he didn't want you to love him the way Fatty obviously did. Buster was a man with a job, and his job was entertaining his audience. Nothing more, but nothing less.

Buster's standard character is curious, inquisitive, serious-minded and has a passion for gadgets. In one of his most iconic comedies, Cops (1922) he plays a young man who is trying to make it in business so he can win the hand of the girl he wants to marry. If I tell you too much of the story I'll ruin some of the surprises. What I can say is that the second half of the movie involves the Los Angeles Police Department's annual parade. He accidentally drives a horse-drawn wagon into the middle of the parade and passes by the main reviewing stand just as an anarchist on a rooftop lights a bomb and throws it down below. It lands on the wagon right beside Buster just as he's trying to light a cigarette. He lights it off the bomb, which he absent-mindedly tosses away as though it were a match. Then it explodes, injuring an entire company of policemen. Buster isn't stupid, he's just single-minded. It's the distracted, dreamy carelessness of the philosopher who has more important things to think about than the everyday world around him.

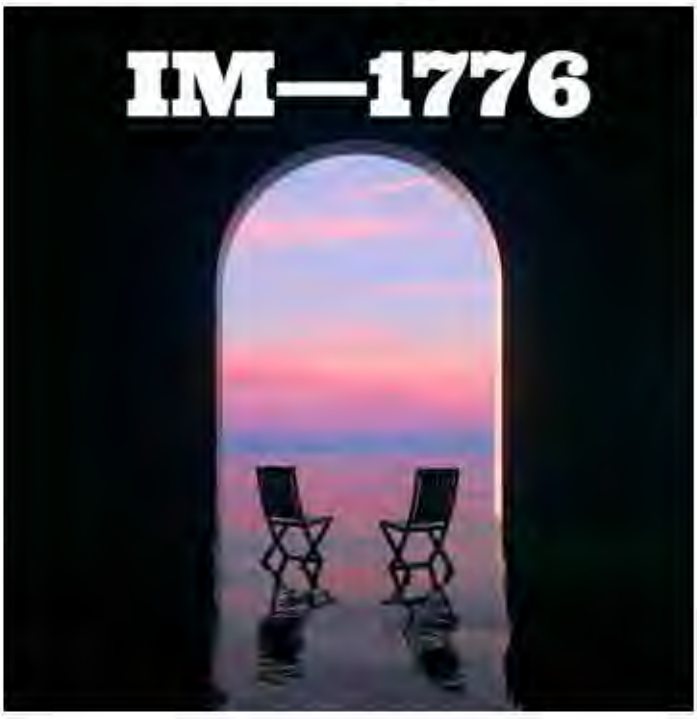
Buster's character is ingenious. Buster the filmmaker is even more so. He was a master of special effects, as you can see in his breathtaking 1924 feature Sherlock Junior, which is so impressive in some parts that you're too impressed to laugh. It's more like watching a magic show than a slapstick comedy. But the stunts are even more impressive. When he was making Sherlock Junior, he took a fall and cracked his head on a railroad track. You can see the accident on screen. He didn't stop in the middle of the take, he finished the scene, then took the rest of the day off because he had

a blinding headache. The pain went on for a couple of weeks but he had a few stiff drinks and went on working. Twelve years later he found out during a physical that he'd fractured his neck, and came within a micromillimetre of getting killed that day. When the doctor told him that he shrugged his shoulders. Pain was meaningless to him.

Also, he was completely fearless. In his last great feature film, Steamboat Bill, Junior (1928), there is a famous gag where Buster is standing in the middle of a street during a hurricane when the front of a house falls on him. The only reason he isn't crushed to death is that a window was open on the upper storey. The house front that fell on him was real. Some of his crew members threatened to quit if he went through with the stunt. According to legend, the cameraman couldn't bear to watch, In real life and in the movie, Buster doesn't flinch.

I can't tell you what to watch if you're new to Buster Keaton because I don't really have any favourites. You should probably just watch all of his short films, beginning with One Week, then watch all of the feature-length comedies beginning with The Three Ages (1923) and Our Hospitality (1923). The weakest ones are Go West (1925), Battling Butler (1926) and College (1927), but even these are worth watching, especially Battling Butler, which shows that, on top of everything else, Buster could box. Not bad for a guy who smoked three packs of Camels a day his entire life. Buster Keaton at his weakest is still better than pretty much everybody else. But if you want to watch just one, try Seven Chances (1925). It's only an hour long, and it's based on a stage play about a man who has to get married by seven o'clock on his twenty-seventh birthday in order to inherit seven million dollars from his grandfather. The premise is stupid, and the miracle of the movie is how Buster takes this idiotic source material and turns it into a genuinely epic comedy. The climax of the movie features Buster getting chased through the streets of Los Angeles by hundreds, possibly thousands, of unmarried women who don't know whether they want to marry him for money or simply tear him to shreds. The chase scene is as bleak and terrifying as it is funny. You have to wonder at the imagination that could come up with a sequence like that. Do you know any writers who have this level of power in their dreams? Buster not only dreamed those dreams, he could put together movies that made them real.

If you need a hero, try looking for one who doesn't believe in heroes. Buster Keaton has the most realistic, hard-headed view of life of any major filmmaker. There's nothing excessive in his movies. No fat on them. They're efficient, functional devices created to serve a specific purpose. Buster dismissed the idea he was a genius, not out of false modesty, but because it was totally alien to his view of what he did. He knew he was better than everybody else, and worked hard to make sure that he never had to explain the fact to anybody. You shouldn't talk about his movies: you should just watch all of them in order from One Week to Steamboat Bill, Junior, except you should save The General (1926) for last. It's the most convincing, realistic movie ever made about the Civil War, and shows how a little guy who got turned down by the army ended up as a war hero. No bravado, no showing off, he just gets the job done, without ever realising how spectacular his results are, or caring very much. That's Buster Keaton, the greatest American artist of the movies.



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JUST SAY NO TO VEGETABLE OIL

SOY / CORN / CANOLA / SUNFLOWER / COTTONSEED / RICEBRAN / FLAXSEED / GRAPESEED

A hundred years ago, vegetable oil was used almost exclusively as an industrial solvent and lubricant. Scientific studies have linked vegetable-oil consumption to obesity, diabetes, heart disease and dementia: all the worst of the so-called "diseases of civilization". The only people who benefit from you eating vegetable oil are the shareholders of the companies who make it and big pharma, which gets to sell you copious "treatments" for the diseases it causes. Don't play their game.

SO JUST SAY "NO" TO VEGETABLE OIL - AND SAY "YES" TO A LIFE OF RENEWED HEALTH AND VITALITY.

The manor stunk of corruption. That sickly sweet smell like dead flowers in putrid water. The once beautiful home had fallen into decay and disrepair. High ceilings a sea of spider's webs. Curtains half eaten by mice and moths. The rough sound of snorting and clanging echoed from deeper in the manor and Lad stalked toward it. Mutt padded silently behind.

The kitchens were cluttered with detritus. Two hulking figures stoked the ovens and stirred filthy pots brimming with some heinous gruel. Lad and Mutt sneaked past the gluttonous pig-men as they barked at each other in their underbitten dialect.

In the shadowy halls they made short work of a stooped and red-eyed gaoler and took his keys. It wasn't long before Lad found the heavy iron door that they unlocked. He opened it and descended into shadow. In the dark corridors under the manor he heard the beating of hammers and the rattle of chains. The smothering black shadow soon gave way to a dismal red light. The path widened into a cavern and Lad found the men of the village.

Chained, beaten and emaciated, they hammered away in these brutal mines while gray devils pressed them with lash, boot, and threat of blade.

Lad felt burning in his guts. He looked at Mutt.

"Do your worst."

Mutt showed his teeth and the boy and his beast charged into the mine. Lad ran to the nearest foe and kicked the wretch off a ledge. The villain howled as he fell into the endless dark of the mine. The furious sight of Mutt bounding over crags, crunching bones and rending flesh, scattered the slavers and sent them screaming. Lad was waiting for them all.

The boy struck hard and fast and true. His buckler stopped knives and trapped lashes. His covered knuckles knocked teeth, wind, and senses from his loathsome foes. And his short fighting blade slid past leather doublet and iron plate, found the flesh it sought and opened it like a gift.

The men of the village hollered. The ones with any strength left broke their chains in the chaos. The others took heart and followed. And when they were free of their chains they took their hammers and picks to the red-eyed cowards who had lorded over them. They cried out in furious triumph and Lad and Mutt joined them with their own hoots and barks. But just as the men's hearts began to swell with courage again, a shadow fell over them. Heavy footfalls made them quake.

The slave master stomped out of the shadows and into the torch light. He was gargantuan. The brute held a cudgel in one massive fist and a black whip in the other. His ugly face contorted with cruel pleasure at the promise of pain. He was fearsome, indeed.

But young Lad was of the Shima Clan of the South. He kept the Old Ways and carried the Heartsfire. He feared not the cudgel, nor the whip, nor the dark hearts of the wicked. He stepped between the village men and the tyrant of the mines.

"You know the way out," Lad said. "You best use it."

The giant slaver laughed.

"When I'm done with you, boy, I'll use your bones for broth."

"Mark my words, you ugly bastard," Lad grinned. "Your kind will never be done with me."

He ran forward as the giant roared and reared back. The slave master brought down his cudgel, but Lad rolled out of the way, through the brute's legs. He came up and slashed the giant behind the knee. The big leg shuddered but did not give way. The slaver turned and swung the heavy cudgel again. Lad ducked and the massive weapon scattered stone and dust as it crashed into the cave wall. The slaver raised his whip arm but Lad stood on the end of the lash, grinding it into the dirt. He struck the brute in the back of the elbow with his buckler and the big arm went slack with the sound of crunching bone.

Mutt bounded over and crashed full force into the giant's chest. He toppled over with a roar. As his mass boomed into the cave floor the village men surrounded him. With their hammers, picks, and reserves of strength they broke the giant apart like the rocks of the mine.

When the work was done the men turned to Lad.

Cheers. Handclasps. Embraces. One man looked at Lad's horn and the glow that emanated from within it.

"Have you brought back the Heartsfire?"

"I have."

"Then you carry hope, dear boy."

Lad looked at their number. They were many, but their time in chains had stolen their vigor.

"Where are the women and children?" he asked them.

The men wilted.

"We do not know," said the man. "Our surrender was bought with the promise of their safety."

"What do you know of the evil that has taken hold here?" Lad asked. "Is the Mayor the cause of it or another slave?"

"I do not know whether she has been bewitched or is a witch herself. But she is the architect of all this dread."

"Then I am here for her."

They followed Lad out of the mine and dealt with the pigmen in the kitchens. The men looked at the cooking food and yearned. Mutt sniffed the foodstuffs and backed away with a bark.

"Don't touch it," Lad said. "Black fare for black hearts."

They went out the front doors and the men staggered into the gloomy daylight. They gasped at the mercy of the rain on their sweltering flesh. And when they saw the mighty Heartsfire in the Beacon they exulted.

"I thought it gone forever from this place," said the man from before. Tears of joy welled in his eyes. "What's your name, pilgrim?"

"My name is Lad of the Shima Clan, and this is my wolfbrother, Mutt."

The man laughed. It was a welcome sound.

"I am Eryk," the man said.

"And will you help me, Eryk?"

Eryk stood tall with newfound strength, his hammer over his shoulder.

"I am your man, Lad." His courage spread through the others.

And I! Me too! We're with you, Lad!

Lad pointed to some of the more able men.

"Get the wounded and frail to the inn. Do not go to your homes. Stay together and recover your strength. The rest of you, with me."

Back in the manor they made their way up the sweeping staircase to the top floor. As they crossed the landing they came to a long corridor and found their path choked with the Mayor's red-eyed ghouls. They snarled and ran spotted tongues over rotten teeth and blistered lips.

"Give them Hell," Lad said. He charged. He met the wicked men with a flurry of punches and stabs. Their weak jaws shattered. Their teeth caught in their throats. Lad turned their hooks and blades against them, spilling their foul guts.

Mutt sent a panic through them, tearing hamstrings and breaking the necks of those who fell. Eryk and the men came behind them, their tools doing mighty work in the Mayor's halls.

Lad kicked open the doors at the end of the hall and found a chilling and loathsome sight.

A gallery.

All along the walls of the large chamber were the village women, encased on display behind some crystalline prison. Lad felt a shiver go through the men.

"Moira!" one yelled.

"Ellie!" cried another.

The men ran to their women. Wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. All of the warmth of their love and virtue supplanted and mocked by cold crystal. And in their frozen, silent torment, they wept.

One man raised his hammer.

"No!" Lad cried. But the heartbroken man struck the glacial wall that held his love. There was a sound like branches breaking under wet leaves. Blood erupted from the man's mouth, eyes, and nose, and he fell dead where he stood.

Some of the men cried out. They fell to their knees. Eryk gazed upon the horrible sight.

"What evil have we brought on ourselves that would turn our hearts against us?"

Each man searched his own soul and a shadow of guilt fell upon them all.

"You men should stay with your women," Lad said. "I'll deal with the Mayor on my own."

Eryk shook his head.

"We cannot help them here. Our only hope lies with you." The other men stirred. Some in agreement. Some in doubt.

"I don't know what power the Mayor holds," Lad warned them. "Or the depths of her treachery.

"Give them Hell," Lad said. He charged. He met the wicked men with a flurry of punches and stabs.

Your own children might be used against you. I would not force such sorrow on you."

"We brought this sorrow on ourselves," said Eryk. "We took the Mayor's coin to mine the hills. We comforted ourselves with pretty lies as she tightened her noose around the village and the Heartsfire burned lower and lower. And when it finally snuffed out we called it a child's tale."

Eryk pointed to one of the women. She was comely, with long chestnut hair, and freckles that peppered her face.

"That's my Roslyn," he said. "She sings our boys to sleep every night. In the Spring I bring her flowers and she makes them into garlands that she wears. And sometimes we sit by the fire and I brush her hair while she reads to me." His voice broke. He looked around at the other men and at Lad.

"It was our sin that put them here. It's our duty to free them."

The men stood ready. Lad nodded and together they left the gallery and walked into the Mayor's bedchamber. It was empty. Mutt growled and edged forward into the room.

"What is it, boy?"

Mutt padded over to a large wardrobe. His fangs were bared. Lad threw open the wooden doors and parted the gowns and found a stone staircase spiraling down. A fetid draft wafted out of the darkness. Lad mussed his wolfbrother's fur.

"Lead the way, boy."

Mutt licked his chops and trotted forward. Lad and the men followed.

Amid the shadow and stench, they could hear children's cries in the dark. Lad grabbed a torch off the wall at the bottom of the stairs. The path opened up. What they found was not another mine but the halls of a dungeon.

Three paths. To the left and right were corridors of cells. Small hands clutched at the iron bars. Each corridor was guarded by a hulking gaoler. They held cleavers and snarled through sharp teeth.

"To the children!" Eryk shouted. The men formed two groups and charged. The sight of their sons and daughters gave them the might of heroes.

Lad took the middle path. Above the din of the fight in the dungeon, or perhaps beneath it, he heard a woman's voice.

Come to me, traveler, she beckoned. Her voice was as sweet as honey. Lad walked deeper into the darkness until all other sounds disappeared. There was only her voice.

He held the torch aloft and something flickered in the dark.

Eyes. Beautiful, amber eyes.

Brave boy, she whispered. Tell me your name.

"Lad," he said softly. Her voice was lulling him like a woolen blanket. She broke the edge of the darkness. She was beautiful. Her face was framed by long, black hair that fell around her full, naked breasts. Her smile was a warm knife.

A fitting name for such a strong, handsome boy. Her voice pulled at him along with her eyes. The shadows closed in. The world fell away and there was only the two of them. Alone in the dark with a beautiful woman. She seemed to rise above him.

Those cruel men have imprisoned me here, along with all the children. I prayed for someone to save us. And here you are.

The torch grew heavy in his hand. He felt fuzzy and weak like when he had too much ale.

A proper hero deserves a kiss, she said with ruby lips. Would you like a kiss, Lad?

He could not answer. She rose above him. Her voice was not her voice.

I'll give you a kiss you'll never forget.

Pain lit up Lad's leg. The shadow fell away and Lad saw Mutt's jaws pulling at him. He looked back and saw the Mayor – rising above him with the body of a giant serpent. She screamed and struck at him with fangs the size of whaler's hooks, her perfect face now a monstrous horror. Lad threw up his arm just in time, his buckler halting the venomous fangs.

With his free hand he pulled his blade and stabbed her in her amber eye. She let loose his arm with a nightmarish scream. She thrashed at him with her large, serpentine tail. He tried to roll away but it caught him in the back, throwing him through the air. Mutt darted in and caught the end of her tail in his jaws. He bit it so hard it burst in an explosion of black ichor.

She tore the appendage loose and lashed Mutt with it, stunning him. She slithered – quick and unpredictable – and grabbed Lad by the throat. Her sensuous beauty turned to hate and hunger.

Lad grabbed his horn. He opened the end, casting valiant light and blinding the creature that was the Mayor. She let go of his throat and reared back in pain.

Lad brought the horn to his lips and stoked the Heartsfire. The sacred Flames moved like a living thing. The tendrils lashed the scales of the demon Mayor and filled her maw and lungs as she drew in air to scream. From within and without the Heartsfire burned every black corner of her vile being until there was nothing left but smoldering bones and ash.

Lad covered the horn and Mutt nearly

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GLORIA

knocked him over, licking his face.

"Thank you, boy," Lad said, hugging and petting the magnificent beast. "You saved me, you big, beautiful mongrel."

Eryk ran in with some of the other men.

"Are you all right, Lad? What has happened?"

"It's done. Are the children all right?"

The haggard men beamed.

"They are. Thank the Fire."

The children were saved. When the Mayor was destroyed her spell over the women was broken and they were freed from their crystalline cage. Families were reunited at last. Husbands and wives. Parents and children. Friends and lovers. The last of the wicked men were rounded up and killed. And the survivors buried those villagers who were not so fortunate. It was sweetness and sorrow. A time of tears. And when the rain broke and the sun returned Lad and Mutt set out to leave.

"Where will you go?" Eryk asked. He walked them to the edge of town.

"Wherever the Fire has gone out." Lad and Mutt were well rested and well fed. The villagers had thrown a grand ball with Lad as the guest of honor. Food, drink, and songs. Lad told them stories of his travels. He danced with all the young girls while the children played with Mutt. It was the happiest he'd been in a long time.

"I meant to ask you about that big sword of yours," Eryk said.

Lad felt the weight of the mighty weapon. It was always there.

"It was my father's sword," Lad told him.

"A mighty weapon for mighty foes." Eryk surmised. "One blow from that could have ended the Mayor and any one of her giants. Why didn't you use it?"

Lad looked at the man and gave him a simple, helpless smile.

"I'm not strong enough to swing it."

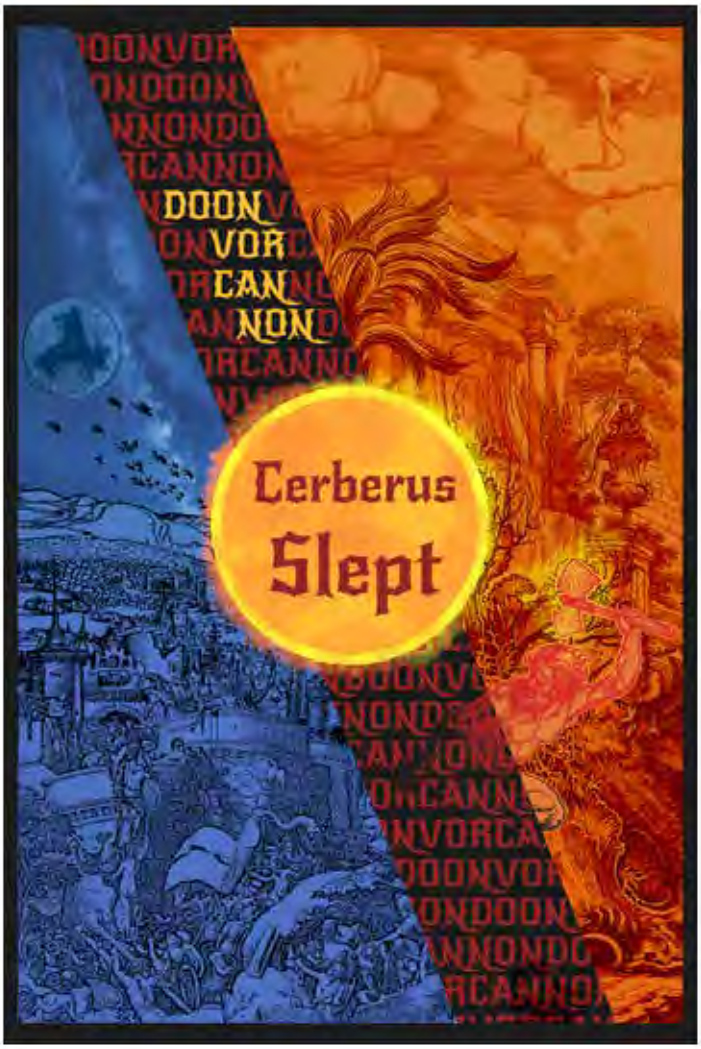
Eryk was stunned. The strange boy began to laugh and Eryk could not help but join him.

"Then why do you carry it?" Eryk asked.

Lad looked out over the village. The men were back to work on their farms and at their trades. The women chased the children and teased the men. Smoke rose from every chimney. And the Hearts-fire burned so bright and strong it could be seen for miles.

"For the day when I am." ■

Detective Wolfman tweets @det_wolfman



NOOR BIN LADIN: That's where you wrote your article about the Trilateral Commission.

RICHARD POE: Yes. I was still under the spell of the Sixties counterculture, still trying to live up to the Sixties "ideal" in some way. I decided that, if I couldn't be the next Jack Kerouac, I would be an "underground" journalist, in the tradition of the Sixties underground press.

So I was always testing the limits at the New Times, trying to see how radical they would let me be. And, since the New Times was a left-leaning, "alternative" paper, they let me get away with quite a lot.

In April of 1985, I moved down to New York City and took a job as managing editor of the East Village Eye, not to be confused with the famous East Village Other, which went out of business in 1972. The Eye was founded by a guy named Leonard Abrams in 1979, and mainly covered the art and avant-garde scene in downtown Manhattan.

In the 1980s, The Eye was about as close as you could get to the Sixties underground. I was hugely excited to work there. I felt I was born for this. The wind of fate was in my sails.

NOOR BIN LADIN: At the East Village Eye, you wrote an amazing investigative story about the MOVE bombing in Philadelphia. Not only was the reporting brilliant, your piece was also eerily prescient.

RICHARD POE: Thank you. In that story, I revealed that FEMA and the FBI were training local police to carry out preemptive paramilitary strikes against Americans deemed to be "terrorists." They had done a trial run in 1985, dropping explosive charges onto a house in North Philadelphia, from a helicopter. The house was occupied by an armed group of black urban survivalists called MOVE.

The explosives started a fire that destroyed not only the MOVE house, but two city blocks and 61 homes in the surrounding neighborhood. MOVE members trying to flee the burning house were forced back inside by automatic gunfire. Eleven people were killed, including five children. Only one 30-year-old woman and a 13-year-old boy survived.

It turned out the FBI was deeply involved in setting up the MOVE bombing, even providing the explosives. By designating MOVE a "terrorist" organization, the feds had stripped them of all rights, purportedly making them legitimate targets for counterinsurgency strikes.

While researching that story, I discovered that a US Army counterinsurgency handbook from 1966 had recommended creating fake insurgencies to justify harsh counterterror measures. The manual literally recommended that the government create a so-called "pseudo-insurgent force"—a fake insurgency—to generate "incidents among the population," which could be used to "indicate to the people the need for government-sponsored population control..."

NOOR BIN LADIN: That sounds so much like the fake insurgency of January 6, where the government planted pseudo-insurgents among the protesters to commit acts of violence.

RICHARD POE: Yes, it seems they keep using the same playbook.

NOOR BIN LADIN: The concluding paragraph of your East Village Eye story was prophetic and chilling. You wrote: "Americans who value their freedom ought to ponder hard and long... For we may wake up some grim morning not too far from now, to find out that all along, the real 'terrorists' against whom all these preparations have been laid, were us."

RICHARD POE: Yes, I think that sums it up. The MOVE bombing was target practice. The big event lies ahead.

NOOR BIN LADIN: Some say the big event is already on us, that the cabal is preparing the final crackdown, to take our freedom. I'm more optimistic. I believe all their efforts will fail, as people are finally waking up.

RICHARD POE: It's possible that people will wake up. But it's also possible there may be a false awakening, as there was in the Seventies. I've seen that psyop before.

What happened in the Seventies is they created an illusion that

a great cleansing was occurring. After Nixon resigned, all the talking heads were saying, "The system worked." That was the mantra. It was all Nixon's fault, and getting rid of Nixon solved everything.

Then came the investigations, the blue-ribbon panels. We had the Church Committee, the Rockefeller Commission, the Nedzi Committee, the Pike Committee, all these government committees supposedly investigating the alphabet agencies. Every day brought new revelations about the FBI and the CIA, and their alleged crimes against the American people.

We learned about the MKUltra mind control program, the LSD experiments on unwitting victims, CIA recruitment of journalists and clergymen. That's right. Clergymen. We learned about COINTELPRO, an FBI program which targeted political dissidents, using surveillance, infiltration, disruption, assassination, and black propaganda, that is, smearing people with the use of forged evidence and fake stories planted in the media.

Even the JFK assassination was reinvestigated in the Seventies. In 1979, the House Select Committee on Assassinations officially determined that Oswald most likely did not act alone. The Committee's report stated, and I quote, "President John F. Kennedy was probably assassinated as a result of a conspiracy." Unquote.

Yet they never took it further. They just left it at that.

So all these revelations came pouring out of these government committees and people were just overwhelmed. We couldn't keep track of it all. But it gave Americans the vague impression that responsible people were on the case, looking into things, that a new age of openness had dawned, and reform was in the air. Everyone breathed a huge sigh of relief and said, "Thank God, the system is working."

But the system wasn't working. It was all a whitewash, a coverup. Nothing was fixed that needed fixing. Today, the alphabet agencies are far more pervasive and destructive in our lives than they ever were in the past.

NOOR BIN LADIN: Nowadays, Richard, you're best known for your exposés of George Soros. How did you start writing about him?

RICHARD POE: In the early '90s, I did a lot of work in Russia. I had become a business writer and a senior editor for SUCCESS magazine. SUCCESS sent me to Russia several times to report on the rise of free enterprise there. Also I did some TV work in Russia with my wife Marie, who's a producer. So I had pretty good contacts and knowledge of the business scene in Yeltsin's Russia, and I ended up writing a book for McGraw-Hill called, How to Profit from the Coming Russian Boom, published in 1993.

George Soros had turned down my request for an interview, but he allowed me to interview some of his people who were working in Russia, and I wrote very positively about Soros and all his good work helping the Russians convert to a free-market economy.

What I didn't know at the time is that Soros and others were lining their own pockets, taking ruthless advantage of Russia's economic crisis to buy up state properties cheaply, thus corrupting the privatization process for their own gain. That didn't come out until later.

In 2004, I got a call from Chris Ruddy at NewsMax, asking me to do an exposé of Soros for the cover of NewsMax magazine. At that time, I was a regular columnist for NewsMax. And the issue with Soros was that he was making a lot of inflammatory statements to the effect that he was going to do a "regime change" against President Bush, and that he intended to do in America what he had done in other countries.

Most people didn't understand what Soros meant by that, but I knew he had taken part in many regime change operations throughout the world, of the sort we now call "color revolutions." So these threats were worrisome.

I ended up writing a cover story for NewsMax called, "George Soros's Coup," in which I exposed Soros's history with color revolutions, and argued that employing such methods in the United States posed a threat to our democracy.

I believe this may have been the first detailed exposé of Soros's color revolutions in an American publication. A UK writer, Neil Clark, had previously written on this subject in a 2003 article in The New Statesman.

Anyway, the article immediately got me on The O'Reilly Factor, and David Brock from Media Matters for America wrote an open letter to Bill O'Reilly and Roger Ailes demanding equal time to defend Soros. So the article caused quite a ruckus.

NOOR BIN LADIN: It also caused a ruckus internally at NewsMax, didn't it?

RICHARD POE: Well, yes. The chairman of NewsMax Media at the time was a guy named Lord William Rees-Mogg. In my recent article, "How the British Invented George Soros," I dubbed Rees-Mogg "the man who created George Soros."

As a journalist, Lord Rees-Mogg helped create the myth that Soros singlehandedly broke the Bank of England. In fact, Soros had a lot of help from major financial institutions, and the whole operation appears to have been sanctioned by the British establishment.

Rees-Mogg also went to great lengths to build up Soros's reputation as a financial guru.

It's a fascinating story. I can't go into all of it here, but suffice it to say that Lord Rees-Mogg was a major promoter of Soros, and he also happened to serve as chairman of

NewsMax Media, Inc. from 2000-2006.

So Chris and an associate of his, the late Nick Simunek, had basically gone behind Rees-Mogg's back to assign me this story. Rees-Mogg apparently wasn't even aware of the story until after it was published.

Some days later, I was present at a meeting in New York where Chris and Nick did their best to convince Rees-Mogg that Soros had become dangerous and that NewsMax needed to go after him, but Rees-Mogg didn't go for it. The policy was hands off Soros.

Now, at that point, I felt I was onto a pretty big story with Soros, and I didn't want to stop, so I had to find another outlet. I had previously worked for David Horowitz as editor of his news site FrontPageMag.com in 2000-2002. So I went back to David in 2004 and he hired me to do all this Soros-related research for DiscovertheNetworks.org, a new website he was launching, and eventually, in 2006, David and I used that research to co-write a book called The Shadow Party.

In 2010, Glenn Beck aired his famous "Puppetmaster" series, a three-part expose of Soros based on The Shadow Party. It was seen by a record audience of 3 million people. Unfortunately, the "Puppetmaster" was partly responsible for getting Glenn kicked off Fox News.

NOOR BIN LADIN: The role of Lord Rees-Mogg in helping to "create" George Soros is something very few people know about. I highly recommend your article on that subject, "How the British Invented George Soros," posted on LewRockwell.com.

RICHARD POE: Thank you.

NOOR BIN LADIN: You are writing a whole series of articles now on LewRockwell.com, exploring the theme of British influence in US affairs, and unfortunately much of that influence seems to be quite negative. Your articles are well-researched and persuasive. My question is, why don't more people know about this? So many people think of the UK as an obedient satellite of the United States, but you seem to be saying it's the other way around.

RICHARD POE: A lot of our history with Britain has been suppressed, and I think it needs to be restored, for our own good. Those who forget history are doomed to repeat it.

If you talk to an educated person from India or Ireland, they can recite by heart a litany of British misdeeds against their country, off the tops of their heads. That knowledge protects them. It enables them to have good relations with Britain today, because they can negotiate realistically, with an accurate understanding of how the British system works, how the British think, and how to avoid problems with them.

Americans, on the other hand, tend to be naïve about Britain. We have forgotten huge portions of our past experience with the British Empire.

This ignorance puts us at a disadvantage. When we deal with the British, we're not able to do so effectively. We're like children trying to negotiate with an adult. The adult knows what's going on. The child does not.

NOOR BIN LADIN: What specifically do Americans need to know or re-learn about the UK, in order to manage that relationship better?

RICHARD POE: The most important thing to know is that globalism is a British invention. British elites created it, and, to this day, British elites are the world's leading promoters of it.

Americans, on the other hand, have traditionally disliked globalism, and have periodically rebelled against it quite forcefully, as, for instance, when the U.S. Senate rejected the League of Nations in 1919, or, more recently, when President Trump put forth his America First policy.

The part we need to understand better is that, when we, as Americans, oppose globalist policies, the British establishment takes that very personally. They take it as a threat to their vital interests, and they respond accordingly.

Thus, when Trump announced that he was running for president on an America First policy, the British establishment not only opposed him, but took covert action against him. The British eavesdropping agency GCHQ actually boasts of being the initiator of the so-called Russiagate fiasco, according to an April 13, 2017 article in The Guardian.

Trump announced his candidacy on June 16, 2015. Shortly after, GCHQ went into action. The agency claims it discovered "interactions" between the Trump campaign and Russian intelligence in "late 2015," then passed on this "material" to then-CIA chief John Brennan in the summer of 2016.

The Guardian states that, "US and UK intelligence sources acknowledge that GCHQ played an early, prominent role in kickstarting the FBI's Trump-Russia investigation... One source called the British eavesdropping agency the 'principal whistleblower'."

This is just one example of the kind of influence the British can exert over U.S. affairs when they believe their vital interests are threatened.

NOOR BIN LADIN: In your latest article, "How the British Caused the American Civil War," you reveal that the British continued to exert economic control over the United States even after the Revolution.

RICHARD POE: Immediately after signing the 1783 peace treaty ending the Revolutionary War, the British started dumping huge quantities of cheap manufactured goods on the U.S. market, at prices lower

than their English ones, and often below cost.

America's fledgling manufacturers could not meet those prices and went under. This led to a catastrophic collapse of the U.S. economy, an armed rebellion in Massachusetts, and threats of secession from many states.

By this means, the British demonstrated that they had both the will and the power to continue enforcing their colonial monopoly on manufacturing in America. Prior to the Revolution, manufacturing was forbidden in the Thirteen Colonies.

Our Founding Fathers created the Constitution specifically in response to this British trade war. We needed a new federal government which could retaliate by imposing tariffs. Under the existing Articles of Confederation, the national government had no such power.

To punctuate the point, George Washington wore a suit of homespun cloth to his inauguration—an item that would have been illegal and subject to seizure under British rule.

In the years ahead, the British continued using various financial and economic maneuvers to bring the rebellious Americans to heel, all of it culminating in the American Civil War.

Over time, the British had managed to re-establish a colonial economy in the South, based on the cotton trade. The South exported 70 percent of its cotton to England, and purchased British manufactures in return. The North tried to replace England as the South's leading trade partner by building its own textile mills and imposing tariffs on foreign trade.

The British fought back. They secretly encouraged the South to secede, promising diplomatic and even military support, if necessary.

For more details, see my article, "How the British Caused the American Civil War." While researching that article, I discovered that British strategists actually planned to split the United States into four or more pieces, some of which would be shared with France.

I was also fascinated to discover a January 3, 1860 article from the London Morning Post calling for the reestablishment of British rule over America, in the event that North and South should separate. The Morning Post was widely known to be a mouthpiece for Lord Palmerston, Britain's Prime Minister at the time.

NOOR BIN LADIN: Today, once again, many Americans are calling for secession. Do you think the British are involved?

RICHARD POE: Well, I don't have a smoking gun. But I can say there have been many secession movements in America, starting almost immediately after the Revolution, and continuing right up through the Civil War, and the British always seem to be involved, one way or another.

Realistically, it's in Britain's interest to split up the United States, to make us easier to handle, easier to manipulate. That's always been true, and always will be, I'm afraid.

So I wouldn't be surprised if today's "national divorce" movement might have some British influence behind it, as well as other sorts of foreign influence perhaps.

We Americans are a cantankerous bunch. We don't always get along with each other. But my research indicates that there has never been a serious secession movement in America that did not involve foreign influence, to some extent.

Is it possible that today's "national divorce" movement is the single exception to this rule? Maybe, but I doubt it.

NOOR BIN LADIN: You mentioned that the Seventies brought false hope, the illusion that things were being cleaned up following the exposure of government misdeeds. Today as well, more and more information is coming to light. Yet some are disillusioned. They don't believe things will change. Others, like myself, are highly hopeful and undeterred. What keeps you motivated to continue to fight to expose the Establishment to this day?

RICHARD POE: I suppose what motivates me now is simply faith. I don't believe we live in a senseless universe. I believe we're all here for a purpose. Each and every one of us has a mission, a destiny.

When we're young, we waste a lot of time on trial and error. But, as we get older, things become clear.

I know what my mission is, because life has never allowed me to do anything else. Each time I step off the path, something happens to put me back on it.

Everything I've experienced, everything I've learned has prepared me to do one certain thing, which seems to be solving riddles, solving mysteries, unraveling the Gordian Knot. And once the knot is unraveled, once the mystery is solved, the solution has to be broken down and explained to people in simple terms.

This is what life has taught me to do. After 63 years on this earth, this appears to be the one set of skills that I've managed to master.

And so I don't need to worry about the big picture. I just need to focus on my task, to keep writing and researching as long as I can, until someone or something stops me.

And, if the task is worth doing, it doesn't matter if someone stops me. Others will take my place, and the job will be done.

Richard Poe is a New York Times bestselling author and journalist. He co-wrote with David Horowitz The Shadow Party: How George Soros, Hillary Clinton, and Sixties Radicals Seized Control of the Democratic Party, and is presently writing a history of globalism.

MAN AND DOG

by DON VIRREY

Man's first companion was the son of the wolf, raised to be such during the Pleistocene and welcomed to his hearth. In man's constant war with his surroundings, the dog was first a hunting partner and guardian. Then, as that war deepened to include war against himself, the dog became a fellow warrior too.

One of the first recorded instances of the use of dogs in war was in a seventh-century BC battle between the Magnesians and the Ephesians. The Magnesian mounted warriors were accompanied by a dog and a spearman. In this war the Keres took the life of a Magnesian horseman by the name of Hippaemon, who was buried with his horse, his spearman, and his dog Lethargos, as stated in his epitaph. Also, in the times of the Greeks, a dog followed his master into the fray at Marathon against the Persians, an act commemorated in the now lost mural of the Stoa Poikile. While the horse carried us into battle, the Dog stayed at our side if need be until death. Many of these tales are legendary. Here are just two.

In the age of exploration and conquest that followed the voyages of Columbus, the famed Spanish Conquistadors fought to make a foothold in America against insurmountable odds. These men came from a Spain freshly united after a centuries-long successful Reconquista – hardened, seasoned warriors unlike any in the world at the time. These veterans brought with them veteran companions, Alanos and Mastiffs who had fought with them in Spain against the moors.

One of these hounds went by the name of Becerrillo or "Little Bull". Born to a line of war dogs, he

was whelped in the Americas as a warrior dog for none other than Juan Ponce de Leon. Ponce de Leon began his career of conquest for Spain in 1508 when he landed on the island of Puerto Rico. By 1511 Becerrillo appears in the record for the first time, already battle-hardened and sporting scars. Said to be worth fifty men, he was paid a soldier's wage and awarded comfort befitting his prowess. He was the pride of his master and caretakers like Sancho de Aragón, and was known to tear through thirty-plus enemies at a time.

Becerillo would meet his end by a poisoned arrow in 1514 during the Spanish-Taíno War of 1513-18. While attempting to rescue his caretaker Aragón from a band of Caribs, who attacked the Spanish by surprise, he swam out from shore behind their canoes, but was wounded by a poison arrow. Although the men that fought beside him tried to save his life, he died. The Spaniards buried him in an unmarked grave so his memory could keep haunting the Indians, and it is said that he was mourned by the men more than any other soldier lost that day. His master Ponce de León would meet a similar fate at the hands of the Indians' poison arrows, not long after.

Becerrillo's seed would go on to conquer the rest of the Americas alongside the men of Spain. His son was Leoncico, Little Lion, some say a mix with an Irish Greyhound that snuck aboard the ship of Vasco Núñez de Balboa as it headed for Panama. Known to have inherited his father's fighting skill and ferocity, he gained the respect of the men with whom he served, was paid as an archer in the ranks, and wore a gold collar given to him by Balboa himself.

Of the same noble blood as Becerillo was Nemo, a war dog who served with the Air Force in Vietnam. In 1966, at the peak of the ground war, Nemo and his master Robert Thorneburg encountered the Vietcong face first, near Tan Son Nhut Airbase. Although the Vietcong were usually able to move through the jungle silently and unbeknownst to the America GIs, they could not escape the keen noses of their dogs, whose barks must have saved countless lives. This is how Thorneburg and Nemo stumbled on a group of hidden Vietcong while on patrol. Man and dog killed two and were both wounded. Nemo was shot in the face and the bullet took away his right eye, yet he was able to defend his master until help arrived. Both survived and became decorated war veterans.

Owing to his wounds, Nemo was retired from service at the front but continued to serve until the end of his life, as a recruitment dog at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. "May all who hear the story of Nemo, know the true measure of man's best friend," his gravestone reads – a fitting epitaph to a bond that can endure anything, even death.

Opposite: Thorneburg with Nemo

GIGACHAD

POSTED A RACIST MEME INSTEAD OF GETTING VACCINATED

BE LIKE GIGACHAD

BASEBALL – MASCULINITY, MAGIC AND THE NERDS WHO RUINED A WHOLE SPORT

by T.R HUDSON (@tr_hudson)

There are two baseball films that I love and one that I hate. They are all based on books, but actually the film versions are the superior ones. The first two films are magical films at base, dealing with providence, destiny and dreams on the field. The third tries to make the first two disappear, explaining in cold detail how baseball *really* works. Nothing is ever quite the same once it's been explained as a series of causes and effects, least of all magic.

In The Natural, Roy Hobbs is given a second chance at fulfilling his life's dream to play in the big leagues when lightning strikes a tree on his property and he carves the remains down into a baseball bat. In Field of Dreams, Ray Kinsella, a dissatisfied farmer, hears an enigmatic voice in his corn field, which drives him to plow over his cash crop and build a baseball field for Shoeless Joe Jackson and the other "Black Sox" of baseball infamy (in case you don't know, the Black Sox were Chicago White Sox players who were accused of trying to rig the 1919 World Series). These films represent a light in a cynical world. Roy Hobbs is bribed, threatened, blackmailed, and suffers every other attempt to dishonor a man. Ray Kinsella is called crazy, ostracized from his community, and almost loses his farm and family. But these men persevere. They trust the plan. They have faith.

Both films deal with the bonds of fathers and sons. Ray, after winning the pennant and shattering the lights in the stadium with a walk-off homerun, hangs up his jersey when he learns that he is a father. The film ends as he plays catch with his son, just as it began with young Ray on the same farm playing catch

with his father. Having spurned his father's wishes for him to be a ballplayer as a young man, he is given the chance to play catch with his dad one more time, as a reward for following the voice and believing in something greater than himself. Because as much as these are baseball films, do not be mistaken: these films are about what it means to be a man.

Manhood and its decline in modernity is a cornerstone of the dissident right. The protagonists of these films are not good men at the start. As a young boy, Roy's talent is obvious, but his father, a good man, instills in him that gifts are not enough. They train for hours and hours and not once does Roy seem bitter or angry that his father spends so much time with him to hone his skill. His father dies of a heart attack and we see Roy mourn him, the first great loss on his hero's journey. This loss only strengthens his resolve and during a storm, the tree his father died under is split by lightning and Roy carves a baseball bat, Wonderboy – his very own Excalibur.

Roy was a good, dutiful son and a disciplined student of his craft. He is even on the way to becoming a good father, as he and his girlfriend, Iris, spend a night together before Roy departs for a tryout with the Cubs. But a test of his faith comes in the guise of a seductress, intent on ruining the aspirations of Great men. Roy is shot and his wounds prevent him from playing. His idealism is shattered. He gives up the game. He forgets about Iris and his promise to marry her. The work he and his father did becomes pointless. He does not believe in the plan anymore.

Years pass and an older Roy is finally in the majors. He's dismissed as too old to be a rookie, but gets his shot and turns the team around, performing feats unimaginable for even younger, more athletic men. Roy's past catches back up with him, however. The Silver bullet that's been lodged in his stomach for sixteen years comes loose and sends Roy to the hospital. The team loses the next few games and the last game of the season is their only shot at the playoffs. Roy plays in the game and due to his injury, plays poorly. In a feat of strength, in his last at bat, he sends a homerun through the stadium lights. Having found his holy grail, he retires from the game and returns to his farm to play catch with his son, continuing the tradition of his father and all those fathers before them.

Ray Kinsella is a product of the 1960s or at least the 1960s that were sold the public. He was a hippy who read banned books and determined never to be like his father, an old man obsessed with the game. He's a farmer with no love for farming. He's not a bad father by any stretch, but the first two failures can be said to keep him from being a great father to his young daughter. Throughout the movie, he keeps referring to his father and the regret he has with how things ended between the two of them. His father was not at his wedding. He never met Ray's wife or daughter.
Ray hears a voice in his cornfield,

telling him to build a baseball field for Shoeless Joe Jackson. Compelled by the mystery and the nagging thought that he has grown up to become just like his father in spite of his best efforts, Ray builds the field, using up his savings and plowing over some of his richest farm land. Shoeless Joe Jackson then appears one night, walking through a wall of corn at the edge of the outfield and the two bond over their love of the game. Ray is then told to find a reclusive author who's lost his love of writing and a former ball player who never got his shot in the majors.

Terrence, the writer, is invited to see the other side and because of Ray, feels the creative spark and love for his fellow man that brought out his gifts years before. Archie, the former right fielder turned doctor, gets his shot to bat against the greats of his time. But when duty calls, he abandons that dream to save Ray's daughter's life. For his efforts, his faith, and the risks he has taken, Ray is rewarded with a gift he swore he never wanted; to be able to play catch with his dad again.

These films bring men to tears because we can no longer play catch with our fathers and because we fear we might not be righteous enough to stay principled in the face of power, corruption, vice, and all other temptations that weaken men. These films are magical because they inspire belief in a miracles, redemption and an uncynical world.

The film I hate, tries to shove all this aside. Moneyball is the real story of baseball. It is the story of old men sitting in a room, debating ballplayers' physical appearance, dating habits, and other apparently meaningless intangibles. The poor teams are bad because the good teams are rich.

Wealth, greed, ignorance, and old white men are the cause of Billy Beane's problems. He's a bitter former ballplayer who was told that he could be the best there ever was. The pressure of such expectations broke him and eventually he became the general manager of the Oakland Athletics, a plucky team of misfits who rely on good scouting to keep their team competitive.

Only through the power of analytics are the A's able to build a roster that can beat the best teams in baseball. On-base percentage wins games and an obsession with Sabermetrics thrusts the A's to the playoffs in a game that they weren't supposed to win. There is no magic in Moneyball. Nerds behind computers calculate percentages and the effort, talent, and skill of the men on the field become ones and zeroes in a simulation. It's that simple. When a past-his-prime player is traded to the A's for nothing, he tries to bring that spark of heroism to the team, only to be told that he's washed up and if he wants to play, he needs to play their way. In the words of CS Lewis, " In a sort of ghastly way, we remove the organ and expect the function to remain". Analytics removed the soul from baseball and yet we expect the victories still to mean something.

Today's game looks like a machine, performing inputs and creating outputs. The pitching machine throws a ball that the hitting machine can only hit ¼ to 1/3 of the time. The fielding machines catch most everything that comes to them. The base stealing machines no longer steal bases because base stealing is analytically irrelevant. The umpires are monitored by machines and if their call is wrong, their authority is overturned. The worst part is, this thinking wins, so it will keep being the standard until something else comes along. The men in the arena have become irrelevant.

So too, go the men in America, and men of the West at large. Heroism can be explained away with rationality, so heroes can't exist in this world. That would mean someone was better than someone else. Today a man is nothing more than an economic unit, the same as a woman, who can be replaced in the system like a screw or washer in the machine once its worn itself out or become obsolete.

Men are not taught to not respect their fathers. They are taught to be Ray Kinsella, and spurn their fathers, because they are old and have sinned and are obsolete. Society would see them be a jack of no trade, a master of nothing, because self-sufficiency is inefficient. Because a man who does not need the system is a danger to it. And I don't have to go on about fathering children. Better men than I have written much longer, more profound works on declining birthrates in exchange for extended adolescence.

So what's the point? Everything sucks because the nerds took over and explained away the things they never could accomplish on their own. Who cares about baseball? Or sports in general? They've been compromised for so long. What do we do about it? All fair questions. We don't need to watch the Majors or give them our money. Same with Hollywood and the media in general. I say we coach little league. I say we call our fathers if we're lucky enough to still have them and I say we play catch with our sons. We bring magic back to the world, little by little. We show them Field of Dreams and the Natural and throw Moneyball in the trash. And when those boys grow up and it's their time at bat, a hero might knock the cover off the ball. And then I think we'll be alright.

Cover design by Mike Vinson @mdvnsn

THE WHITE SWAN

FAISAL MARZIPAN

BREAK OUT OF THE GLASS CUBE

by ANTHONY BAVARIA

Architecture and interior design matter; just how much they matter, though, very few are likely to appreciate. On a long enough timeline, drab dwellings create drab dwellers. Don't believe me? Just ask any European urbanite what it's like to live in a mid-century brutalist building, designed to be a "machine for living in", as Le Courbusier (in)famously put it.

Architecture is a reflection of a unique place, and, more importantly, the people that inhabit it. The English built castles of stone and mortar, the peoples of the ancient Near-East erected cities of mudbrick, and certain Native American tribes carved intricate abodes into the sides of cliffs; these are direct representations of the peoples of particular locations and the materials they had available. Even in the wake of the industrial revolution—when masses of raw materials became available for worldwide megalithic construction—structures did not immediately take on an international aesthetic. Architecturally speaking, New York still looked different from Paris, which was even more different from Tokyo.

This remained largely true until the arrival of "universal" ideas of governance and habitation. Universalising architecture and design went hand in hand with these ideas, erecting pillars of glass and steel; identical in Beijing, London, or wherever their foundations lay. It's no surprise that within and around these obelisks of modernity, culture is equally universal; it's easier than ever to find a panini in Tokyo or tacos in Copenhagen. Most probably see this as a good thing, but something very remarkable is being erased.

Today, nothing is safe, least of all a people's own identity and history. Take the recent architectural fad of "updating" historic edifices. A few examples are Daniel Libeskind's additions to Canada's Royal Ontario Museum and the Museum of Military History in Dresden, Germany; as well as Zaha Hadid's update on St. Antony's College in the United Kingdom and the Port Authority building in Antwerp, Belgium. It's a clash of old-meets-new, and the high priests of the architectural community are bowing down and praying to these newly constructed golden calves. However, I'm willing to bet that the average layman might mistake these tasteful additions for an alien invasion. Some of them appear, quite literally, as if the building is being subsumed or harvested by a galactic entity.

While positive comments and likes for social media postings about this new architectural craze might imply widespread admiration, other cultural trends suggest otherwise. The resurgence of traditional family life, for instance, as described by William Lind in his book Retroculture: Taking America Back. Then there's also a rising demand among millennials for mid-century furniture for their first homes

On the surface, mid-century furniture and traditional families may not have a lot in common, but they both point back in time, the opposite direction from the modern architecture literally engulfing our physical inheritance.

Regardless of whether or not you keep up with the latest developments in architecture, it's worth understanding what's happening to our culture – what's being done to it – and what that means, and that obviously includes the spaces we're supposed to live and work in. If you can, you should try to avoid being sucked up into this dehumanisation machine. Don't live in a glass cube: live in a normal home. If you're considering buying a place, make the extra effort to get something older and fix it up yourself. Besides, new-build condominiums are usually terribly constructed and have time limits baked into the construction. As much as we might like to roll our eyes about the explosion of local breweries and the bearded douchebags who've made it happen, these people are at least repurposing long-neglected buildings. Frequent places like this as well as your local pub in lieu of some edgy, modernistic culture hole.

One good thing is that the architectural oligarchs of modernity are less and less bothered with the environments of where normal people live. Firstly, they're usually not state-owned, and even if they are, they're not nationally valuable enough to be targeted for defacement. Locals and tourists alike can hopefully continue to enjoy normal living situations, unencumbered by the ever-changing tide of modernism.

Opposite, top: the Royal Ontario Museum; bottom: St Anthony's College, Oxford; inset: the Port Authority Building, Antwerp

SOW AND YOU SHALL REAP

by 21ST CENTURY MYSTIC (@t1cmystic)

It's happening. The cracks are starting to show, and even the normies can see them. "Why another shot?" "I thought it was 95% effective at stopping transmission?" "My friend got it and they were triple injected!" But it's still frustrating. After all, since the start of this pandemic, you've know something was wrong.

As time has progressed, you've only become more awake to the manipulation of the pieces, moved by hidden actors on the global pandemic chess board. To you, the evidence is overwhelming. Is it a global coup d'état? Or merely a cash grab by pharma-fascists hell bent on driving up their profits? Either way, you know that the propagandised narrative makes no sense; the why is a matter of secondary importance at this stage.

Unfortunately, as you've probably realised by now, your being awake to it all is not stopping it from happening. You've saved yourself (hopefully) and if you're lucky, maybe a couple of your close friends and family.

To win – to truly win – we need the normie on our side. Yes, the same person who creates an level frustration within us, who mocks us as "conspiracy theorists" and would be the first to shop us to the authorities if they were asked to. This is the person we must win over and have standing alongside us if we are to finally bring Leviathan down.

But how?

First, try to understand this situation from the viewpoint of the normie. Imagine yourself as a person who enjoys the inflated sense of self you are granted for being a rule-follower - a "good citizen". You are comfortable among others who feel the same, patting one another on the back. "We all have to do our part." "These are the sacrifices we make to be part of society." Here, there is no conflict, only conformity.

Now imagine the appearance of someone who wants to strike at the heart of all you hold dear. No, you are not a good citizen. You are a fool. A useful idiot. A handmaiden of tyranny. Of course you're angry to hear this! Of course you're afraid! Of course it's easier for you to attack this person who wants to turn your world upside down!

If you want to win the normie over, you must be gentle. You must set up a counter-narrative and leave seeds of truth for them to 'stumble' across along the way. The normie must not think you are teaching or leading them. No: they must believe they have come to these sceptical and awakened conclusions themselves. Build the counter-narrative carefully - but make it robust. You will need to create an entire world view that they feel comfortable accepting, when the time is right.

As much as we may despise the normie, as much as they may frustrate us, we are playing a numbers game. This is unavoidable. Until we can solidify the humble normie, we cannot thwart the elite. The normie will not dispense with their comfortable world view, unless they can find solace in an alternative one.

Build this world view. Build the counter-narrative. Have small conversations with everyone you meet. Drop seeds of truth for them to find. Encourage them to distrust the propagandised narrative. Most of all, show them just how fulfilling and rewarding it is living your world view.

The truth is, we can't just interact with these people, by which I mean "just go through the motions"; we must engage with them and, ultimately, win them over. However difficult it may be. However much we may despise them. Because the alternative – the success of the global pandemic plan – will be terrible for all of us. It's just that, unlike us, the normie doesn't know this yet. ■

REASON
LODGE

the E39 5 Series BMW will radicalize you

by GRAHAM DOCKERY (@ironlurcher)

In 'The Matrix,' Agent Smith tells a captured Morpheus that 1999 was "the peak of your civilization." Drive a BMW 5 Series built that year and you'll probably agree.

BMW released the E39 5 Series in 1995, and production ran until 2003, with a facelift in 2001 smartening up the car's already pin-sharp looks. Spend some time with any of these vehicles and you'll know what Agent Smith was talking about. Dwell on this and you'll start to wonder why such vehicles no longer exist, and if you're like me, you'll start to think about the civilizational implications.

First there's the aesthetics. The E39 5 Series could have been drawn with a ruler and pencil. Every line is straight, the flaring around its arches is subtle, and only the slightest beveling takes the edge off its right angles. Presented in the proper color (I'm a fan of the relatively rare Sterling Gray Metallic), it sits on the road a solid, undeniably

Designer: Joji Nagashima
Production: 1995-May 2004
Assembly: Dingolfing, DE

Teutonic block of granite.

Head on, even the top-of-the-range M5 - considered by many to be the greatest performance sedan ever built - doesn't snarl like its try-hard modern equivalents, and it doesn't sport a gaping maw of a grille like modern BMWs do. Instead it projects a silent and lethal professionalism. It's not an axe murderer. It's Rudolf Hess in a Hugo Boss uniform.

Inside, the solidity continues. Everything in the E39's cockpit is built to last. Switchgear is minimalistic and rugged, an errant knee or elbow won't snap or break anything, and the clunk of its doors makes the equivalent Audi or Mercedes-Benz feel like they were built from Chinese tin. Only on higher-end models will you find any screens or digital displays, and honestly, these features let the more premium models down.

How these cars drive largely depends on which of the dozen or so engine options you go for. Smaller 2-litre petrol and diesel units are lacking in power, but still have six cylinders, so glide along with a hum of Germanic superiority. Straight-line pulls in larger-displacement diesels are endlessly satisfying, and the bigger straight-six petrols sing at high RPMs. The M5, needless to say, is a beast.

Automatic or manual is a matter of preference. Manuals are geared longer than you may ex-

Above and below: station wagon versions

pect, and don't need to be trashed to extract enough power to have fun. Not having complete control over shifting is unacceptable to me, and spending some extra time tracking down one of these manuals is highly advised.

Handling across the range is sloppier than on modern premium sedans, but the body roll simply adds another dimension to cornering, one lost two decades later, now that every premium vehicle has had its character hardened and stiffened out. A few hours behind the wheel and chaining together corners becomes an art form, and the E39 becomes a lithe and supple dancer.

So far so good, but what's radicalizing about a competent premium sedan from the late 1990s? What's radicalizing is that when BMW introduced a new 5 Series in 2004, the Munich manufacturer could have repeated or improved the same winning formula, but chose not to.

Japanese designer Joji Nagashima was given the boot and replaced by the American Chris Bangle, a fan of "deconstructivism" inspired by the relentlessly ugly architecture of Frank Gehry. Bangle deconstructed the hell out of the 5 Series and BMW vomited out the swollen, curvy, and plasticky E60. Every 5 Series since has continued to bloat, and with China now BMW's main market, the 5 Series of today is tailored to the crass, bugman tastes of Beijing businessmen.

Interiors became flimsy and cheap, screens replaced dials, and engines became overengineered, unreliable, and prohibitive for users to maintain by themselves.

I bought a dirt cheap E39 525D last year, and coming from owning more modern BMWs, I was blown away. Everything I needed to do, I could do in my driveway with hand tools and YouTube videos. When I wanted to remove the pozzed emissions tech, I simply pulled out the relevant pipes, blanked up the holes, and started the car. The E39 has no longhouse technology to screech and bark at its owner for committing such environmental sins, and won't scold you with alarms and chimes to bring it to a dealer for routine maintenance.

When it's fixed, it's fixed. You've saved some cash, learned something new, and mogged every man in your neighborhood who can't roll up his sleeves and wrench on his modern WiFi-enabled Gaymaxx

"...it projects a silent and lethal professionalism. It's not an axe murderer. It's Rudolf Hess in a Hugo Boss uniform."

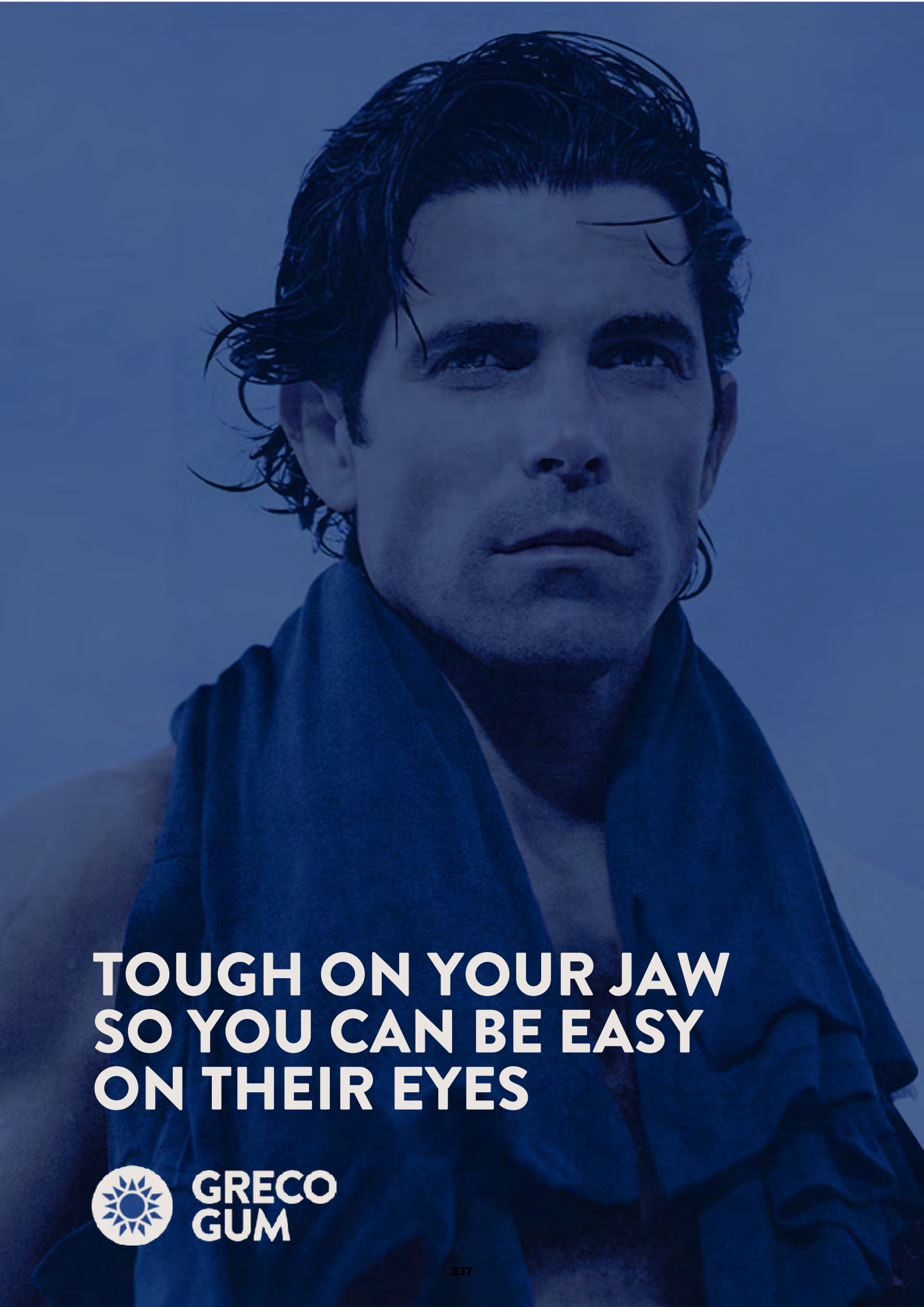
Crossover.

As PLUS ULTRA wrote in this fine magazine, "Big Brother wants to put you into a two-and-a-half-ton RC car, remote-controlled by a government-commissioned call center in Calcutta." The E39 owner rejects this cucked future and chooses timeless aesthetics, precision engineering, and build quality that will endure long after his neighbor's Tesla disintegrates around him.

The E39 represents a high water mark for BMW, and the decline that followed has echoes throughout our civilization. NASA hasn't gone to the moon in 50 years, and nowadays spends its budget "advancing racial equity." Roads and bridges are crumbling while our best and brightest minds move imaginary money and design smartphone wanking apps. We tear down monuments to martial heroes and replace them with sculptures of vaginas.

Driving an E39 5 Series today won't wind back the decline, but the death throes of our civilization are silenced within its cabin, and its existence is a reminder that with the will to do so, we can RETVRN!

MOMBACHOCIGARS.COM


TOUGH ON YOUR JAW
SO YOU CAN BE EASY
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A SWANSONG FOR THE CYBORGS: THE BATTLE FOR DONETSK AIRPORT

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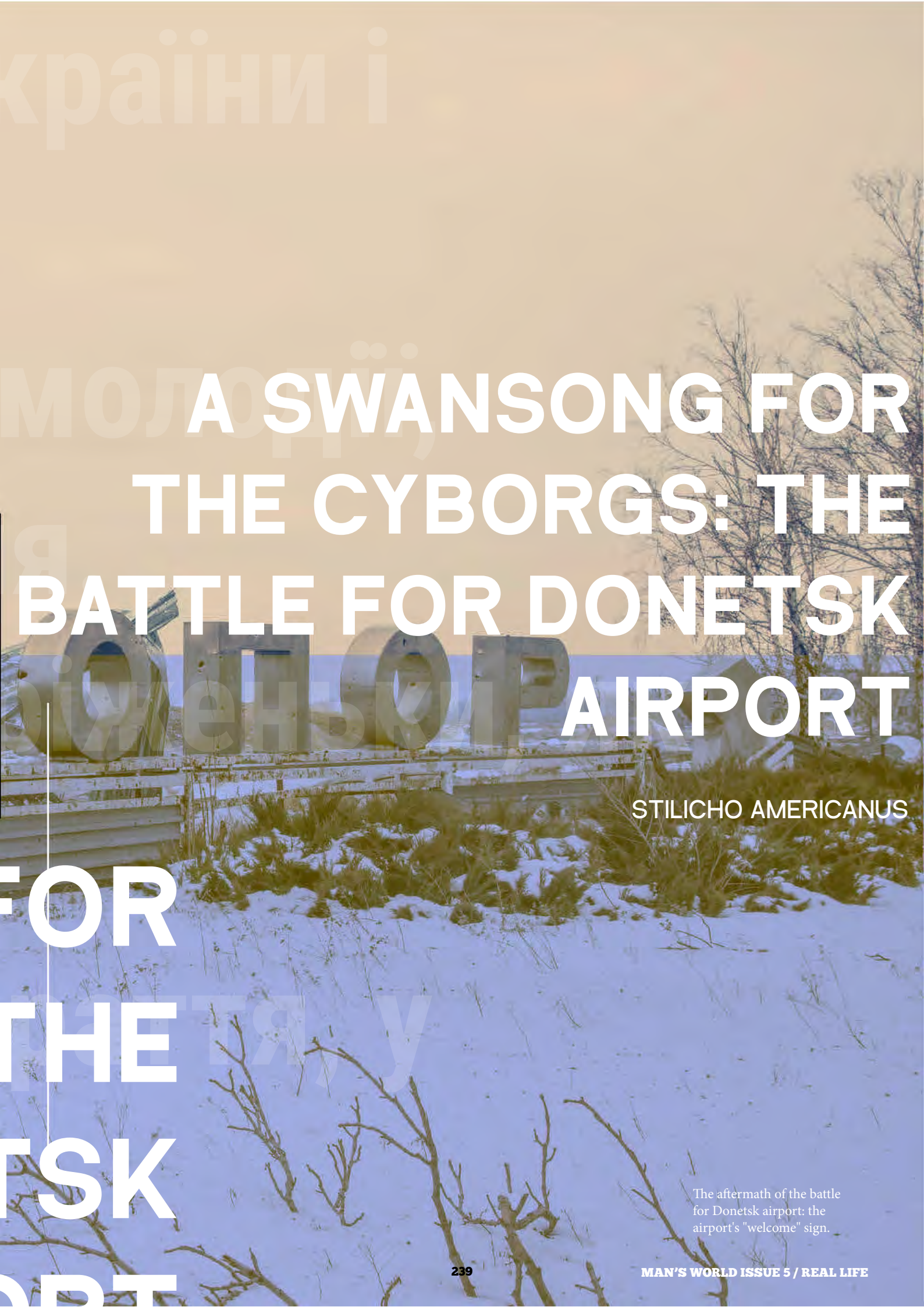


The aftermath of the battle for Donetsk airport: the airport's "welcome" sign.

The first stanza of the Ukrainian national anthem reads: "Ukraine is not yet dead, nor its glory and freedom, / Luck will still smile on us brother-Ukrainians. / Our enemies will die, as the dew does in sunshine, / and we, too brothers, we'll live happily in our land." It is a stirring song, and it is a warrior's song. For the courageous few, it's a song fit for funeral music. On January 21, 2015, a handful of dirty, unshaven, and battle-weary Ukrainian soldiers sang the song for the last time as they unloaded their Kalashnikovs at the attacking enemy. These were the "cyborgs," and this is their story.

The War in Donbas, sometimes called the Russo-Ukrainian War, began in 2014 following several months of unrest. The loss of Crimea to the Russian Federation, along with the Euromaidan riots in Kiev

President Viktor Yanukovych, whose removal created the conditions for the Civil War that has gripped Ukraine since 2014

that removed President Viktor Yanukovych, created civil war conditions in Ukraine. On one side stood the supporters of Ukraine's full integration into the European Union. Here, left-wing and right-wing liberals, centrists, anarchists, social democratic progressives, and hard-right nationalists linked arms and loaded 5.45x39mm rounds into magazines to remove endemic corruption from their country and protect against Russian aggression. On the other side, supporters of Yanukovych, communists, Cossacks, regionalists, and pro-Russian forces organized themselves to defeat Kievan and EU imperialism. Both sides called the other "fascist," a term which still has some potency for the grandsons and great-grandsons of the Great Patriotic War. Before long, private armies owned by billionaires on both sides were trading shots all across the country.

Such archeo-futurism, where Ukrainian oligarchs mimicked the Roman Senators of the Old Republic by raising their own warbands, gave way to fully mobilized and modern battalions. The war was on. Patriots, political soldiers, and mercenaries lined up and got their orders. Young barbarians like "Woland," author of the memoir Valhalla-Express, volunteered for fearsome Ukrainian units like the Azov Battalion and the Ukrainian Volunteer Corps, both of which began as paramilitaries for far-right political parties. Others, like Vitaly "Afrikaner" Fedorov, author of the war memoir The Freedom Fighter, signed up for the newly configured armies of the Donetsk People's Republic (DPR) and Luhansk People's Republic (LPR). These two men found companions and compatriots from the four corners of the globe. This is how a civil war became a new crusade pitting competing nationalist visions against one another.

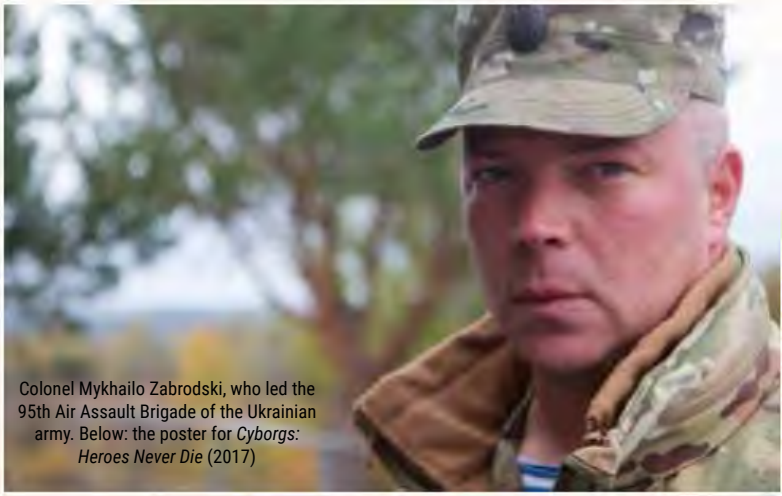
By the autumn of 2014, much of the fighting was concentrated in the far-eastern provinces of Ukraine where the DPR and LPR had been declared. Here, a plurality if not an outright majority of the population is ethnically Russian and/or speaks Russian as their first language. Separatism runs deep in the Donbas region, and more importantly, Moscow considers the Don River basin integral to its current mission to reaffirm Russia's status as a great power. While the DPR and LPR militias focused on capturing strategic towns and vital infrastructure like rail hubs and airports, their Ukrainian opponents concentrated on defense and well as expulsion. Donetsk, a city with almost one million people, awaited as a prize for both. The crown jewel of the diadem was the Sergei Prokofiev International Airport. The international airport is located approximately five kilometers from the urban core of Donetsk, while two smaller hamlets, Opytne and Pisky, are situated much nearer at hand. Here, the "cyborgs" would be born and baptized in blood to the wonderful music of machine gun fire and artillery shells.

The First Battle of the Donetsk Airport commenced on May 6, 2014. On that day, some 200 fighters with the DPR's Vostok Battalion stormed the airport and easily captured several terminals. According to Major Amos C. Fox of the U.S. Army's Institute of Land Warfare, the Vostok Battalion that seized the airport was primarily composed of Chechen fighters, most of whom had been

trained and equipped in Russia. They demanded that the surrounding Ukrainian forces leave the area. The Ukrainians responded to this ultimatum by sending in an airborne task force complete with attack helicopters and planes and troops from crack airmobile regiments. Overwhelming Ukrainian firepower retook the airport, and while the Vostok men continued to harass and engage in skirmishes, the airport was comfortably in Kiev's hands by May 27. It is believed that fifty separatist fighters died in the battle, including Chechen, Russian, and international volunteers.

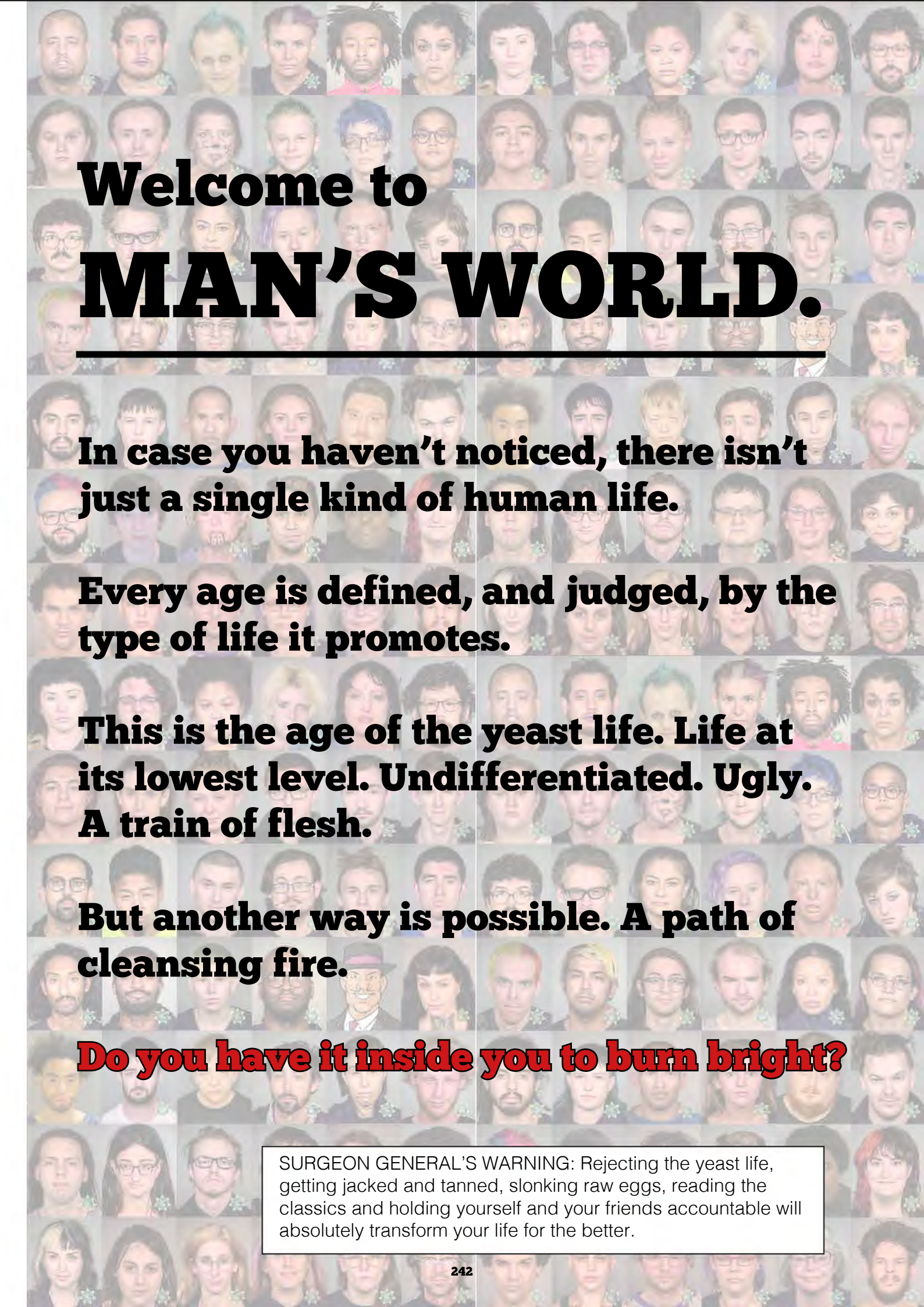
Flush with victory, the Ukrainians undertook a major offensive in July 2014. The offensive was spearheaded by Colonel Mykhailo Zabrodski and his 95th Air Assault Brigade. The 95th commenced a 200-mile incursion into separatist territory, taking the fight to DPR and LPR strongholds in Bakhmat, Debal'tseve, Saur-Mogila, Krasni Luch, and the airport in Luhansk. Before returning to their base at Kramatorsk, the 95th managed not only to win a string of victories, but also to change the entire momentum of the war up to that point. Kiev looked on the verge of an all-out victory in the summer of 2014, as the DPR and LPR forces were reduced to defending ever-dwindling pockets near the Russian border. But Moscow couldn't let its client states disappear, so, that summer, between 6,500 and 10,000 Russian troops crossed the border and entered the field of fire. Moscow still denies this, and one must always be wary of reports coming from the Atlantic Council and other auxiliaries of the American foreign policy Leviathan. Suffice to say that something extraordinary happened in July 2014. The complexion of the battlefield changed. An DPR/LPR offensive began gaining ground and taking scalps.

Major Fox characterized the summer offensive of 2014 as "not a disconnected series of random battles," but rather "a comprehensive campaign to deny Ukrainian forces key terrain, destroy their offensive capabilities." Major Fox's essay, "'Cyborgs at Little Stalingrad':


Colonel Mykhailo Zabrodski, who led the 95th Air Assault Brigade of the Ukrainian army. Below: the poster for *Cyborgs: Heroes Never Die* (2017)

A Brief History of the Battles of the Donetsk Airport" further highlights that the goal of attacking the Donetsk was to both centralize the Ukrainian defenders in one place and to render the airport unusable regardless of the battle's outcome. And what a battle it turned out to be—the Second Battle of the Donetsk Airport lasted from September 28, 2014 until January 21, 2015. The siege earned the sobriquet "Little Stalingrad" owing to its viciousness, level of destruction, and its mythologizing. For 242 days, the airport was more than just a battle; it was a clash of titans, with balls and guts greasing each fired round. The battle birthed heroes who soon thereafter became the subjects of a major motion picture (2017's Cyborgs: Heroes Never Die). Although they earned their own memorial day and celebrations throughout Ukraine, the "cyborgs" (and the men they faced off against) came into the world as mere men and left it in the same way. The survivors, men like paratrooper Oleksandr Mashonkin, showed extraordinary courage in extraordinary circumstances, and yet remain ordinary men.

At the start of siege on September 28, 2014, the Donetsk airport was defended by a motley assortment of Ukrainian regulars, volunteers, and militiamen. The defending units included the 93rd Mechanized Brigade and battalions of the Ukrainian Volunteer Corps.



Welcome to MAN'S WORLD.

In case you haven't noticed, there isn't just a single kind of human life.

Every age is defined, and judged, by the type of life it promotes.

This is the age of the yeast life. Life at its lowest level. Undifferentiated. Ugly. A train of flesh.

But another way is possible. A path of cleansing fire.

Do you have it inside you to burn bright?

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Rejecting the yeast life, getting jacked and tanned, slonking raw eggs, reading the classics and holding yourself and your friends accountable will absolutely transform your life for the better.

Fighting at Donetsk airport. Below: Arsen Pavlov, fearsome commander of the Sparta Battalion. Opposite page: aftermatch of the battle of Donetsk airport, as seen on CNN.

Later reinforcements came from the 79th Airborne Brigade, 80th Airborne Brigade, the Dnipro Regiment, and the 95th Airborne Brigade, as well as elements from the 93d Mechanized Brigade and 3d Spetsnaz Regiment. Some reports claim that the infamous Azov Battalion took part in the battle as well, but these reports cannot be confirmed. But, if true, then there is something bitterly humorous about the fact that the men of Azov, as well as the men of the Volunteer Corps, whom polite society in both Kiev and the West deem as "Nazi scum," displayed more valor and heroism than all the world's NGOs and Humanities departments combined. NATO and the EU may refuse to train with Ukraine's "fascist" paramilitaries, but they will gladly let them die in the name of countering Vladimir Putin.

Facing the "cyborgs" were equally tough and dedicated warriors of the Vostok, Somalia, and Sparta battalions. The Sparta Battalion, a 1,000-man special forces battalion, was at that time led by the legendary commander Arsen Pavlov, aka "Motorola," a Russian-born ethnic Komi who participated in the counter-protests against Euromaidan. As for the Somalia Battalion, their equally feared commander, Mikhail "Givi" Tolstykh, is now best known for a video featuring him harassing and terrorizing captured Ukrainian soldiers. (Pavlov was killed by an IED in 2016, while Tolstykh died in February 2017 after his office was hit by a rocket.) These battalions included battle-hardened veterans of the Second Chechen War, as well as former members of the Ukrainian Army. The battle was equal in terms of fighting prowess and determination, but unequal in materiel. The Ukrainian defenders did the best they could with small arms, while the attacking separatists enjoyed the use of armor, artillery, and multiple rocket launch systems (MLRSs). The DPR/LPR forces also successfully used their control of the city of Donetsk, specifically the city's high-rise apartment buildings, to spot and call for artillery strikes on the airport.

Throughout October and November 2014, DPR/LPR forces conducted daily assaults on the airport to wear down the defenders. The cold took its toll too, as the average temperature dropped from 45 degrees Fahrenheit in October to 36 and 39 degrees in November and December. The constant shelling also knocked out the power and water to the airport, thus forcing the defenders to rely on their narrow supply lines back to Pisky. The battle of attrition eventually gave way to

a DPR attack launched on November 28 to take the airport's old terminal. The DPR force, possibly with the help of Russian special forces, forced the Ukrainian defenders to retreat to the newest terminal in the airport, their last defensible position. Amazingly, the defenders did not retreat to the new terminal until December 5. More shelling barrages and penetrating attacks lasted until January 12, when the airport's air traffic control tower collapsed. Still, the Ukrainians fought on.

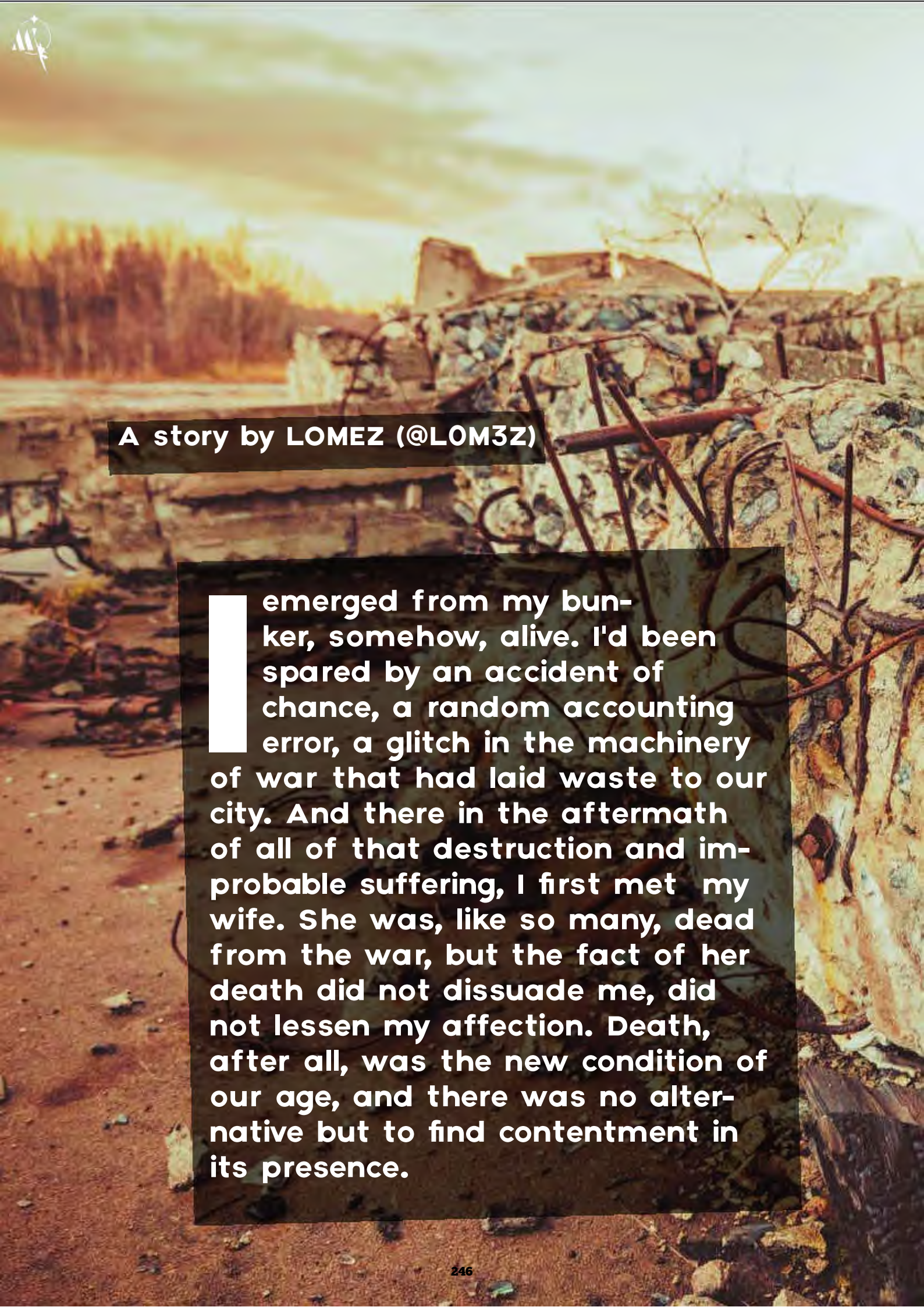
The DPR hoped to end the siege by issuing an ultimatum on January 13, 2015. The ultimatum demanded that the Ukrainian defenders leave the airport that evening. The Ukrainians defied the ultimatum, and, on January 17, a last-ditch counterattack was launched against the DPR soldiers by the airport's defenders as well as reinforcements from the surrounding villages.

THEY BECAME KNOWN AS "CYBORGS" BECAUSE OF THEIR SUPERHUMAN ENDURANCE. THEY FOUGHT ON WHEN LESSER MEN WOULD HAVE FOLDED. THEY SUFFERED EACH DAY ONLY TO RISE AGAIN AND SUFFER SOME MORE.

The counterattack surprised the separatists and allowed the Ukrainians to evacuate many of their dead and wounded. In response, according to Major Fox as well as James Rupert of the Atlantic Council, 600 Russian troops with rocket launchers and T-90 tanks conducted a final assault on the airport. Everything Ukrainian that moved was fired upon from January 19-21. And still, the defenders fought on. Eventually, after losing the first floor, the Ukrainians hunkered down on the airport's second floor and resolved to fight to the end. That is what happened. On January 21, 2015, the last of the Ukrainian defenders either died, fled in small groups to Ukrainian-controlled villages, or were captured by DPR forces. The siege ended.

The Second Battle of the Donetsk Airport was a resounding victory for the anti-Kiev movement. The energy from this victory eventually netted another win for the DPR/LPR militaries when, on February 20, 2015, they defeated the Ukrainians at Debal'tseve. Kiev sued for a ceasefire and got it. Six years later and the ceasefire is still place. The War in Donbas is a frozen conflict interspersed with artillery duels and occasional raids across the trench lines. About nine percent of Ukrainian territory is controlled by either the DPR or LPR. The conflict has the possibility of flaring up again. War fever now seems to have gripped Washington, D.C., with even nominally conservative senators from ruby red states like Mississippi suggesting that America should use its nuclear arsenal to protect the territorial integrity of Ukraine. Hubris has struck again, even despite the recent embarrassment in Afghanistan. If nothing else, the War in Donbas shows the Russian military to be arguably the most formidable foe in the world for the United States, as the novel battalion tactical group (BTG) concept of the Russian Armed Forces proved its effectiveness in Ukraine, with the 600- to 800-man DPR/LPR BTGs dealing serious blows to their professional opponents. Also, the war showed the expertise of Russian logistics, as most of the supposedly identified Russian units in the conflict came from as far away as Vladivostok. Most troubling of all, unlike the American military, which has been bogged down in "woke" idiocy and useless COIN strategy games, many soldiers in the Russian military have experience in exactly the type of warfare that would occur if the United States and Russia began a shooting war over Ukraine.

But all the politicking and geostrategy talk should not overshadow why the "cyborgs" of Donetsk airport are so revered in their country. These men withstood hunger, the cold, and the threat of death for over two hundred days. They became known as "cyborgs" because of their superhuman endurance. They fought on when lesser men would have folded. They suffered each day only to rise again and suffer some more. The story of Ukraine's "cyborgs" is an ancient epic transferred to the age of smartphones. Like the heroes of Sparta and Athens, these warriors proved their worth to their ancestors and to those who will come after them. They and their opponents proved that the bear cult of the berserker can still be found in modern European men. Sometimes all that is needed is the right moment, the right cause, or the right airport to uncover the glory that can lurk with the hearts of simple men.



A story by LOMEZ (@L0M3Z)

I emerged from my bunker, somehow, alive. I'd been spared by an accident of chance, a random accounting error, a glitch in the machinery of war that had laid waste to our city. And there in the aftermath of all of that destruction and improbable suffering, I first met my wife. She was, like so many, dead from the war, but the fact of her death did not dissuade me, did not lessen my affection. Death, after all, was the new condition of our age, and there was no alternative but to find contentment in its presence.

WaR
BRIDe

A man, old enough to be her father, another of the accidental survivors, came running down the street just as I began pulling her corpse from the rubble of an old church, out from underneath a pane of cracked stained glass. The glass was decorated in a mosaic of reds and yellows and blues, but the religious scene it once depicted was unrecognizable, much like the dead around us who were so smashed and bloodied you couldn't tell who was who, only that they had once been something else, perhaps even beautiful. My wife though, this woman who I dragged from the debris, was still in good condition, considering. Her face wilted in a lovely, sad smile, and all her limbs were intact. She had been pretty, near gorgeous, you could tell, when she was living, and was still pretty now, once you got used to the idea that her heart and brain had stopped working. Her only physical fault, if you could call it a fault, was that her ribcage had been crushed by a cinderblock and her whole upper-body was now sunken and flat like a pillow removed of its stuffing.

"My daughter," the man screamed. Perhaps, out of all the bodies before us, the woman I had chosen as my wife, had been this exact man's daughter, but I didn't think so. There were so many dead, so many lost, and what difference did it make now anyway? She was mine.

He began frantically digging through the stone and metal carcass of the building that had once stood across the street. He pulled from the wreackage one corpse after another, which he tossed aside because they were not his daughters. The discarded dead began to accumulate around him. They were mutilated and burned, undifferentiated flesh. He stacked one on top of the other, whole bodies, discrete limbs, torsos, their shredded clothes which made a kind of grout between their burnt skin. It got to be so I couldn't see his head above the wall of the dead. I felt sorry for him, but this was not a time for pity, and he, too, would be among the dead soon enough.

By now the sun had fallen to the low point of the sky, casting just a faint light across the piles of bodies, their eyes as dull as old coins. Fires as tall as mountains danced in various parts of the city like drunken demons. I looked south toward the ocean and saw a small sailboat dangling from a palm tree as though it had been lynched. It could not be, but it was. To the east, a storm cloud rose out of the desert like a giant, throbbing brain. Little in a good war makes sense.

As the man went on tossing bodies atop his pile, I finished clearing my woman of the stained glass and the other debris that had done her in. She lay on her back, her feet stretched out on what must have once been a chair, her arms dangling beside her. I took her arms and wrapped them around my neck, then grabbed at her waist to lift her. She came up to me effortlessly, almost tenderly, rather as if she were half-asleep, as though she'd crashed out on the sofa with the TV on and was depending on me to bring her to bed.

As I pulled her toward me, it seemed that her arms found purchase around my neck and held me by a strength of their own. I couldn't help but interpret her embrace as a gesture of consent, that something inside her was still weakly ticking, saying: "Yes. I do. I, too."

I brought her all the way upright until she was on her her tip-toes, her whole body slack, languorous, her eyes cracked open just enough for me to see my reflection in them, cracked open just enough to receive the enormous love that I was promising her. Once upright, her skull fell forward, her forehead flopping against mine as if she were coming in for a kiss.

But I wasn't ready yet, not here, not with that old man still desperately in search of his daughter just across the street.

I placed my wife in my wheelbarrow. I rolled her down the block until we came to a drugstore where I found shampoo and a bar of soap. I cleaned her hair and skin, careful to remove the dust and ash that had gathered in her armpits, under her fingernails, and in her crotch. In another aisle I found deodorant, toothpaste and a toothbrush, and a kit of makeup, which I applied sloppily, but the best I knew how. I placed a band-aid across a gash on her bicep and cleaned her chest wound with ointment and gauze. We came to a department store a few blocks down the street where a rack of new dresses, navy-blue with red buttons, stood miraculously untouched, like me, by the war. She fit neatly into the dress, although it was loose around her crushed ribcage. I found a pile of jewelry in a shattered glass case and around her neck I clasped a string of costume diamonds. I put pearls in her ears and an opal

bracelet around her wrist.
When we got back to the street where I had found her, the old man, delirious with grief, had pushed through his wall of corpses and now carried his own dead woman across his shoulders. She was short and blonde, nothing like my wife, missing an entire leg, her face concealed by blood.

He saw me and my wife, so lovely and limp, lying face up in the wheelbarrow. Her half-open eyes lured him closer. He leaned over her, the blonde woman still slung across his back, and touched my wife's navy-blue dress. He ran his hand through the shining, looping curls of her black hair. He fingered the diamonds around her neck, and then, as a final goodbye, pressed his palm against her forehead. His gestures were delicate, so tender and human, which made me embarrassed for him.

"Why is it not dark?" he finally said to me, his lip quivering.

I understood his basic point. The sun by now had dropped below the horizon and it was night, or should have been, and in the simplest sense, he wanted to know how we could still see each other, and the dead, and our leveled city. The fires were the obvious, but incorrect, answer to his question. He was grasping for language I could not give him.

He brought his one-legged, blonde woman down from his shoulders and cradled her like an infant. "Always we are replacing one kind of truth for another." Now he was speaking like some kind of mystic, which I despised in him, and I wanted to leave. I began pushing the wheelbarrow in the direction toward home. He went his own way, muttering to himself, "My daughter," not as frantic as he'd been when I first saw him in the afternoon, but still with an unresolved longing in his voice that I could remember having once felt myself.

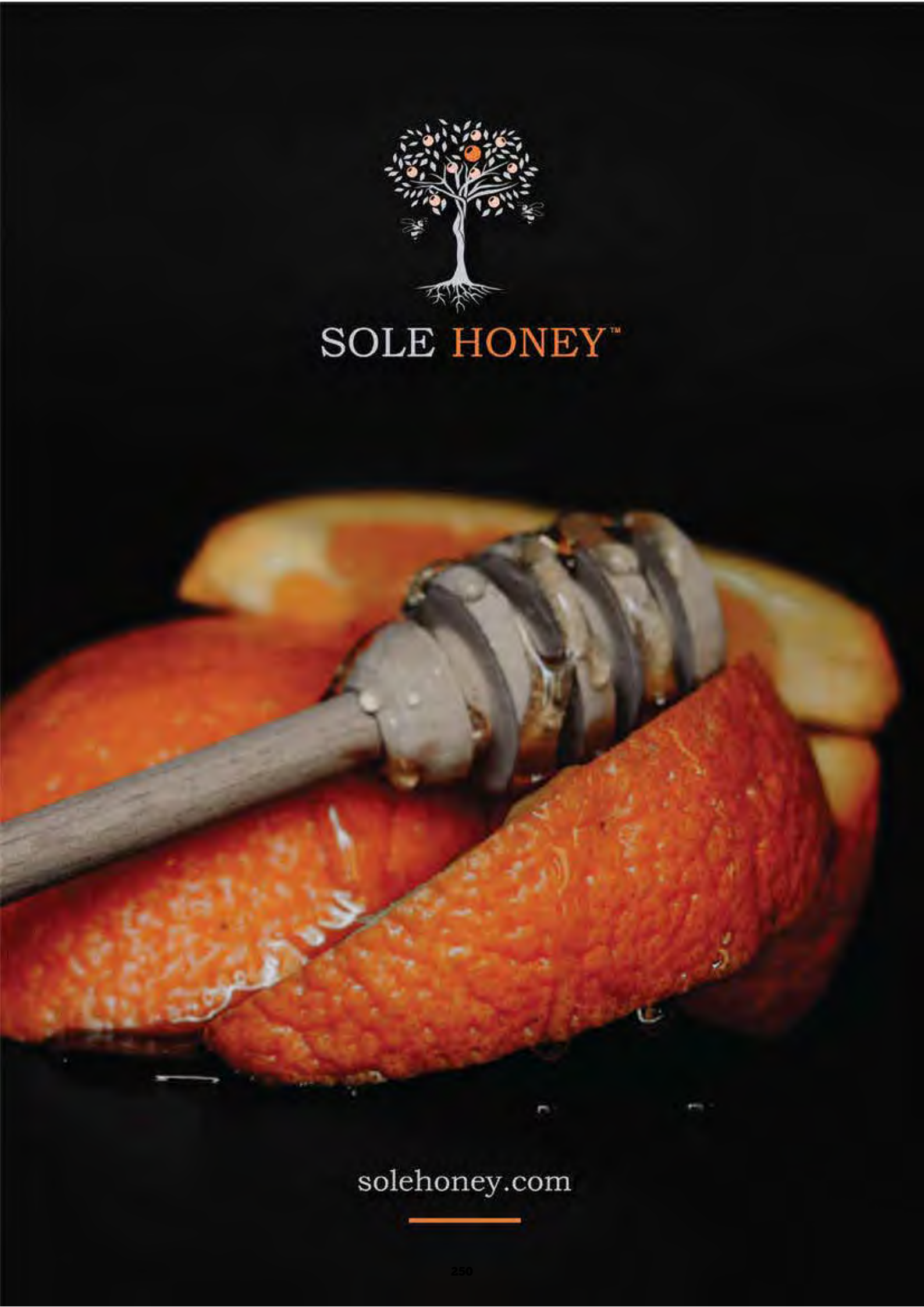
-

For now, we are at peace. There are few left to fight. My wife spends her days in bed, dreaming, I like to think, of stillness. She is dead but not without needs. It is an overly simplistic understanding of things that does not allow the dead an inner-life of their own. I maintain her body as best I can, though she is deteriorating as one would expect. I sing to her. I tell her my fears and my hopes. I worry on her behalf.

I am diligent, loyal, caring. These impulses come to me as naturally as my breathing. Is what I describe not love?

And sometimes, when I am lying beside her, I think about the old man chanting to himself, "My daughter." I like to imagine what he means, what he sees, and the memories, false and true, that make up the shadows of his pathetic longing. I know he must mean something undead, something that can't be had again, no matter how long he searches. I know this, because I imagine it, too. We all do, those of us who are still able.

What I can imagine he sees is the girl he once knew to be his daughter, on her bicycle for the first time, her pig-tails flying behind her. This is before the war, before the fires. The man, her father, much younger and more sure of himself, watches from the yard, urging her on. The metallic buttons of her overalls throw rays of sunlight that blind him briefly and then not. For the moment she is riding in circles around the cul-de-sac. She wobbles some and he is worried she might fall. But she is getting the hang of it and is confident beyond herself. She has a natural sense of how to shift her weight, lean into turns, how to maneuver the handle-bars. She is graceful, an athlete, and it is coming easier to her with every turn. She looks at her father and they both smile. He watches, happily, near to tears, as she comes out of one of her turns and continues down the street, a straight, clean line, picking up speed, past one house, then another. He calls for her but she does not turn back, her pig-tails horizontal behind her, accelerating away from him, into the bright spring sun, everything shrinking, becoming blurred, away from him, until she is too far to see. ■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FROM THE FORGE

EXCLUSIVE PUSH WORKOUT WITH BLACKSMITH BODYBUILDER (@BLKSMTHBB)

There are several variants you can use for this movement, but the greatest growth I've had with chest development has come through using the barbell press (just make sure you have a good spotter when the load starts to get heavy).

Set 1 - This will be a heavy set, shooting for 6-8 rep range

Set 2 - ~70-80% of set 1 weight and shoot for 10-15 reps. Really try to push as much blood into the muscle as possible with this set.

1: INCLINE CHEST PRESS

You can go with DBs, smith, or barbell here. I like to put my bench in the slightest incline position. I find that while it does put a little more load on my upper chest, my shoulders are still doing the bulk of the work and I'm able to really push a lot more weight than if the bench was at 90 degrees.

Set 1 - This will be a heavy set: shooting for 6-8 rep range

Set 2 - ~70-80% of set 1 weight and shoot for 10-15 reps. Really try to push as much blood into the muscle as possible with this set.

2: SHOULDER PRESS

There really is no alternative for me when it comes to big arms: it has to be heavy skulls to get those massive horseshoe triceps! Wrap your elbows or do whatever you have to do to get this one in because you will grow. I like doing these with a slight incline on the bench, again allowing me to load a bit heavier.

Set 1 - This will be a heavy set: shooting for 6-8 rep range

Set 2 - ~70-80% of set 1 weight and shoot for 10-15 reps. Really try to push as much blood into the muscle as possible with this set.

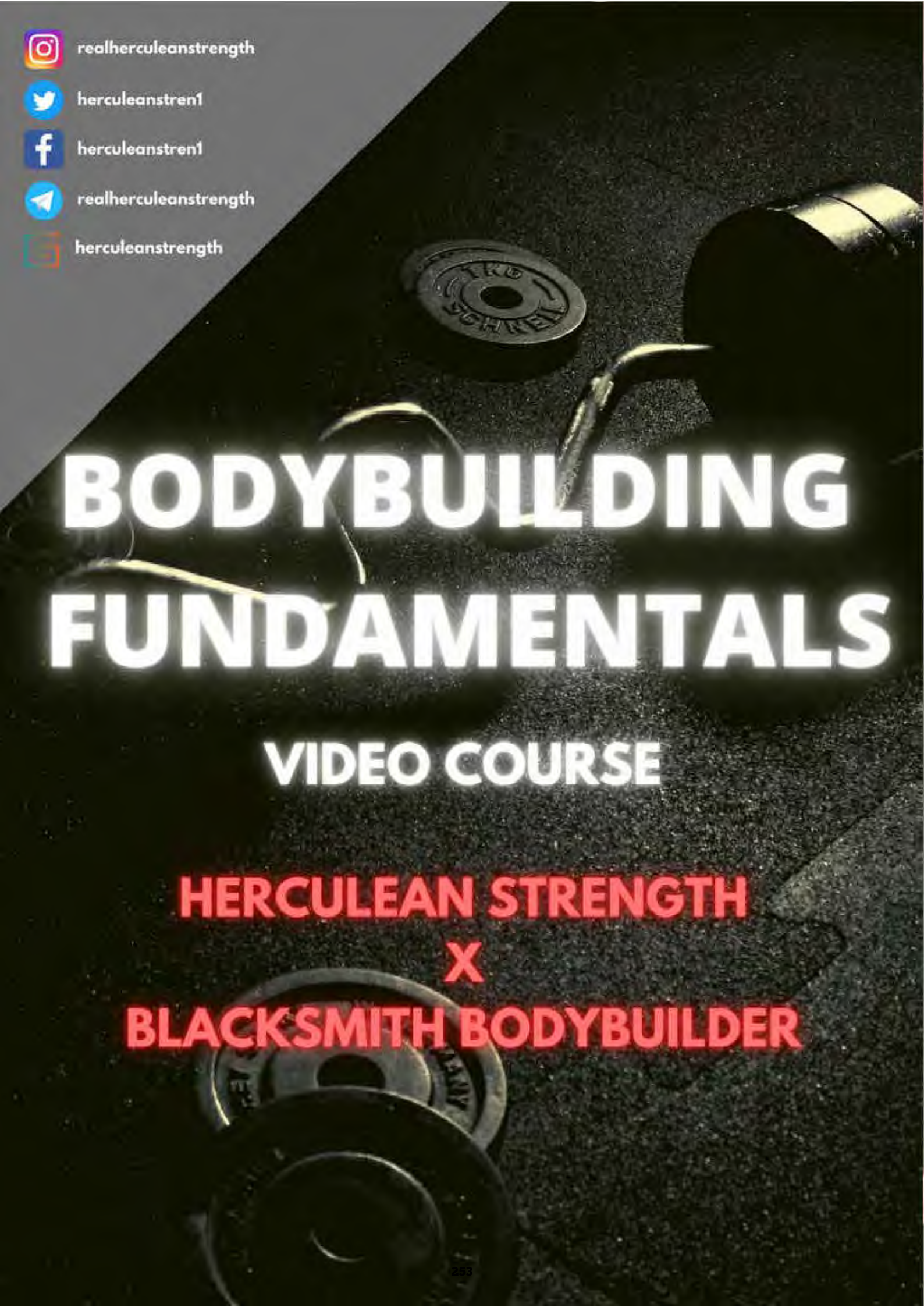
3: SKULLCRUSHERS

I went with another incline movement here, but this time on a machine, because I like the massive upper chest thicc nasty look, and because I'm a MFing boss! My gym has a nice HS unit that I like as well.

Set 1 - This will be a heavy set: shooting for 6-8 rep range

Set 2 - ~70-80% of set 1 weight and shoot for 10-15 reps. Really try to push as much blood into the mus-

4: CHEST PRESS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BLACKSMITH BODYBUILDER

Dora the Stormer, "Reach for Meaning"

5: SHOULDER PRESS

Use your favorite attachment i.e. rope, ez bar, vbar, or whatever you prefer here. Lately I have been really liking a pretty unique vbar that my gym has - I don't know if someone made it or where they got it - but it has a very obtuse angle, so it's almost right in the middle of a straight bar and traditional vbar. Really cool!

3 sets - 10-15 reps or failure

Any type of pin or plate-loaded shoulder press machine will work here. Your shoulders should be pretty burnt by now, so utilizing a machine really helps with maintaining accuracy in the execution.

Set 1 - Take a step back from the heavy loading we've been doing so far and shoot for a rep range of 8-10
Set 2 - Rep range of 15-20 (really feel a burn here)

6: PUSHDOWNS

This is the last chest movement and by now you should be pretty toasted, so we really want to focus on pushing some more blood into the muscle. Don't go "light" with the weight, but you don't have to load so heavy that you're only getting 6 reps.

2 sets to failure

7: FLYS

We'll finish up the workout with some lateral raises. If you can use DBs and not cheat that's fine. If not, try using a machine or cable.

2 sets to failure

8: LATERAL RAISES

I have three unique new programs that have just launched over at www.blacksmithbodybuilding.com: The Way of the Samurai, The Way of the Spartan, The Way of the Viking. Each program has a specific training style, rep range, incorporation of intensity techniques and hypertrophy in order to achieve specific goals! The Way of the Samurai will focus on getting lean and cut; the Way of the Spartan, on lean muscle mass; and the Way of the Viking, on pure strength and bulk.

John "Borzoi" Chapman

Cultured Drugs

Dispatches From America in Collapse

Ralph Fiennes as Coriolanus, in the 2011 film adaptation

How To Watch Shakespeare

(And not just the plays but the films too)

by
Peter Paradise

Today, in this modern society which strives to tear down its own high culture and history, Shakespeare and his plays are one of the few still-burning embers of our theatrical and literary tradition. Why? What makes his works still mesmerise people 400 years later?

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It's been over 400 years, and Shakespeare's plays still hold up. Our forefathers wouldn't find this surprising. For centuries, our ancestors were intimately familiar with and moved by the works of William Shakespeare. They've been such a part of the western canon that if you look up one of your favorite historical figures since 1600, chances are they had a favorite Shakespeare play.

Today, some might not get the appeal of Shakespeare. After all, many are introduced to Shakespeare through reading his plays in the classroom rather than watching them be performed on stage. Many aren't even aware that he is best known for his war stories, as they've only been introduced to his high-school friendly romances. For centuries Shakespeare set the standard in the west for heroic masculinity by weaving together tales that demonstrate what these virtues look like when put into action.

Beyond influencing our values, this one man single handedly changed the language we use today. Words like "critic" "lonely" "swagger."… even "skim milk" were all coined by the bard. Even common expressions like "vanish into thin air", "break the ice" and "good riddance" were invented by him, in Avon, 400 years ago.

Today, in this modern society which strives to tear down its own high culture and history, Shakespeare and his plays are one of the few still-burning embers of our theatrical and literary tradition. Why? What makes his works still mesmerise people 400 years later?

Perhaps it's the themes of his plays. In his tragedies and histories, Shakespeare keeps coming back to the question, "what should virtuous men do when their government has grown corrupt and tyrannical?" In Shakespeare's tales, social harmony depends on heroic masculinity as an avatar of divine justice. What makes his stories different from the films you see today, is that usually you already know how it's going to end. In plays like Romeo and Juliet he tells you from the beginning that this romance between star-crossed lovers will end in tears. For his historical plays, you already know what fate awaits Julius Caesar or Richard III. Even knowing the ending, the plays are still exciting, not because of the end that awaits us, but the journey we must take to get there. Shakespeare is a master of understanding the human condition and fully embodies the perspective of his characters. They are deep three-dimensional characters who struggle with the choices they have to make. The plays reinforce the notion that the line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being.

But if you really want to know why his plays work, why they have dominated our high culture for so long, you're going to have to watch them for yourself.

How to Watch Film Adaptations

Quite simply, the best way to experience Shakespeare isn't to read one of his plays. You need to see it performed.

So how should one go about watching Shakespeare? While purists would recommend going to a live theatrical performance, unfortunately today many theater directors try to subvert Shakespeare with cringey gimmicks that ruin the experience. Instead, consider dipping your toes into the water by watching faithful film adaptations made by people who love Shakespeare and aren't trying to "deconstruct" his work or repackage it to make it more suitable for the latest modern tastes and fashions.

Film is an exciting medium for Shakespeare plays. Through cinematography, music, and using the camera to command the audience's focus, the director has many ways to heighten the drama of scenes.

Another advantage is the ability to turn on subtitles. Shakespeare's antiquated language is wonderful, but it takes a little bit of time to get immersed into it. Subtitles not only speeds up this process, but also helps you catch all the dialogue if the actors are speaking quickly.

The following are just a few excellent adaptations worth watching.

MacBeth

2010, star[illegible] Patrick [illegible] war[illegible] mar[illegible] bi[illegible], insp[illegible] dar[illegible] he[illegible] nd a[illegible]nning wife, murders the king of Scotland and transforms into a tyrant.

Shakespeare's shortest, and one of his most famous, plays. Trading 11th century Scotland for 1960s Eastern Europe, this PBS Television film adaptation of MacBeth is one of the best MacBeth films. Stewart does an excellent job transforming MacBeth from someone who is torn over the prospect of assassinating his rivals, into a power mad tyrant. While MacBeth's character arc is intriguing, it's equally exciting watching the other lords of Scotland realizing that MacBeth has become a force of evil who needs to be stopped. To that end Michael Feast delivers an incredibly moving performance as MacDuff. While the film is in a different setting, the differences don't detract from the theme, and still capture the haunting ominous atmosphere of Macbeth's castle.

Hamlet

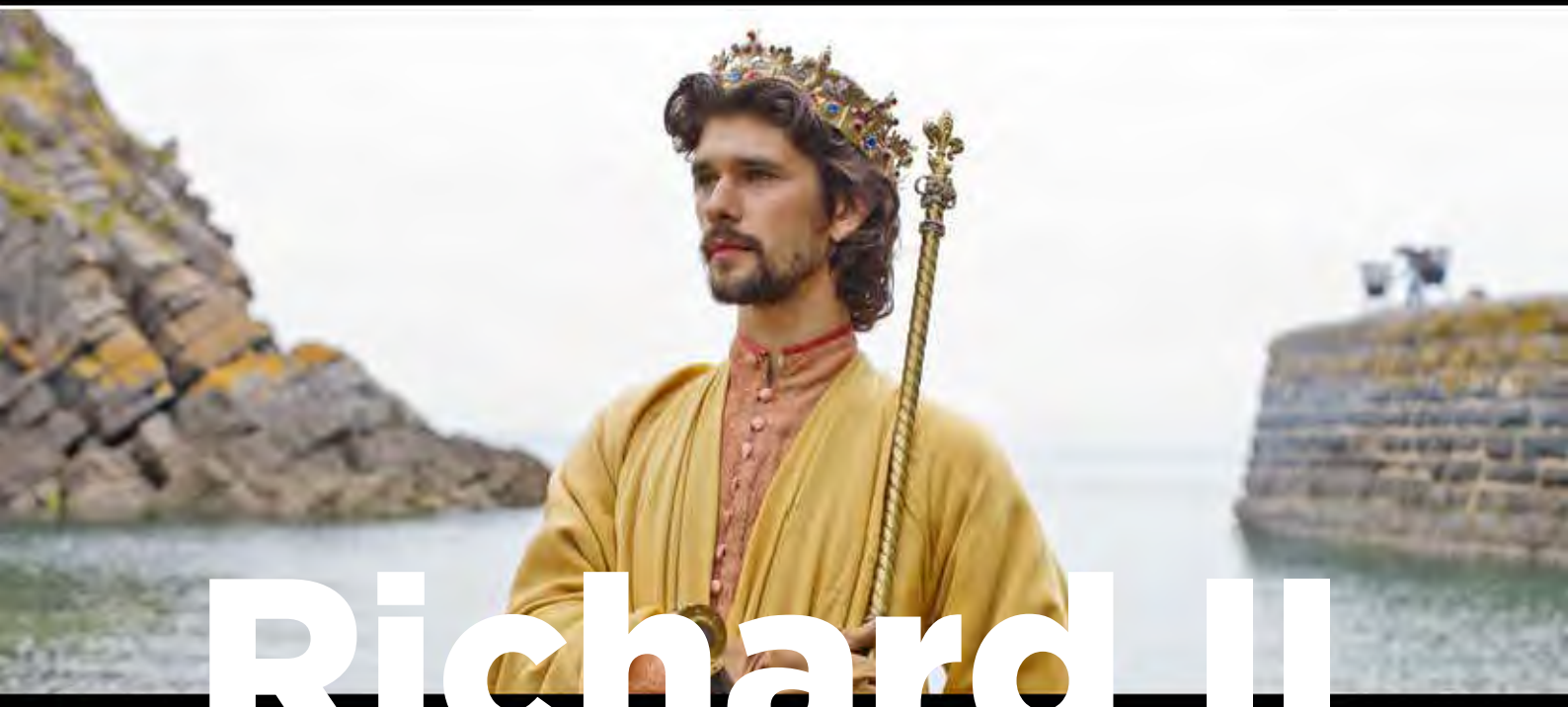
1990, starring Mel [illegible]on. Pl[illegible]um[illegible] [illegible]an[illegible]orin[illegible]eeks[illegible]eng[illegible]gains[illegible]cle w[illegible]rdered his father and married his mother.

One of the key dramatic questions in Hamlet is whether Hamlet is crazy or if he is purposely trying to get his others to think he's gone mad. This debate has been waged for centuries, and Gibson is perfect for this role in how his performance walks the line between genius and insanity. Gibson channels Hamlet's mischievous Dionysian energy as he embarks on his revenge mission. With Mel Gibson's sheer artistic raw power, Hollywood FEARS this adaptation and has tried to memoryhole it.

Coriolanus

2011, st[illegible]ph Fi[illegible]t su[illegible]ary: A[illegible]wer[illegible] ge[illegible] g[illegible] b[illegible]ogre[illegible]e p[illegible]o destroy the city he once fought for.

Coriolanus has always been a dangerous play, so much so that British-occupied Germany was forbidden from hosting productions of the play following World War II. Coriolanus is a man of power, and placing the film in a modern setting instead of classical Rome further emphasizes how such an elite man clashes against a degenerate egalitarian society. With some of the best action scenes in a Shakespeare adaptation, and some powerful monologues, this is an excellent adaptation to watch.



Richard II

Starring Be[illegible]hish[illegible]201[illegible]lot st[illegible]y. T[illegible]ajes[illegible]Ric[illegible]in[illegible]zing th[illegible]s[illegible]his nobles[illegible]sins[illegible]m to rise up in rebellion.

This story raises questions about the nature of kingship. Is a king's legitimacy derived through divine right or does it come from virtuous action? And when is it appropriate to overthrow the king? Part of BBC's Hollow Crown series, this film is blessed with truly excellent cinematography. Richard is bathed in a divine light and with a gold and white color palette that separates him from the gray world of the lesser classes. Rory Kinnear plays a great Henry IV, and does a great job at showing Henry struggling with the morality behind his plot to remove Richard from power.

Dora the Stormer, “Titan”

A performance at London's Globe. Below: Al Pacino as Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice

Shakespeare plays often attract the ire of the censors as his plays never neatly fit into the ideology of the times they're performed in. Starting as far back as 1681, when the ending of King Lear was rewritten for being too harsh, throughout the Puritan, Victorian, and up into the modern era, Shakespeare has well and truly rubbed the censorious up the wrong way.

Today, some consider The Merchant of Venice to be anti-Semitic. The National Theater once went as far as to end their performance of the play with an apology for the holocaust. Ironically, during the holocaust, Nazi Germany actually disliked The Merchant of Venice as it was considered too sympathetic a portrayal and the marriage in the play between Jew and gentile violated the racial purity laws at the time.

Dissidents in history have seen echoes of their struggles in Shakespeare plays. In the 1964 Soviet Union film adaptation of Hamlet, Grigori Kozintsev used the play to portray Hamlet as a Soviet dissident, and modeled Claudius on Stalin. In post-Mao China, MacBeth performances became popular as the story of a national hero turned bloodthirsty tyrant resonated among the survivors of the cultural revolution.

Like most things, today's opposition to Shakespere is of the dumber variety. Othello, with its black lead, has been a source of casting hilarity due to the ever-changing cultural rules of the past half century. In 1965 Laurence Oliver was playing Othello in black face. That was considered offensive, so non-white characters started playing the role. By the 1980s in England, it was considered racist to have a minority play a flawed character like Othello, so white actors were cast for the part. Today, however, that's considered erasure, and we are back to casting non-whites for the role. Who knows how they will be casting the role in a few decades from now? It will soon probably be offensive if you don't cast Othello as a woman.

Even places like London's Globe Theater put on plays through a deconstructive modern lens; although this should be less of a surprise once you know the theater was founded by communists fleeing the US. The actors play all-male friendships as homosexual relations. All the women are a-historical girlbosses. Yet despite all the attempts to ruin the play through modern values, the text remains. And as long as the text remains, the stories of Shakespeare will endure, far after the dumb ideas of this era are long forgotten.

In a world that wants to destroy our high culture, watching Shakespeare is a revolutionary act. Shakespeare may have been an Englishman that never left his beloved island, but the spirit he channeled captured the essence of, and belongs to, all men of the west. If the stories he told us are stripped from our collective memory, we will lose a light which inspired our men towards feats of greatness for over 400 years.

Watching Shakespeare will energize your spirit. It will connect you to your ancestors. It will make you a stronger man. And you will be carrying the torch of western high culture onwards to the next generation.

Peter Paradise tweets @ bypeterparadise

JOHN COLD & THE WEATHER MACHINE

by ERNEST LEVICKI (@ernestthepole)

IN THE FINAL PART OF OUR EXCLUSIVE SERIALISATION OF ERNEST LEVICKI'S THRILLING PULP NOVEL, JOHN COLD AND AMARA FINALLY CATCH UP WITH THEIR ADVERSARIES. HEADS WILL ROLL...

THE SUN WAS STILL HIGH. John fixed his eyes in one direction.

Throttle to the max, heraced towards thetown where this adventure had started. Even from afar, Cold and Amara saw a huge storm cloud. Lightning was striking down at the watchtowers. A veritable deluge was hitting the town.

They had made good distance in such a short time to reach Kirshevo.

John lowered the plane and flew underneath the cloud, battling the crazy wind. Bolts were striking left and right, and thunder roared at the tigerstriped plane. Someone in the watchtowers took notice and fired at them. Bullets streamed through the air dangerously close. Cold circled the town, looking for a place where the silver discus could have landed. It was nowhere to be seen in the torrential downpour.

Below them, people huddled in their tin sheds, at least the ones that still stood.

John made another circuit, then another one. He could care less about the possibility of being struck.

The wind was circling in the same direction, and getting stronger. Right at the center of the fort, a tornado formed. A map flew up, tossed by the wind and momentarily stuck to the windshield, blinding them.

Upper course of the Ural River. Then it was gone and John turned away from the whirlwind.

They flew for a second to the south, when in that direction three dots appeared, speedily growing. The Yaik Tigers. They must have quickly repaired whatever damage Cold had done to their craft. From the slim floaters of the planes hung some things on a rope. The unlucky guards... and, recognizable from afar by his uniform, Nurlan.

John, cursing, pivoted the plane sharply. His plan was to draw the guerillas into the storm. It was not to be, however.

"There!" shouted Amara, pointing up, high above the dark cloud. "I have the passcode to the disc! Get me close enough and I can take control of it!"

John caught a glimpse of silver there, hanging motionless. He corrected course.

The Yaik Tigers followed.

The air was stilled here, as if the effect of the somatoma started a good click below the ancient craft.

John Cold found the direct ascent impossible for his plane. He had to make turns, like a stork rising on an updraft.

Still, the guerrilleros chased them. At one point John even saw the angry face of Makan-Khan. The warlord gave a shot at him from his personal firearm, but the distance was too great. At that, the Tiger drew his long, serpentine dagger. Then with a swift blow, hecut the rope on which Nurlan's body was hanging listlessly. It fell down in silence and then disappeared in the black cloud below.

The four planes continued climbing towards the strange craft. For a moment it was only engine against engine. Metallic hearts each propelling a different machine.

Then, as they finally achieved its altitude, John saw ports in the discus open. He plunged his plane, just in time. Two rockets shot out and went careening at his pursuers. One hit its aim with a blast, turning the sky orange. Makan-Khan's plane avoided the one aimed at him, going into a deep spiral.

Amara took something out of her belt. John could not look behind him, but he saw a large flat light appear in front of her face. He flew under the discus, and at that very moment it seemed to lose its strange buoyancy in the air.

It went down, not as fast as in a freefall, but really quickly. Like Nurlan's body before, it disappeared in the black cloud. John put his mind to dispatching the Tiger planes now, but this proved unnecessary.

Out of the three, Derleta had downed one with her rocket. Makan's plane was nowhere to be seen and the third one had started making his escape. It probably aimed to land as far away from Kirshevo as possible.

Sunset was coming fast, and with it, the end of fighting for radar-less planes.

"What have you done with the flier?" John asked Amara. "What kind of witchery were those lights?" "Oh, I just made it land gently and stay there. Let's catch Derleta!"

They descended as fast as possible. Cold put the floatplane in the muddied road going into Kirshevo from the west. It would be impossible for it to take off again.

The terrible weather was subsiding. Among the lessening gusts of wind they heard gunshots coming from another part of town—maybe a gunfight involving Makan-Khan?

In front of them at some distance stood the discus. John ran towards it as fast as he could, knowing that Amara had disabled its defenses as well. She was right behind him. When they were close enough, she opened the trap door and Cold jumped on it even before it touched the ground.

Inside the ship was Derleta, furious and fuming.

"How dare you, barbarian!"

"The day has not ended yet, but seems much improved, witch," responded John. "I have met the good fairy."

Shock emerged on her face. "She ... lives?"

"Yes, I live, dear sister," said Amara, coming up behind John. "You should have taken my heart instead of Bertie's."

"But ... how?"

"I was always better than you with technology. When I realized what you tried to do with the med bay, Iseta delayed command for it, to heal!"

"Ah, here is your perfidy. But I am your older sister still, you must obey me by the ancient laws of our city! Desist from helping this mudwalker."

"You voided your rights when you attacked me. I shall have no more of your tyranny! The elders will judge you."

"YOU VOIDED YOUR RIGHTS WHEN YOU ATTACKED ME. I SHALL HAVE NO MORE OF YOUR TYRANNY! THE ELDERS WILL JUDGE YOU."

John grabbed Derleta swiftly, not giving her a chance to evade him.

Amara looked for the somatoma. It was installed in one of the flier's panels, the gruesome beating heart still present. Pressing the panel in a few places, she made the device emerge and picked it up. Derleta-looked at all this with palpable pain.

That's when they heard the unmistakable sound of a gun being cocked. In the door stood Makan-Khan, bloodied and weary.

"Hand that thing over, wench," said the Tiger."Let's see what Nurlan was babbling about."

Amara, reluctantly, passed it to him.

"Now, you two," he said to John and Derleta. "Get off. Me and this sweet girl will take a ride. Methinks the welcome at the Raja's court in Surgut will be splendid."

John gave no verbal response. Push! With all his strength he hurled the unsuspecting Derleta straight at Makan.

Bang! The surprised Tiger shot her chest just before she hit him.
Both tumbled backwards on the gangway, and Makan landed on his back.

The Cascadian offered no respite. He was immediately upon him, kicking his pistol away. But Makan, instead of pushing Derleta's lifeless body off, rolled with it, letting it fall with the somatoma. He landed on his feet below the plank. He drew his blade and swung at the gunslinger's feet.

John jumped up, avoiding the blow, and landed a mighty kick on his opponent's face. There was the sound of bones breaking. Once again, the Khan of the Tigers fell back, this time not to stand up again.

Amara descended the trap door and knelt at her sister's body.

"Oh John, I know she was foul and evil," she wept. "But now when she is dead I cannot but feel sorry for her."

"Best not to feel sorry for those who upset the balance of the world," John retorted. "Ah, here it is." He walked over to the place where the somatoma had fallen in mud, poor Bernie's heart still beating feebly within it.

"And best for such a thing not to be." He stomped on it. Crush. Broken and squashed, it sank in the mud. Some local soldiers were arriving.

"Lieutenant," said John to the highest-ranked man that he saw, "here is Makhan-Khan, who troubled this town and many others greatly. He is yours to arrest and send as a trophy to the Neon Tsar, with my regards. Don't bother this woman or her craft. Put her sister's body in it."

"And you, sir?"

John composed himself.

"I've had enough of this shithole town. Too many

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beasts and witches."

He started walking westward, towards the setting sun.

"John!" shouted Amara. She ran after him and wrapped her hands around his neck. "Fly with me, you cold bastard."

"The ancient tech you use is what brought the world to boil. It's not for met o grow accustomed to." He-pushed her away and went on his way.

"You just want to be alone, John Cold," she cried after him.

"That may be." he replied, touching his hat.

She stood a long while, watching as he disappeared in the distance with the setting sun.

MAN'S WORLD: for the man who knows how to make an entrance - and an exit!